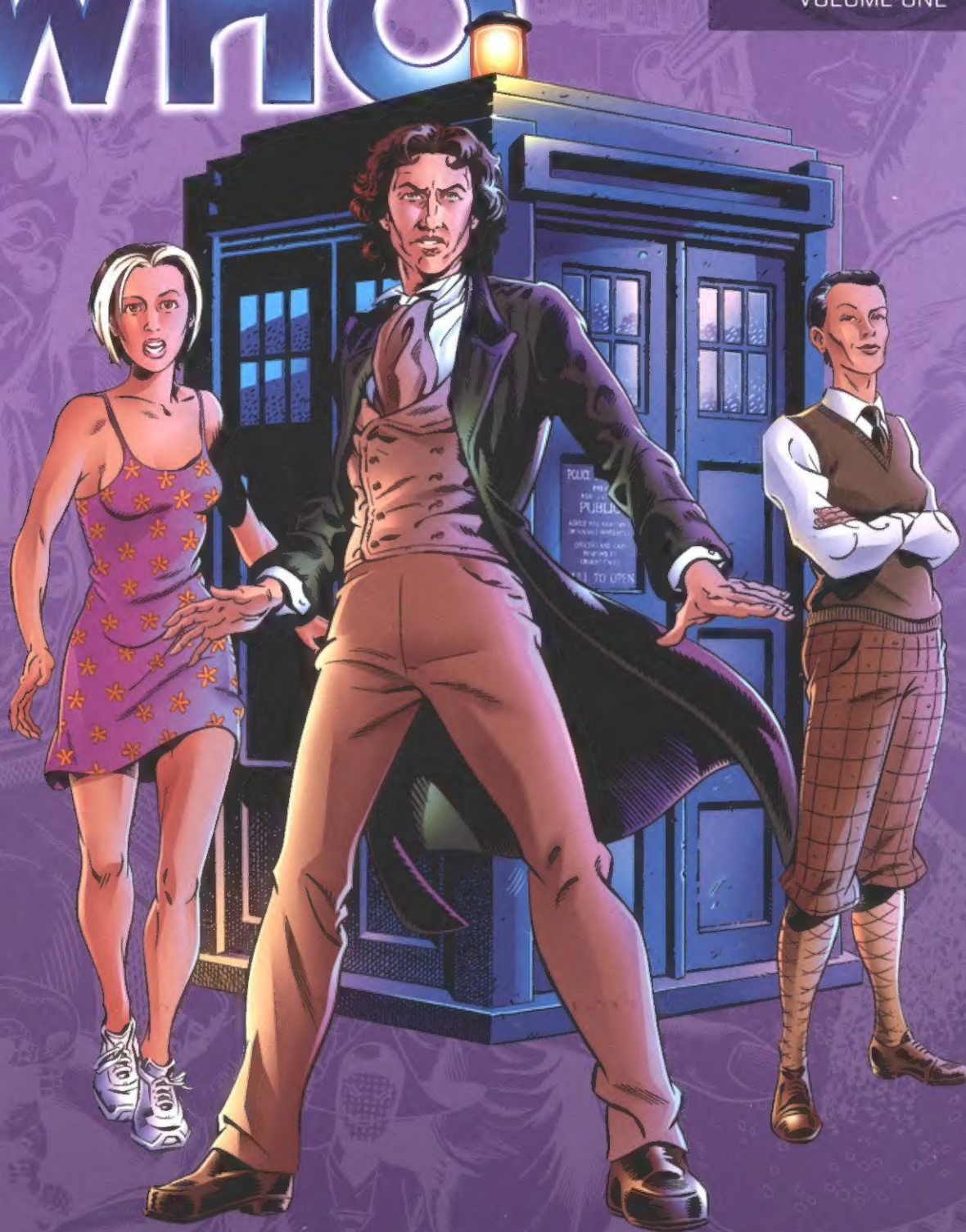


DOCTOR WHO

THE COMPLETE
**EIGHTH
DOCTOR**
COMIC STRIPS

VOLUME ONE



ENDGAME

A **panini** BOOKS GRAPHIC NOVEL

E N D G A M E

**COLLECTED COMIC STRIPS
FROM THE PAGES OF**



PANINI BOOKS



DOCTOR WHO

ENDGAME

A **PANINI BOOKS** GRAPHIC NOVEL

Project editor & designer
CLAYTON HICKMAN

Scanning, digital cleanup & additional design
PERI GODBOLD

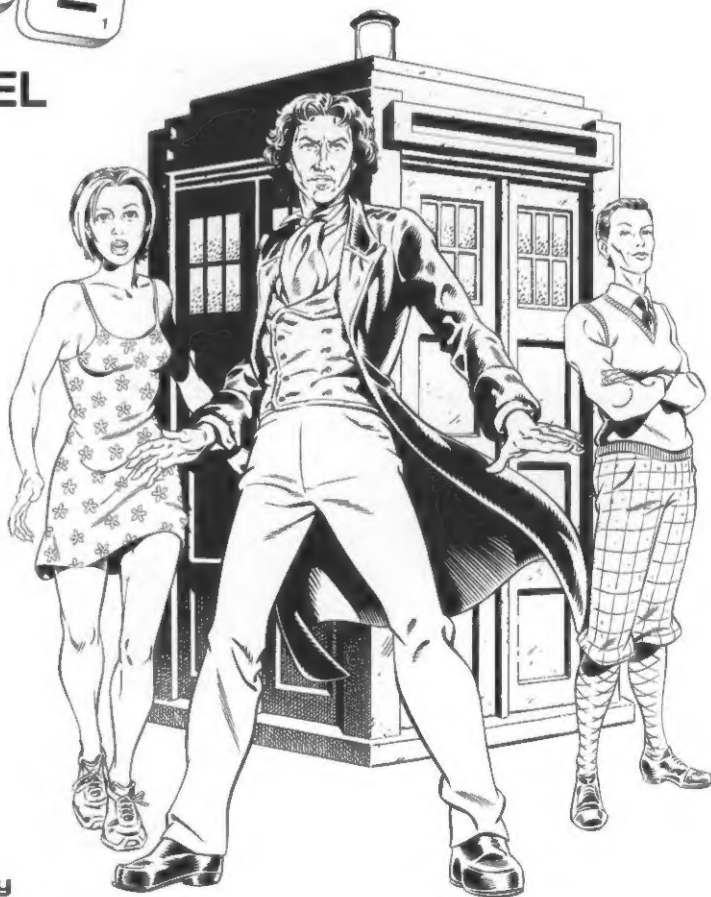
Additional scanning & cleanup
DL REPRO
JAMES CLARKSON
CLAYTON HICKMAN

Cover artwork by
MARTIN GERAGHTY

Colours by
ADRIAN SALMON

Production **MARK IRVINE**
Managing Editor **ALAN O'KEEFE**
Managing Director **MIKE RIDDELL**

Special thanks to
ALAN BARNES. MARTIN GERAGHTY. GARY GILLATT.
SCOTT GRAY. ROSEMARIE HARRISON. TOM SPILSBURY



Doctor Who Graphic Novel #4: "Endgame". Published in 2005 by Panini Publishing Ltd. Office of publication: Panini House, Coach and Horses Passage, The Pantiles, Tunbridge Wells, Kent TN2 5UJ. All *Doctor Who* material is © BBCTv. *Doctor Who* logo © BBC 1996. Tardis image © BBC 1963. Dalek image © BBC/Terry Nation 1963. Dalek image ™ BBC. DOCTOR WHO, TARDIS and DALEK and the DOCTOR WHO, TARDIS and DALEK logos are trade marks of the British Broadcasting Corporation. Licensed by BBC Worldwide Limited. All other material is © Panini Publishing Ltd unless otherwise indicated. No similarity between any of the fictional names, characters persons and/or institutions herein with those of any living or dead persons or institutions is intended and any such similarity is purely coincidental. Nothing may be reproduced by any means in whole or part without the written permission of the publishers. This book may not be sold, except by authorised dealers, and is sold subject to the condition that it shall not be sold or distributed with any part of its cover or markings removed, nor in a mutilated condition. Printed in Italy. ISBN 1-905239-09-2



END GAME 9

Story **ALAN BARNES** Pencils **MARTIN GERAGHTY**
Inks **ROBIN SMITH** Lettering **ELITTA FELL**
Editors **GARY GILLATT** and **SCOTT GRAY**
Originally printed in **DWM #244 - 247**

THE KEEP 38

Story **ALAN BARNES** Pencils **MARTIN GERAGHTY**
Inks **ROBIN SMITH** Lettering **ELITTA FELL**
Editors **GARY GILLATT** and **SCOTT GRAY**
Originally printed in **DWM #248 - 249**

FIRE AND BRIMSTONE 52

Story **ALAN BARNES** Pencils **MARTIN GERAGHTY**
Inks **ROBIN SMITH** Lettering **ELITTA FELL**
Editors **GARY GILLATT** and **SCOTT GRAY**
Originally printed in **DWM #251 - 255**

Tooth AND Claw 90

Story **ALAN BARNES** Pencils **MARTIN GERAGHTY**
Inks **ROBIN SMITH** Lettering **ELITTA FELL** (Parts 1 - 3)
ANNIE PARKHOUSE (Part 4) Editors **GARY GILLATT**
and **SCOTT GRAY** Originally printed in **DWM #257 - 260**

THE FINAL CHAPTER 118

Story **ALAN BARNES** Pencils **MARTIN GERAGHTY**
Inks **ROBIN SMITH** Lettering **ELITTA FELL**
Editors **GARY GILLATT** and **SCOTT GRAY**
Originally printed in **DWM #262 - 265**

WORMWOOD 147

Story **SCOTT GRAY** Pencils **MARTIN GERAGHTY**
Inks **ROBIN SMITH** Lettering **ELITTA FELL**
Editors **GARY GILLATT** and **ALAN BARNES**
Originally printed in **DWM #266 - 271**

A LIFE OF MATTER & DEATH 192

Story **ALAN BARNES** Art **SEAN LONGCROFT**
(and **MARTIN GERAGHTY**) Lettering **ELITTA FELL**
Editors **GARY GILLATT** and **SCOTT GRAY**
Originally printed in **DWM #250**

By hook OR by Crook 200

Story **SCOTT GRAY** Art **ADRIAN SALMON**
Lettering **ELITTA FELL**
Editors **GARY GILLATT** and **ALAN BARNES**
Originally printed in **DWM #256**

BONUS FEATURES:

THE THRESHOLD 6

Written by **SCOTT GRAY** Art by **MARTIN GERAGHTY**
and **BAMBOS GEORGIU** from the comic strip
GROUND ZERO originally printed in **DWM #238 - 242**

COMMENTARY 208

Written by **ALAN BARNES** and **SCOTT GRAY**
Artwork by **MARTIN GERAGHTY**, **ADRIAN SALMON**,
ALAN BARNES and **SCOTT GRAY**

THE THRESHOLD

Written by **SCOTT GRAY**



Their name is legend, whispered across the universe. They are assassins; guardians; architects; thieves. They are anything you want them to be – for a price. They offer their services to dawning empires and higher evolutionary forms. No door can bar their way. Their bodies appear to be gaps in reality; white holes punctured in the fabric of space-time. Their birthplace is unmapped, their ultimate goal – if they even have one – a mystery. They are the Threshold.

ON A TINY, FRAGILE WORLD CALLED EARTH, THE human race has evolved a rare gift – a form of empathic union. Their inner, dreaming minds are linked together on a plane of ethereal existence known as the Collective Unconscious. But the darkness of a billion nightmares

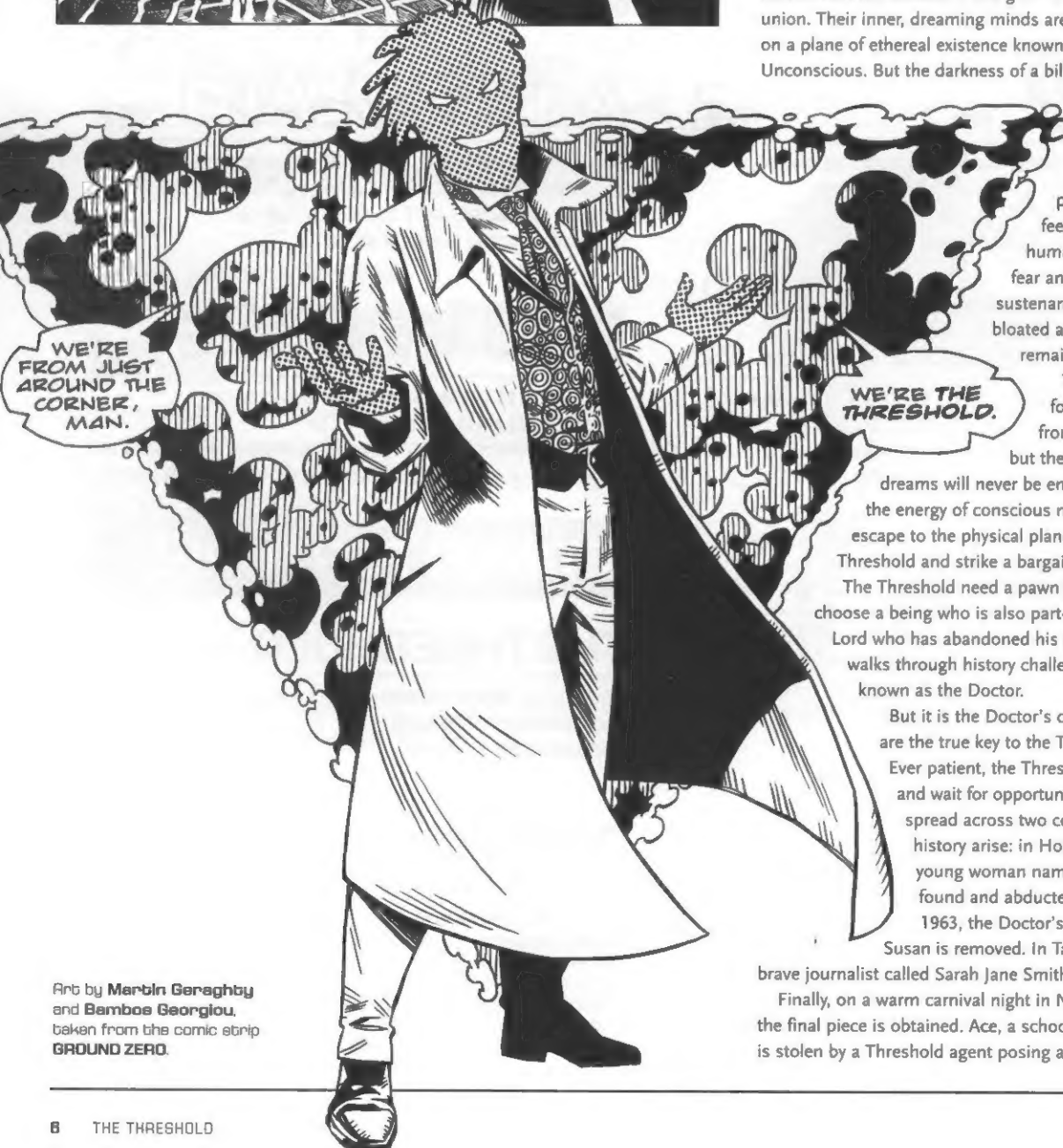
has spawned three terrible creatures: the Lobri. They are parasites. The Lobri feed on the worst of humanity's desires – fear and hatred are their sustenance. They grow bloated and strong but remain unsated...

The Lobri hunger for their freedom from the Collective, but the power of mere dreams will never be enough – they need the energy of conscious minds to fuel their escape to the physical plane. They seek out the Threshold and strike a bargain.

The Threshold need a pawn for their plan. They choose a being who is also part-legend; a Time Lord who has abandoned his people's beliefs and walks through history challenging evil. He is known as the Doctor.

But it is the Doctor's companions who are the true key to the Threshold's scheme. Ever patient, the Threshold agents watch and wait for opportunities. Tiny moments spread across two centuries of human history arise: in Hollywood, 1938, a young woman named Peri Brown is found and abducted. In London, 1963, the Doctor's granddaughter Susan is removed. In Takhail, 2086, a brave journalist called Sarah Jane Smith is taken.

Finally, on a warm carnival night in Notting Hill in 2092, the final piece is obtained. Ace, a schoolgirl turned warrior, is stolen by a Threshold agent posing as a policeman.



Art by **Marlin Geraghty** and **Bambos Georgiou**, taken from the comic strip **GROUND ZERO**.



She is projected, along with Peri and Sarah, into a new, chaotic reality. The three women are plunged into the depths of the Collective Unconscious.

A Threshold agent named Isaac makes contact with the Doctor and Susan. He explains what has been done to the Doctor's friends and the end result: when the Lobri have drained their minds, they will have the power to not only leave the Collective but destroy it. The Doctor knows what this will mean for humanity. With their empathic link gone, human beings will be reduced to mindless monsters, killing each other in a blind orgy of destruction. The Lobri are preparing to feed off the raw fury of a planet gone mad.

ACE, SARAH AND PERI MAKE THEIR WAY THROUGH the ever-shifting landscape of the Collective. The Lobri pursue and capture them. Peri is the one they choose to feed on first – her fear is the strongest and sweetest to them. The Lobri's power grows. The Collective begins to shatter.

All Threshold agents carry with them rings which can create windows in space. The Doctor steals Isaac's and takes Susan to the TARDIS. The Doctor attempts to travel into the Collective Unconscious but it is a creation of humanity – it rejects anything it perceives as alien. Even so, the TARDIS bravely weathers the fury of a hostile dimension and arrives.

Ace frees herself from the Lobri's trap as the Doctor confronts the creatures. He uses Isaac's ring to kill one. Isaac watches from Earth, satisfied. He disintegrates the ring, paralysing the Doctor. Ace is the Doctor's only defence against the two remaining Lobri. She fights with passion and skill but is overcome. With no other option left to her, Ace ignites an explosive and kills another of the Lobri – but she is also caught in the blast. ►





◄ The final Lobri escapes to Earth as the Doctor staggers to the fallen Ace. He cradles her gently in his arms. They have seen so much together, overcome so many trials and heartbreaks. Ace whispers a goodbye. The Doctor feels the life leave her body.

The TARDIS, badly wounded by its journey, manages to return to Notting Hill. The Doctor coldly watches the Lobri causing havoc among the carnival-goers. He confronts the monstrous entity and uses the TARDIS to destroy it, materialising his ship inside the creature's body. The threat is over.

Morning follows the long night. The Doctor finds Isaac on a rooftop. The Time Lord knows that, for some reason,

the Threshold betrayed the Lobri, using him as their weapon. He promises a reckoning but Isaac laughs at the thought. The Threshold are everywhere; untouchable and inviolate. He fades into the air.

THE DOCTOR RETURNS SARAH, PERI AND SUSAN TO their own times and travels on alone. Slowly, painfully, the TARDIS heals itself. The Doctor's time-ship becomes dark and empty, as if to reflect his solitude.

But before the Doctor can uncover the Threshold's secrets, he finds himself in the city of San Francisco, battling with an ancient enemy. The Doctor is forced to give up one of his precious lives in order to survive. He changes his outer form and then journeys on with a new face and a new outlook – he casts aside his former manipulative nature. From now on, he will be neither player nor pawn.

And perhaps, because of this change, the Doctor grieves a little less for his lost friend. Perhaps her face begins to fade slightly from his memory.

But no Time Lord ever truly forgets his history... ■





ONCE UPON A TIME, IN
A SUNLIT MEADOW...

...THE ENGLISH
WERE AT PLAY.

MARWOOD!
COME QUICK!
THE BEAST IS
DOWN!



YOU'VE LED
US ON A MERRY DANCE
INDEED, FRIEND FELIX, BUT
THE JIG IS UP...

GIVE
ME THE
FOCUS.

YOU'RE
A FOOL,
MARWOOD. I
DON'T HAVE
IT...

IT'LL
BE OVER THE
HILLS AND FAR
AWAY BY
NOW!

HEH. I
APPEAR TO HAVE
BEEN SIDETRACKED.
HOW VERY...
DIVERTING. BUT
HUSH, NOBLE BEAST,
YOU ARE GRIEVOUSLY
WOUNDED...



...IT'S TIME, I THINK,
TO PUT YOU OUT OF MY
MISERY.

FZZAAKKK!



HARK! WHAT'S
THIS? A DISTANT
TRUMPET IN THE
VALLEY?

TALLY-HO!
SADDLE UP!

THE
GAME'S
AFOOT!

BENEATH THE MEADOW WAS
A VALLEY. IN THE VALLEY
STOOD A VILLAGE. AND IN
THE VILLAGE...

FRESHLY-
MOWN GRASS. LINSEED OIL.
SEPTEMBER HAY AND
BLACKBERRIES...

THE CHIRP
OF CRICKETS AND A MURMUR
OF APPLAUSE IN THE AFTERNOON
SUN...

...STOCKBRIDGE.
DEFINITELY
CIVILIZATION!

"Great princes have
great playthings."
- William Cowper,
The Winter Morning Walk.

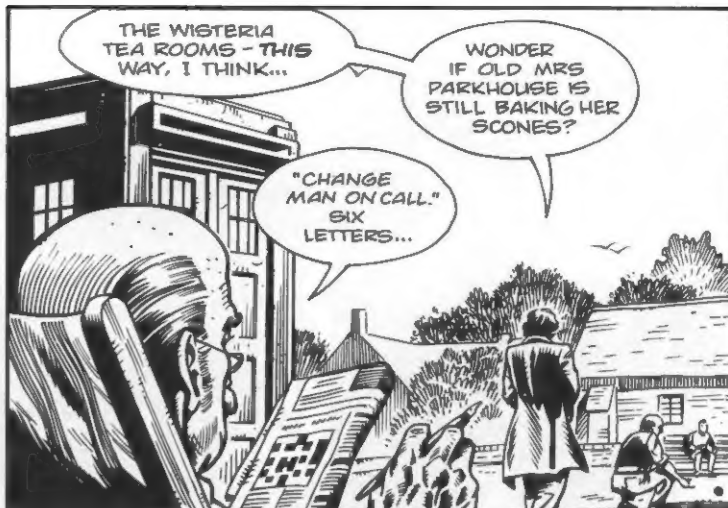
END
GAME

Part
One



AN INDIAN
SUMMER, I'D SAY—
BUT THE DESTINATION
MONITOR READ
DECEMBER...

TIME FOR
THAT THIRTY
THOUSAND LIGHT
YEARS' SERVICE!



THE WISTERIA
TEA ROOMS - THIS
WAY, I THINK...

WONDER
IF OLD MRS
PARKHOUSE IS
STILL BAKING HER
SCONES?

"CHANGE
MAN ON CALL."
SIX
LETTERS...



...OF
COURSE.



ST JUSTINIANS'
NORTH, THE FOX INN
WEST? THAT CAN'T BE
RIGHT - OR EVEN
LEFT...

STRANGE.
IF I DIDN'T KNOW
BETTER...

...I'D SAY
I WAS
LOST!



WHAT DO
YOU THINK?
ONE OF
MARWOOD'S?

...I-I'M NOT
SURE...

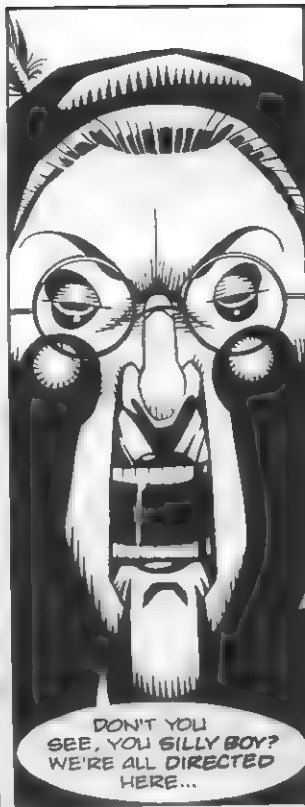


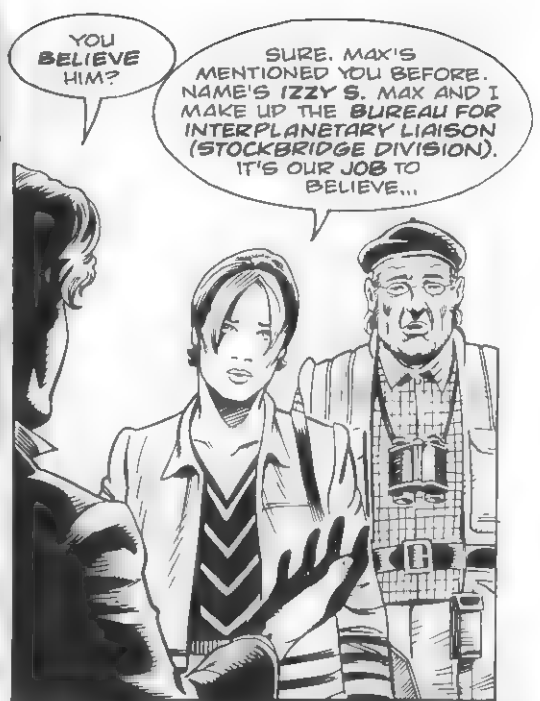
ME
NEITHER--

--BUT WE'LL
NEED A HOSTAGE
IF WE'RE GOING
TO GET OUT OF
STOCKBRIDGE!

KLIK!











"YET, O MARK
REVEALS A
VILLAIN."

EIGHT LETTERS...

GOING
SOMEWHERE,
DOCTOR?

DON'T
YOU WANT
TO PLAY MY
GAMES?

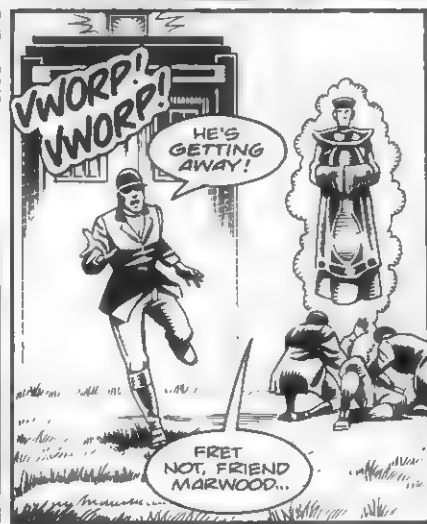
TO BE CONTINUED...

ENDGAME

Part Two

"Who buys a minute's mirth
to wait a week?
Or sells eternity to buy a toy?"
— William Shakespeare:
The Rape of Lucrece.







MAX!
THEY'VE GOT
MAX!



SO THIS IS IT? I WAS
EXPECTING SOMETHING
BIGGER.

NOT
EXACTLY THE STAR-
SHIP ENTERPRISE,
IS IT?

EH? WELL,
IT SUITS ME
JUST FINE.

THAT'S
ODD. THERE'S
NOTHING WRONG
WITH THESE CO-
ORDINATES...



SO?

RIGHT
PLACE. RIGHT TIME.
WRONG STOCK-
BRIDGE.

WHERE'D
THE REAL
STOCKBRIDGE
GO?



"I DON'T KNOW. TWO DAYS AGO,
MAX AND I RETURNED FROM A
SKYWATCH IN WELLS WOOD TO
FIND THE PLACE CHANGED. THE
SAME, BUT DIFFERENT..."

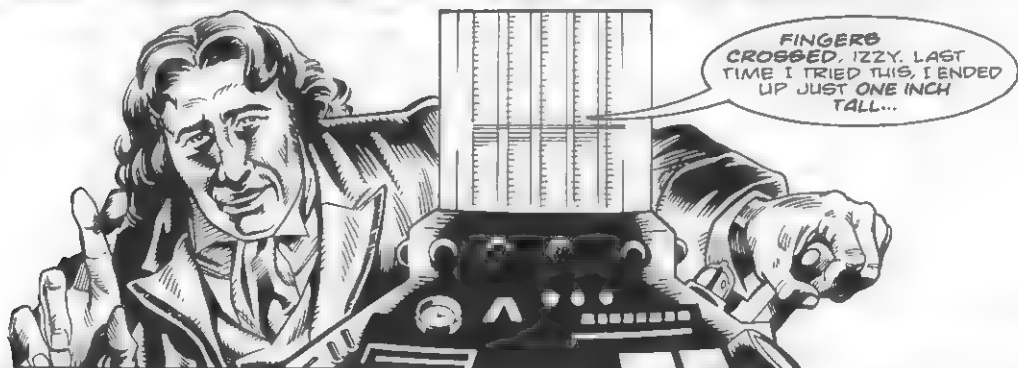
"IT WAS SUDDENLY SUMMER, AND
EVERYONE WE KNEW HAD VANISHED,
OR BEEN TAKEN OVER-POSSESSED!"



"IT WAS ONLY THE BEGINNING.
THAT NIGHT, WE MET FELIX..."

"HE WAS A KNIGHT TEMPLAR,
AND MARWOOD'S ADJUTANT.
BUT MARWOOD SERVED A
NEW MASTER..."

"HE TOLD US THAT HE'D STOLEN THE
FOCUS FROM MARWOOD. WE HAD TO
TAKE IT AWAY FROM STOCKBRIDGE
BEFORE MARWOOD FOUND OUT."





ELSEWHERE.

YOU
SENT FOR ME,
SIR?

OH, THE VICAR,
IN THE LIBRARY,
WITH THE LEAD
PIPING?

INDEED,
MARWOOD. KINDLY
CLEAR UP THAT DEAD
CLERIC.



THE
BEAST IS
CAGED, BUT
DOES IT
SING?

NO, BUT
IT TWITCHES A LOT,
AND GIBBERS, TOO.
I WENT INSIDE ITS
MIND...

IT'S
EITHER FANTASTICALLY
COMPLEX OR ASTOUNDINGLY
SIMPLE, I CAN'T DECIDE
WHICH.



LEAVE
NOW, MARWOOD
I TIRE OF
THE WAITING
GAME...

TIME,
METHINKS, TO
SHAKE THE
DOCTOR
UP.



MEANWHILE...

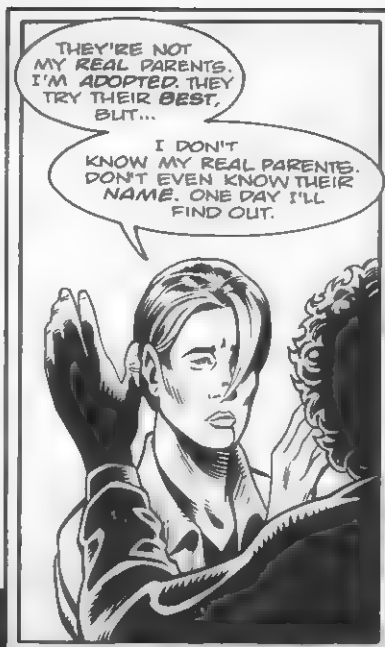
SO WHERE
EXACTLY ARE
WE?

MY BEST
GUESS IS A MACRO-
DIMENSIONAL POCKET
OF SOME
DESCRIPTION...

OH, LIKE
THE BERMUDA
TRIANGLE? MAX
SHOWED ME THE
FILE ON -



OH.

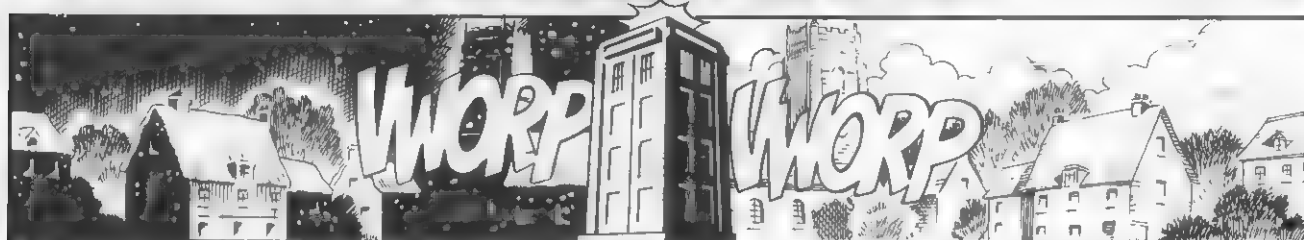




COME ON
OUT, LITTLE
DOCTOR...

I'VE GOT
YOU IN THE
PALM OF MY
HAND.

TO BE CONTINUED...





WHAT IS THIS PLACE?

THE CELESTIAL TOYROOM. HIS LAIR. WE'RE IN A CONDUIT TO THE SOURCE OF HIS POWER...

A SHADOW REALM OVER WHICH HE HAS ABSOLUTE ELEMENTAL CONTROL.

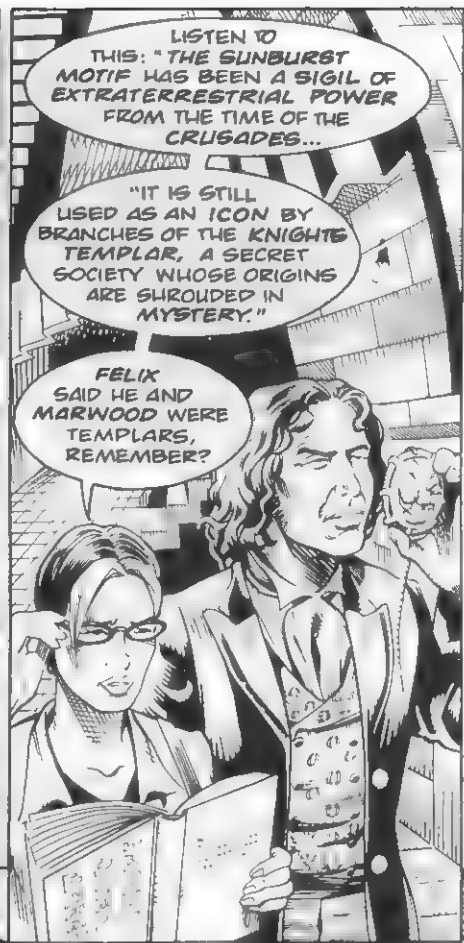


CLANG-G!

WE'RE TRAPPED!

THE DIE IS CAST. THERE'S NO TURNING BACK.

THE FOCUS, THAT'S THE KEY. DID YOU BRING THAT COPY OF JANE'S?



LISTEN TO THIS: "THE SUNBURST MOTIF HAS BEEN A SIGIL OF EXTRATERRESTRIAL POWER FROM THE TIME OF THE CRUSADES..."

"IT IS STILL USED AS AN ICON BY BRANCHES OF THE KNIGHTS TEMPLAR, A SECRET SOCIETY WHOSE ORIGINS ARE SHROUDED IN MYSTERY."

FELIX SAID HE AND MARWOOD WERE TEMPLARS, REMEMBER?



QUITE RIGHT, MY DEAR...



...BUT NOW I AM DEDICATED TO A DIFFERENT CAUSE.

YOU'RE NO TEMPLAR, MARWOOD. I RODE WITH THEM IN PALESTINE...

THEY CONSIDERED IT COWARDLY TO FIGHT UNLESS OUTNUMBERED THREE-TO-ONE. YOU HIDE YOUR SWORD IN A TOYBOX!

THIS IS THE 20th CENTURY, DOCTOR. THE KNIGHTS ARE LONG-GONE, AND THE ONCE-NOBLE TEMPLARS ARE NOW ACCOUNTANTS. WHEN THE TREASURES PASSED TO ME BY BLOOD, THEY WERE RIGHTLY MINE TO WAGER--

THE MANDARIN WON BOTH MYSELF AND THE TEMPLAR HOARD IN A HAND OF CANASTA.

AND FELIX?

FELIX STOLE THE FOCUS FOR THE TEMPLARS. THAT WAS A BETRAYAL.

I'M NO FAINT-HEART, BUT I UNDERSTAND THE VALUE OF ALLEGIANCE--AND MY MASTER'S GIVEN ME SUCH FABULOUS TOYS...

CAREFUL, MARWOOD. YOU MIGHT BE THE TOYMAKER'S FAVOURITE, BUT YOU'RE NO MORE THAN A PLAY-THING YOURSELF...

I DON'T THINK SO, DOCTOR.

COME, MY DARLINGS--

BZZZZ!

--TAKE THEM.

MA-MA!

MA-MA! MA-MA!

MA-MA!

MA-MA!

DOCTOR, HELP!

IZZY, I--

WATCH OUT, DOCTOR...



WELCOME,
LITTLE
JACK...



WELCOME
TO MY HOUSE
OF FUN!

THE GAME, DOCTOR, IS 'HANG-
MAN'. THE SCAFFOLD HOLDING
YOUNG ISABELLE IS CURRENTLY
INSUBSTANTIAL. IT WILL
REAPPEAR, PIECE-BY-PIECE,
UNTIL MISTRESS GRAVITY
DOES HER WORST.

A FIVE-
LETTER ~~WORD~~:
YOU HAVE FIVE
GUESSES.



VERY
WELL.

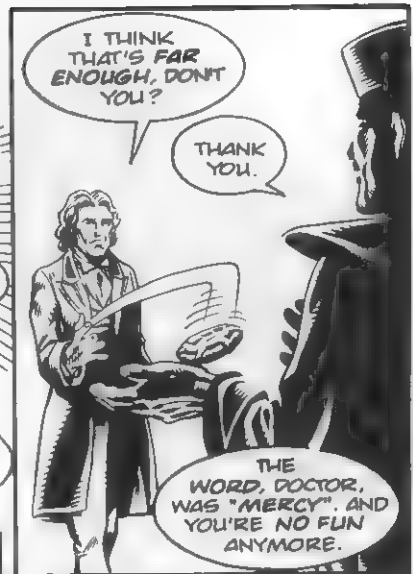
I
CHOOSE
"A".



PING!

WRONG.
YOU'LL HAVE TO
DO BETTER THAN
THAT...

CHOOSE
CAREFULLY. IF YOU
FAIL, THE FOCUS IS
FORFEIT FOR HER
LIFE.





MEET
MY CHAMPION,
DOCTOR.

YOUR
NEMESIS.

YOURSELF!

AFTER YOU BANISHED ME FOR MILLENNIA INTO THE ETHER, I SEARCHED FOR SOME WAY TO BETTER THE ONLY LIVING BEING WHO'D EVER CHEATED ME AND WON --

-- YOU.

I NEEDED A CHAMPION, ONE WITH ALL OF YOUR GUILE AND CUNNING AND WIT. AND THEN I DISCOVERED THIS, A DEVICE ABLE TO TRANSMUTE RAW LIGHT INTO MATTER ITSELF...

TO BE CONCLUDED...

LET'S TAKE A PEEK THROUGH THE ROUND WINDOW, CHILDREN. I WONDER WHAT WE'LL SEE?

OH MY! IT'S MAX AND IZZY, CAUGHT IN A GIANT MOUSE-TRAP GAME!

HURRY, MAX! THEY'RE JUST BEHIND!

PUFF! PANT!

BUT-HEAVENS!-WHAT'S THIS IN THE ARCHED WINDOW?

IT'S RUFUS, REYNARD, BASIL AND GRUM-SLYBOOTS ALL-AND THEY'VE PICKED UP MAX AND IZZY'S SCENT!

RRROWWLL!

RRRUFF!

HERE IN THE SQUARE WINDOW, OUR TIME LORD CHUM, THE DOCTOR, IS A KNIGHT IN GLADIATORIAL CHESS--

AND HE'S UP AGAINST HIMSELF!

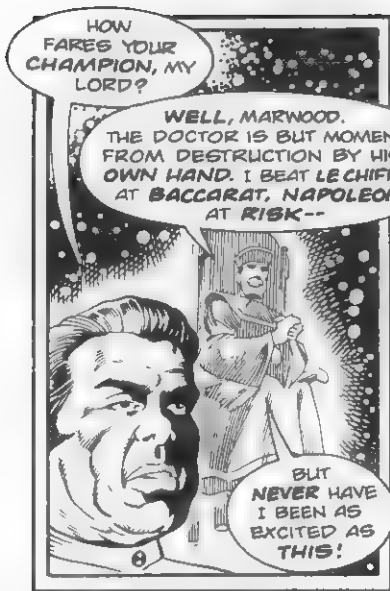
ENDGAME Part Four

"Tis an awkward thing to play with souls, And matter enough to save one's own."
-Robert Browning, A Light Woman.

HOW
FARES YOUR
CHAMPION, MY
LORD?

WELL, MARWOOD.
THE DOCTOR IS BUT MOMENTS
FROM DESTRUCTION BY HIS
OWN HAND. I BEAT LE CHIFFRE
AT BACCARAT. NAPOLEON
AT RISK--

BUT
NEVER HAVE
I BEEN AS
EXCITED AS
THIS!



CONCEDE,
TIME LORD. YOU CANNOT
WIN. I AM YOUR DARK
REFLECTION!

CLANG!

I AM YOU
WRIT LARGE.
I'M TEN TIMES
THE MAN YOU'LL
EVER BE--



STRONGER.
HARDER.
FASTER...

AND
THAT'S WHY
I'LL BEAT
YOU!

HA HA
HAAA!

CLANG!

UFFF!



ENDGAME,
DOCTOR! I SHALL
SKEWER YOU
THROUGH BOTH YOUR
HEARTS--

AND
I WILL BE
FREE!



FREE? FREE?
YOU DELUDED
THING--

YOU'RE THE
DOCTOR'S TRICKET.
HE'LL PLAY WITH YOU AWHILE,
THEN DESTROY YOU ONCE HE'S
BORED! YOU'LL NEVER BE
FREE! NEVER!



HMM...

TELL ME
MORE.







YOU MAY BE BUT A PALE VERSION OF MYSELF, DOCTOR--

BUT I THINK YOU MAY BE RIGHT.

TOY-MAKER!

HOLD HARD, MY CHAMPION INFERNAL! I'LL REWARD YOUR LOYALTY WITH ANY NUMBER OF RICHES, I'LL LET YOU PLAY WITH ALL MY FAVOURITE TOYS...

I'LL EVEN BRING BACK CHRISTMAS!

MY FREEDOM IS ALL I DESIRE--

WHICH I PLAINLY CANNOT HAVE JUST AS LONG AS YOU LIVE.

AHEM...

...ON REFLECTION, I'VE A BETTER IDEA--

GAAAAHHH!

SHHTAAANNGGG!

--I THINK I'LL PLAY MY JOKER!

CURSE YOU TIME LORD--

WHATEVER HAVE YOU DONE?

I CHALLENGE YOU, TOYMAKER, TO A GAME--

--OF LUDO, FRUSTRATION, BLIND MAN'S BLUFF; AND SHOVE-PIGGY-SHOVE, BATTLESHIPS, MORPHANT TWISTER, BONTARAN BAGATELLE...

I CHALLENGE YOU, TOYMAKER, TO A GAME--

--OF LUDO, FRUSTRATION, BLIND MAN'S BLUFF; AND SHOVE-PIGGY-SHOVE, BATTLESHIPS, MORPHANT TWISTER, BONTARAN BAGATELLE...

I CHALLENGE YOU TO ALL THESE GAMES AND MORE. THROW A SIX TO A START, AND WE'LL PLAY--

WE'LL PLAY FOREVER AND EVER AND EVER AND EVER!!!

NO! NO!!

I CHALLENGE YOU TO ALL THESE GAMES AND MORE. THROW A SIX TO A START, AND WE'LL PLAY--

WE'LL PLAY FOREVER AND EVER AND EVER AND EVER!!!

NO! NO!!

I CHALLENGE YOU TO ALL THESE GAMES AND MORE. THROW A SIX TO A START, AND WE'LL PLAY--

WE'LL PLAY FOREVER AND EVER AND EVER AND EVER!!!

NO! NO!!

[illegible]

A black and white comic book panel. In the center, a group of figures is being pulled into a dark, swirling vortex or hole in the ground. One figure is already partially submerged. Two men are shown from the chest up, looking towards the central action. The man on the left has short hair and is wearing a light-colored shirt. The man on the right has longer, wavy hair and is also wearing a light-colored shirt. There are four speech bubbles containing dialogue.

SPEECH BUBBLE 1 (Left):
WHAT'S HAPPENING?
THEY'RE FADING
AWAY!

SPEECH BUBBLE 2 (Top Right):
RETURNING TO
THE DARK PLACES FROM
WHERE THE TOYMAKER
CAME. THEY'LL BE IN A
PERPETUAL
STALEMATE--

SPEECH BUBBLE 3 (Middle Right):
I CAN'T
HONESTLY THINK
OF A MORE FITTING
END.

SPEECH BUBBLE 4 (Bottom Center):
NNNNOOOOOOOOOOOO%

[illegible]

A black and white comic book panel depicting a dramatic moment. Two men are shown from the chest up, their faces partially visible as they look towards a central point of action. The man on the left has short hair, while the man on the right has a beard and glasses. Between them, a swirling vortex of light and shadow pulls several figures into it. One figure is clearly visible, appearing to be caught in the pull. The background is filled with a dense pattern of small dots, creating a sense of depth and movement.

**WHAT'S HAPPENING?
THEY'RE FADING
AWAY!**

**RETURNING TO
THE DARK PLACES FROM
WHERE THE TOYMAKER
CAME. THEY'LL BE IN A
PERPETUAL
STALEMATE--**

**I CAN'T
HONESTLY THINK
OF A MORE FITTING
END.**

NNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNN%

QUICK!
THE TOYROOM IS
DISSIPATING! WE'LL
BE SUCKED BACK
WITH IT IF WE DON'T
GET OUT!

EXIT

YOU TOO,
DOCTOR!
HURRY!

NO,
DOCTOR.
NOT I--

QUICK!
THE TOYROOM IS
DISSIPATING! WE'LL
BE SUCKED BACK
WITH IT IF WE DON'T
GET OUT!

EXIT

YOU TOO,
DOCTOR!
HURRY!

NO,
DOCTOR.
NOT I--

QUICK!
THE TOYROOM IS
DISSIPATING! WE'LL
BE SUCKED BACK
WITH IT IF WE DON'T
GET OUT!

EXIT

YOU TOO,
DOCTOR!
HURRY!

NO,
DOCTOR.
NOT I--

QUICK!
THE TOYROOM IS
DISSIPATING! WE'LL
BE SUCKED BACK
WITH IT IF WE DON'T
GET OUT!

EXIT

YOU TOO,
DOCTOR!
HURRY!

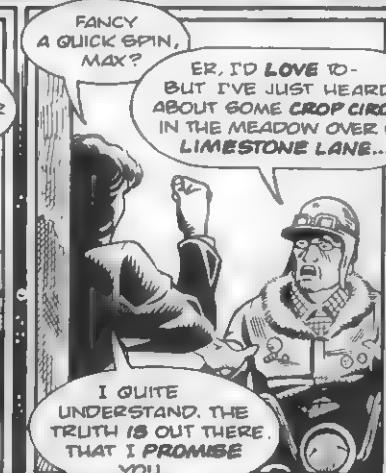
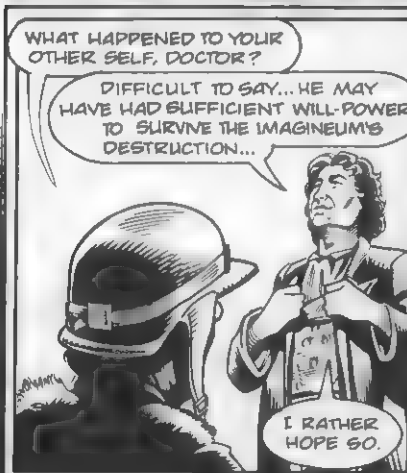
NO,
DOCTOR.
NOT I--

NO! I FORGOT!
THIS IS THE VILLAGE
BUILT BY THE MIRROR,
AND NOW IT'S FALLING
APART--

--BUT THE
TOYMAKER STILL
HAS STUCK TO HIS
ITSELF!

NO! I FORGOT!
THIS IS THE VILLAGE
BUILT BY THE MIRROR,
AND NOW IT'S FALLING
APART--

--BUT THE
TOYMAKER STILL
HAS STUCK TO HIS
ITSELF!



IT'S THE END OF THE WORLD
AS WE KNOW IT.

WREEP!
WREEP!

THE
FIFTY-FIRST CENTURY?
DOCTOR, YOU CAN'T BE
SERIOUS--

WHERE
ARE THE SPACESHIPS,
THE HOVERCARS, THE
FABULOUS CITIES OF
SILVER AND
GOLD?

THE GREAT METROPOLI FELL
TEN YEARS AGO, WHEN THE SUN
BEGAN TO FAIL. THE RICH HAVE LONG
SINCE DESERTED THE EARTH, GONE TO
THE STARS IN A FLEET OF
SPACE ARKS--

THOSE LEFT
BEHIND ARE DESPERATE,
SWELTERING UNDER A
BOILING SMOG. THESE ARE
THE DYING DAYS,
IZZY--

IT'S
ALL OVER
BAR THE
SHOUTING.

GREAT.
I'VE SEEN THE
FUTURE--

--AND IT'S
PANTS.

HA! A
FIX! JUST
OVER THIS
RIDGE--

THERE.

WREEP!
WREEP!

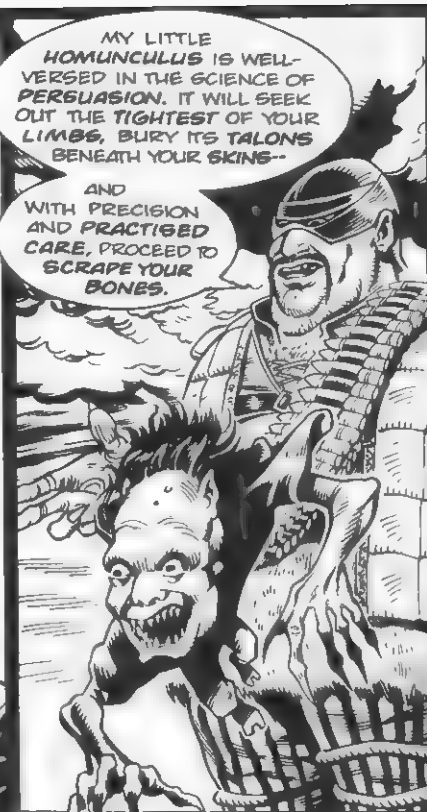
THE
SIGNAL'S
COMING FROM
THERE.

THE KEEP

PART ONE

STORY: ALAN BARNES PENCILS: MARTIN GERAGHTY INKS: ROBIN SMITH
LETTERING: ELITTA FELL EDITORS: GARY GILLATT + SCOTT GRAY









THE SPACE/TIME VORTEX, ALTHOUGH ONLY A THEORETICAL ASSUMPTION, SEEMED THE BEST PLACE TO SEARCH FOR PEOPLE SUCH AS YOURSELVES--

I AM GRATIFIED THAT MY MASTER'S THEORY PROVED CORRECT. YOU ARE TIME TRAVELLERS, I TAKE IT?

YES, BUT--



"GOOD. I APOLOGISE FOR YOUR DIFFICULTY IN GETTING HERE--

"THE WARS RAGE ON OUTSIDE. THESE MANY FACTIONS WOULD PENETRATE THE KEEP IF THEY COULD, BUT IT IS T-MAT PROTECTED. THE SCOOP WAS THE ONLY WAY TO BRING YOU HERE WITHOUT COMPROMISING OUR SECURITY.

"THE WARS. A SHAME. THEY ARE NOT BAD MEN, BUT SOON THE SOLAR FLARES WILL CONSUME US ALL. THEIR BATTLES ARE A COMPREHENSIBLE RESPONSE."



WE HAVE ARRIVED. COME, DOCTOR--

MEET MY MASTER. MEET CRIVELLO.

IS HE DEAD?

NEARLY. THE NUTRIENTS KEEP HIM ALIVE. HE IS THE GREATEST SCIENTIST OF THE AGE--

YOU WILL HAVE MUCH TO TALK ABOUT. I SUGGEST YOU TOUCH THE GLASS.

"A SYNAPTIC LINK, I SEE. HELLO?"

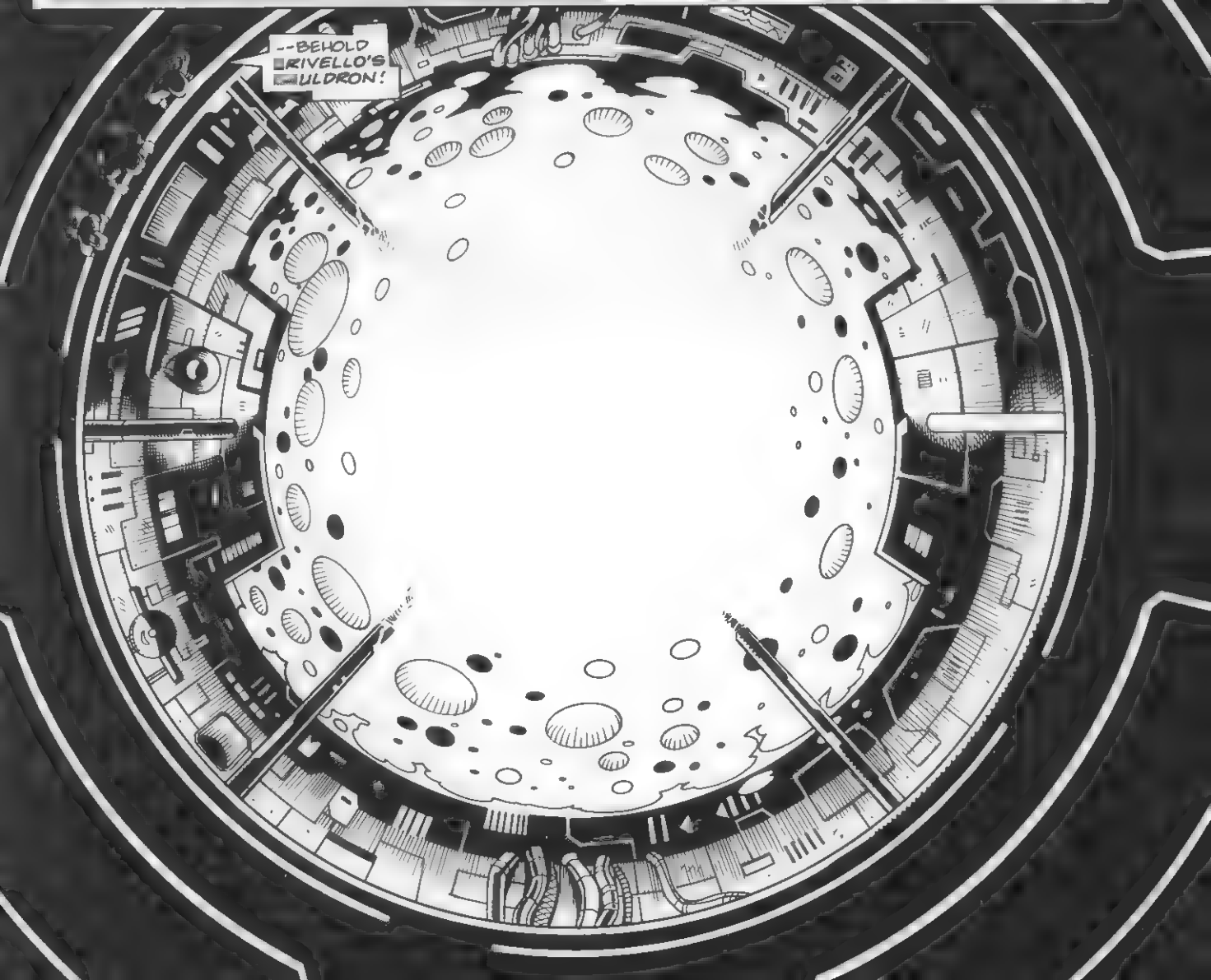
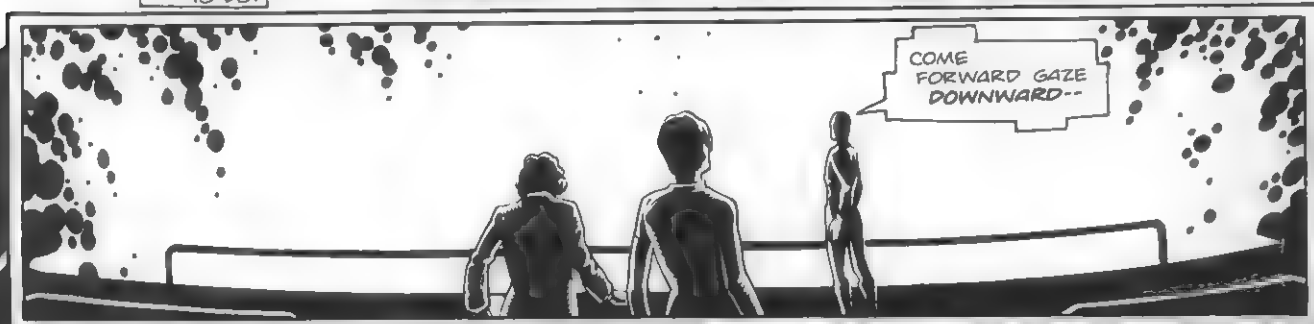
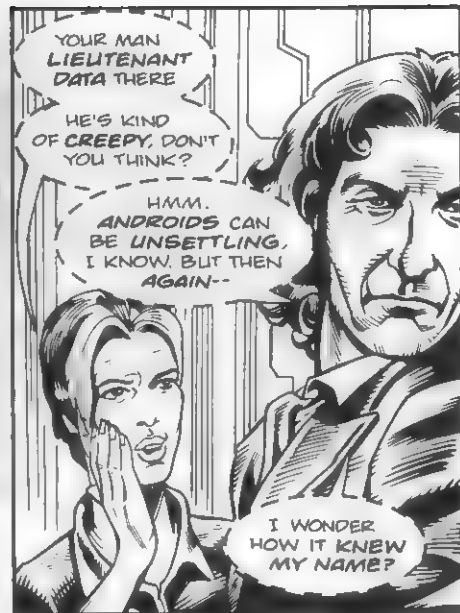
you have come i knew you would it is good to sense you here

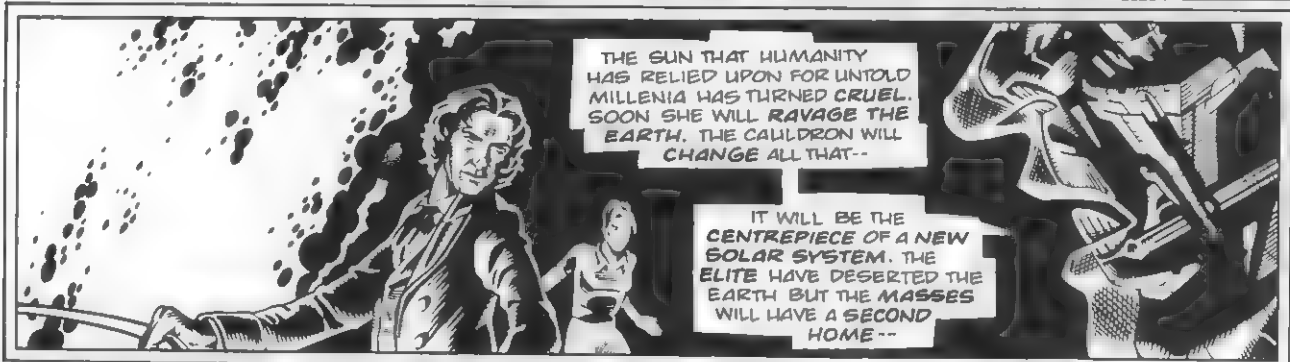
"ER, THANK YOU. I'M THE DOCTOR..."

too late for me i fear but not for all the others

"OTHERS?"

why the human race of course i know you are a good man





SHE'S THREE THOUSAND YEARS FROM HOME. TEN MINUTES AGO, HER ONLY WAY BACK WAS THROWN INTO THE HEART OF A FLEDGLING SUN--

IT'S HARDLY SURPRISING SHE'S CRYING.

HE HANGS IN THE HUB OF THE CAULDRON. HE OUGHT TO BE DEAD, BUT IT'S SOFT AND WARM INSIDE--

HE FEELS ATOMS DANCE, HEARS PROTONS SINGING.

QUITE SUDDENLY, HE KNOWS IT'S ALIVE.



THE KEEP

PART TWO

STORY: ALAN BARNES
PENCILS: MARTIN GERAGHTY
INKS: ROBIN SMITH
LETTERS: ELITTA FELL
EDITORS: GARY GILLATT + SCOTT GRAY

BEYOND THE KEEP--

I TRUST THE
WORK IS COMPLETE,
TECHNICIAN
WOO--

--LEST, OF
COURSE, YOU WANT
MY LITTLE FRIEND TO
RELIEVE YOU OF YOUR
NOSE.

I-IT'S READY,
UBERMARSHAL
LENG,
I SWEAR!



GOOD. IF THE
STRANGERS SHOULD
TRANSPORT AGAIN,
THE DIVERSION
CHIPS WE PLACED IN
THEM WILL BRING
THEM HERE--

--AND
WE'LL BE
WAITING.

HEH!



MEANWHILE...



CLANG!
CLUNG!

HUH?

DOCTOR!
YOU'RE
ALIVE!!

BUT
HOW...?!



HELLO,
IZZY...

PHEW!
IS IT ME, OR
IS IT HOT IN
HERE?

SO TELL ME,
HOW LONG WAS I IN
THERE FOR?

I DON'T KNOW.
TEN, TWENTY MINUTES,
I SUPPOSE...

WOOF,
JABBA! YOU WEIGH
A TON!



STRANGE.
I FELT CENTURIES
PASSING...

CORRECT.



MARQUEZ!



LET ME
EXPLAIN.

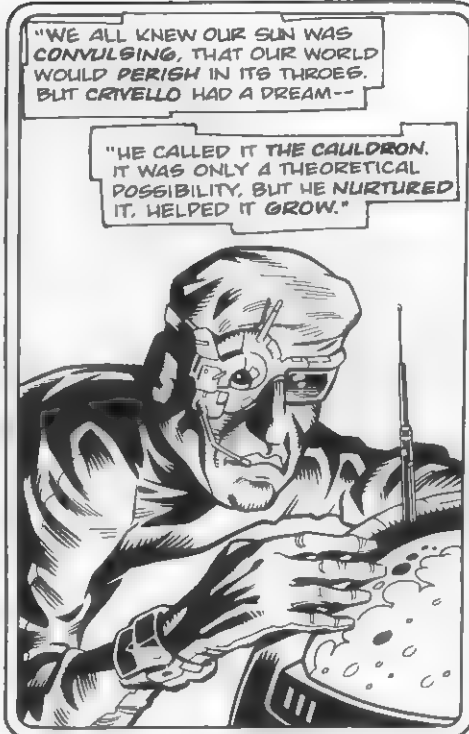
MY MASTER BUILT THIS SUN
AS A MEANS TO ENSURE
HUMANITY'S SURVIVAL - BUT
THE CAULDRON IS NOT A TOOL,
NOR A TOY, NOR AN ENGINE...



I KNOW.
IT'S ALIVE.

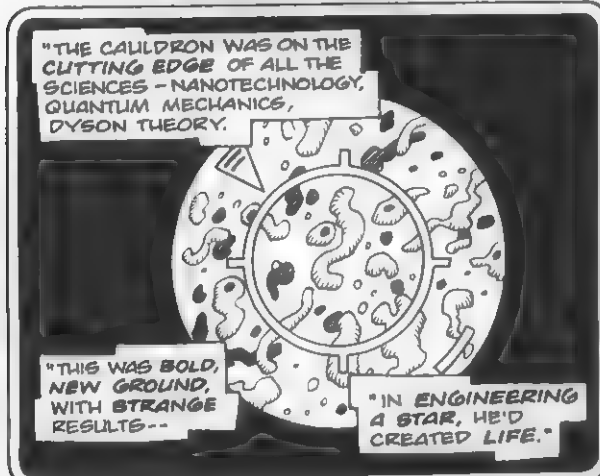


OH, MORE.
MUCH
MORE...



"WE ALL KNEW OUR SUN WAS
CONVULSING, THAT OUR WORLD
WOULD PERISH IN ITS THROES.
BUT CRIVELLO HAD A DREAM--

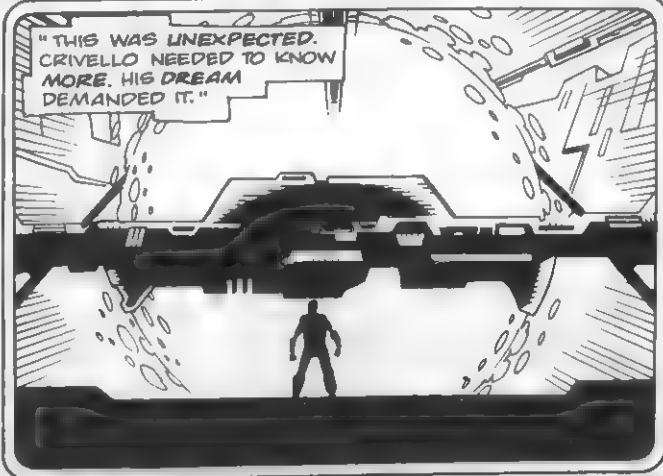
"HE CALLED IT THE CAULDRON.
IT WAS ONLY A THEORETICAL
POSSIBILITY, BUT HE NURTURED
IT, HELPED IT GROW."



"THE CAULDRON WAS ON THE
CUTTING EDGE OF ALL THE
SCIENCES - NANOTECHNOLOGY,
QUANTUM MECHANICS,
DYSON THEORY.

"THIS WAS BOLD,
NEW GROUND,
WITH STRANGE
RESULTS--

"IN ENGINEERING
A STAR, HE'D
CREATED LIFE."



"THIS WAS UNEXPECTED.
CRIVELLO NEEDED TO KNOW
MORE. HIS DREAM
DEMANDED IT."



"HE'D DESIRED A BENEVOLENT SUN--
THE CENTREPIECE OF AN ALTERNATE
SOLAR SYSTEM IN THE CRAB
NEBULA WHERE THE MASSES MIGHT
LIVE OUT IN EXILE UNTIL THE HOME-
WORLD WAS SAFE."



"THE CAULDRON WAS HIS CREATURE. IT WAS THE KEY TO HUMANITY'S SURVIVAL. THIS ORGANISM BORE AN AWESOME RESPONSIBILITY--

"IT WAS COLD THEN--AS NOW, BEFORE FLUION, BEFORE LAUNCHING. IT NEEDED DIRECTION, INSTRUCTION. CRIVELLO HAD NO CHOICE--"

"HE SOUGHT COMMUNION."



"THEY WERE IN ACCORD FOR SIX SECONDS. IT AGED HIM SIXTY YEARS."

"STRANGE THINGS HAPPEN IN A STAR. TIME IS COMPRESSED, SQUASHED BY COSMIC FORCES BEYOND IMAGINING."



TOO MAD.

ONLY A TIME TRAVELLER MIGHT BE SHIELDED, MIGHT SURVIVE PARLEY WITH THIS INTELLIGENCE--

--AND FORM A LIVING CONDUIT THROUGH WHICH IT MIGHT ACHIEVE FLUION, AND LAUNCH ITSELF.

ME?



HOW COULD I COMMUNE WITH SUCH A BEING? I MAY TRAVEL IN TIME, BUT I'M NO GREAT INTERPRETER!

OH, BUT YOU ARE...

--AND YOU'VE SUCCEEDED.



LOOK!





THERE'S A NEW STAR IN HEAVEN. A RAG-TAG FLEET OF SPACE-SHIPS HEADS OUT TO THE CAULDRON. GREEK DRAGONS ARE IN FLIGHT, ALONGSIDE OTHER ARMIES--

THESE MORTAL ENEMIES ARE NOW UNITED. EACH WILL ESTABLISH A SATELLITE ABOUT THE SUN. THERE WILL BE LIGHT ENOUGH FOR ALL, AND DIVERSITY, TOO--

A SMALL GALAXY OF LOVE AND HATE, PRIDE AND AMBITION AND JOY. WHEN THE EARTH IS FINALLY SCORCHED AND BURNED BY ITS OWN CRUEL STAR, THE RACE WILL BE SAVED.

ALL HUMAN LIFE IS THERE.

CRIVELLO SMILES. A DREAM OF LIFE HAS BEEN GIVEN SUBSTANCE.

THE FUTURE HAS BEEN SAVED. A FUTURE THAT WILL--

KRACK!

THE WIND HAS PICKED UP.

THERE'S A STORM COMING...

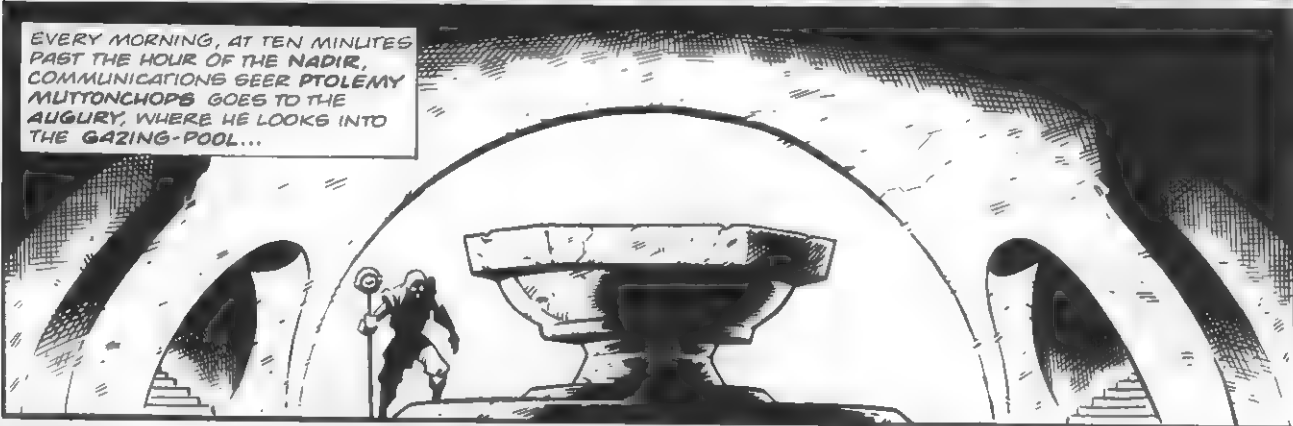
NEXT. A LIFE OF MATTER AND DEATH



THE SATELLOID ICARUS FALLING, 97 AUDITED PRECESSIONS AFTER THE BREAKOUT.

A TUESDAY.

THE LAST TUESDAY



EVERY MORNING, AT TEN MINUTES PAST THE HOUR OF THE NADIR, COMMUNICATIONS SEER PTOLEMY MUTTONCHOPS GOES TO THE AUGURY, WHERE HE LOOKS INTO THE GAZING-POOL...

THE POOL IS CLOUDY AT FIRST, HAZY. PTOLEMY IS SURPRISED. THE FUTURE IS ALWAYS CLEAR, IMMUTABLE, CERTAIN.



AND THEN THE IMAGE RESOLVES ITSELF.



HE SEES ABADDON, THE ABODE OF THE DAMNED. HE SEES HORDES OF WINGED DEMONS PUTTING YOU AND I TO DEATH BY TOOTH, BY CLAW...



WORSE, HE SEES A BLACK SUN RISING; IT PORTENDS THE END OF EVERYTHING.

HE SEES...

FIRE AND BRIMSTONE

STORY: ALAN BARNES
MARTIN GERAGHTY INKS:
ROBIN SMITH LETTERING:
ELIITA FELL EDITORS:
GARY GILLATT and
SCOTT GRAY



WHAT SHOULD HE DO? WHAT SHOULD HE DO?
MAYBE HE'S GROWING MAD, OR OLD. MAYBE
HE'S LOSING HIS FAITH...

EVERY MORNING, AT TWENTY
PAST THE NADIR, PTOLEMY
MUTTONCHOPS REPORTS A
BRIGHT AND HAPPY VISION
TO HIS LEADERENE...



TODAY IS DIFFERENT. TODAY
HE CALLS UPON HIS PARAGON,
SISTER CHASTITY--

WRETCHED, HIS HANDS
STICKY, WET, HE
CONFESSES ALL.

YOU
ARE TROUBLED.
BROTHER MUTTON-
CHOPS SUCH IS
PLAIN.



I--I HAVE SEEN
SUCH TERRIBLE
THINGS TODAY.
AWFUL, TERRIBLE
THINGS--

THIS DOES
NOT HAPPEN. AM
I IMPURE? AM I
INSANE? WHAT SHOULD
I TELL THE
LEADERENE?



SAY
NOTHING. BAD
VISIONS MIGHT
ONLY FULFIL
THEMSELVES--

LOOK ON
ME, BROTHER. LOOK
ON ME. DO I NOT INSPIRE
YOU? HOW COULD
CORRUPTION AND FOUL-
NESS EXIST ALONGSIDE
ONE SUCH AS I?
RISE UP--



YOU
MUST REST.
YOU ARE
TIRED.

HAVE
FAITH. ALL WILL
BE WELL. YOU'LL
SEE.

PTOLEMY'S VISION
GOES UNREPORTED.

THIS, THEN, IS
HOW IT BEGINS.





CERTAINLY.
I'M THE DOCTOR,
THIS IS IZZY--

AND
THIS IS ONE OF
SIX SATELLITES
REVOLVING AROUND
AN ARTIFICIAL
SUN--

--CRIVELLO'S
CAULDRON!

A POWERHOUSE
SUPPLYING ENERGY TO AN AD HOC
SOLAR SYSTEM - HUMANITY'S LAST
GREAT HOPE AFTER THE FAILING
OF THE SUN...

SOME 200
YEARS AGO I SAW THE
CAULDRON LAUNCHER*
SHORTLY AFTERWARDS, MY
SHIP LANDS ABOARD ONE OF
THE SIX GREAT CORNER-
STONES WHICH MAINTAIN
IT, HOLD IT IN
CHECK--

THAT'S QUITE
A COINCIDENCE.
AND I DON'T
BELIEVE IN CO-
INCIDENCES, DO YOU,
LEADERENE?

INCOMING!
UNIDENTIFIED
OBJECTS CLOSING
FAST!

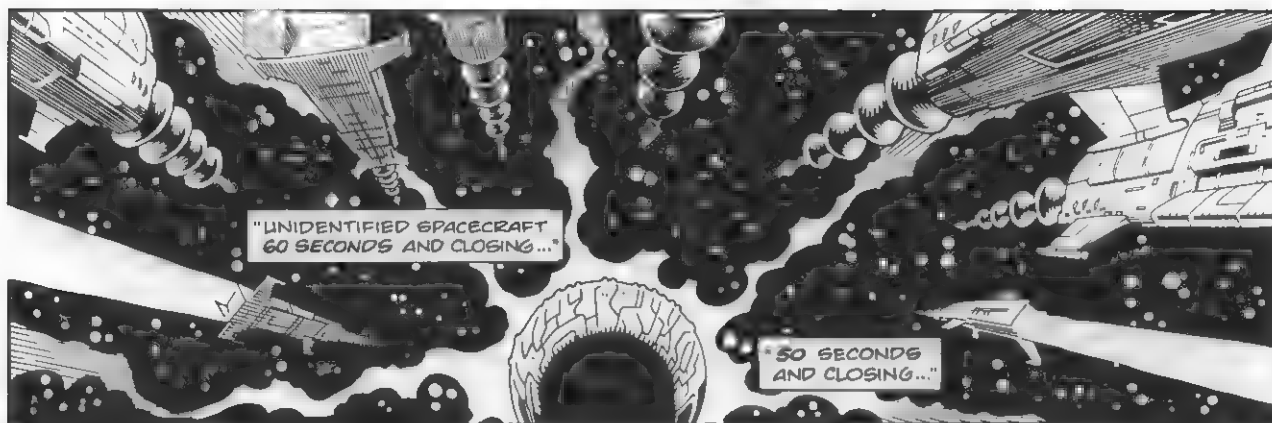
WHAT?

IS
ALL THAT
TRUE?

OH YES THAT
SEXTANT CALCULATED
THE POSITION OF BONEY'S
FLEET AT TRAFALGAR. IT'S
NEVER WRONG WE'VE BEEN
BROUGHT HERE,
ALRIGHT--

THE ONLY
QUESTION IS, BY
WHOM?

*SEE THE KEEP,
DWM 248-249.







EXTERMINATE!

THE
WORST THING
YOU CAN POSSIBLY
IMAGINE...

NEXT: "RELEASE THE CONTAGIUM!"

THIS IS CRIVELLO'S CAULDRON,
AN ARTIFICIALLY-ENGINEERED
SOLAR SYSTEM IN THE CRAB
NEBULA.

THE END IS NIGH

THEY'RE
CALLED DALEKS.
THEY COME FROM A PLANET
CALLED SKARO. THEY'RE
COLD, RUTHLESS
KILLERS--

--AND
THEY'RE
HERE.

ATTENTION!
THIS SATELLOID IS
UNDER DALEK
COMMAND! SURRENDER
NOW OR BE
EXTERMINATED!

ROBOT
MONSTERS!

AT
LAST!

FIRE AND BRIMSTONE

STORY: ALAN BARNES
PENCILS: MARTIN GERAGHTY
INKS: ROBIN SMITH
LETTERS: ELITTA FELL
EDITORS: GARY GILLATT +
SCOTT GRAY



DOCTOR,
ALL OF ICARUS FALLING'S
BULKHEADS ARE NOW SECURE.
TWO METRES OF IRON, STEEL
AND REINFORCED KEVLAR
SEPARATE US FROM THE
UNDERNEATH--

TWO
METRES,
LEADERENE?

TTT.
THE DALEKS WILL
CUT THROUGH THAT IN--OOH,
28 MINUTES, GIVE OR
TAKE A FEW
SECONDS...



DOOMED!
WE'RE ALL
DOOMED!

WHO'S
THIS?

PTOLEMY
MUTTONCHOPS,
OUR COMMUNICATIONS
SEER. HE'S
SENSITIVE--

HIGHLY
STRING.



YOU.
I KNOW YOU. YOU
ARE BROTHER TO
HIPPOCRATES. ARE
YOU NOT?

AFTER
A FASHION, I
SUPPOSE. I'M
THE
DOCTOR.

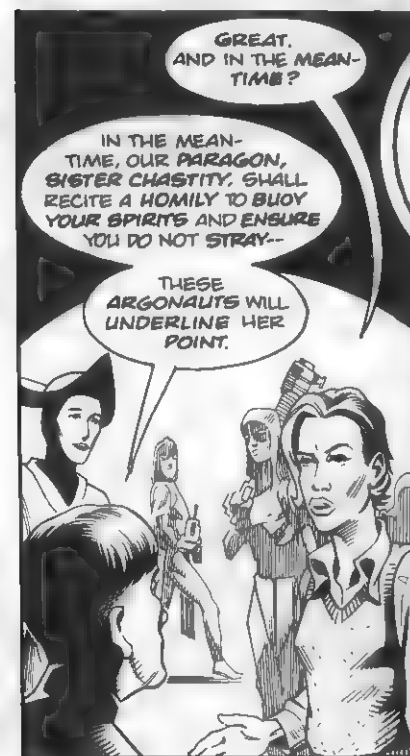
I KNEW IT!
YOU'RE THE ONE. YOU HAVE
IT WITHIN YOU TO SAVE US
ALL! I SAW IT IN THE
GAZING-POL! COME ON.
COME AND SEE...



DO YOU
WISH FOR
PERMISSION
TO LEAVE?

FOREARMED
IS FOREARMED, SO
THEY SAY. I THINK
I'D BEST TAKE A LOOK
AT THIS GAZING-POL.
LOOK AFTER IZZY--OH,
AND IF I'M NOT BACK
IN 22 MINUTES
OR SO--

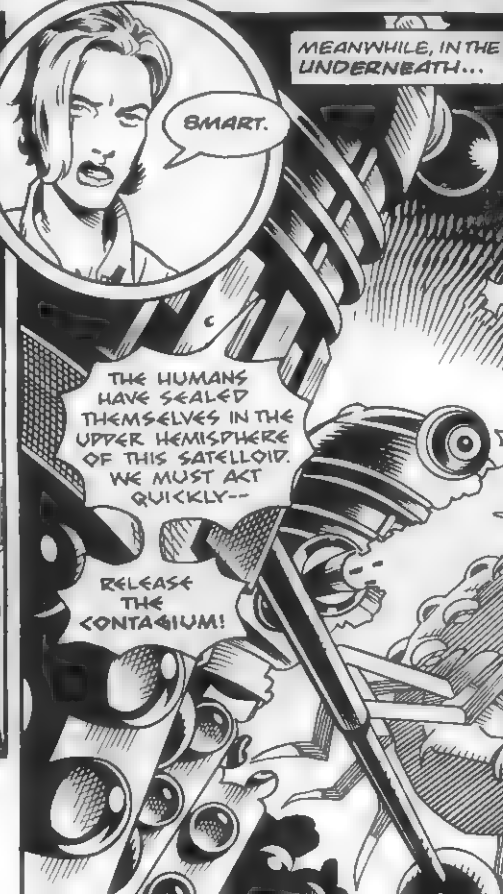
I ADVISE
YOU TO RUN LIKE
THE CLAPPERS.



GREAT.
AND IN THE MEAN-
TIME?

IN THE MEAN-
TIME, OUR PARAGON,
SISTER CHASTITY, SHALL
RECITE A HOMILY TO BUOY
YOUR SPIRITS AND ENSURE
YOU DO NOT STRAY--

THESE
ARGONAUTS WILL
UNDERLINE HER
POINT.



MEANWHILE, IN THE
UNDERNEATH...

SMART.

THE HUMANS
HAVE SEALED
THEMSELVES IN THE
UPPER HEMISPHERE
OF THIS SATELLOID.
WE MUST ACT
QUICKLY--

RELEASE
THE
CONTAGIUM!

BZZZZ

WE
OBEY!



IN THE AUGURY...

THE
GAZING POOL, DOCTOR-
A WINDOW ONES WORLD
AS YET UNSEEN...

IT SHOWS
VISIONS OF THINGS AS
YET UNDONE!

OF COURSE.
I SENSE A CERTAIN
PRESENCE FLOODING
THROUGH MY
NUCLEII--

THE POOL
COMPRISES MATERIAL FROM
THE HEART OF THE CAULDRON
ITSELF. AM I RIGHT, OR AM
I RIGHT?



YOU ARE
CORRECT, DOCTOR. THE
CAULDRON IS A LIVING,
SENTIENT BEING. HERE, IT
TALKS TO ME, AND NO-
ONE ELSE - EXCEPT
YOU, IT SEEMS. I--

DOCTOR,
WHAT ARE YOU
DOING?

TAKING A
SAMPLE FOR ANALYSIS.
I WANT TO SEE IF ITS
STRUCTURE HAS CHANGED
SINCE I SAW IT
LAST--

THERE'S A
LITTLE BIT OF ME IN
THERE, YOU SEE? OH, AND
INCIDENTALLY--

*SEE THE KEEP, DWM 248-249.



--THE LAST HUMAN BEING
TO ATTEMPT COMMUNION WITH
THE CAULDRON AGED SIXTY YEARS
IN SIX SECONDS. SO TELL ME,
MISTER MUTTONCHOPS--

WHAT MAKES
YOU SO SPECIAL?



I-I DO
NOT--

OH,
NO!

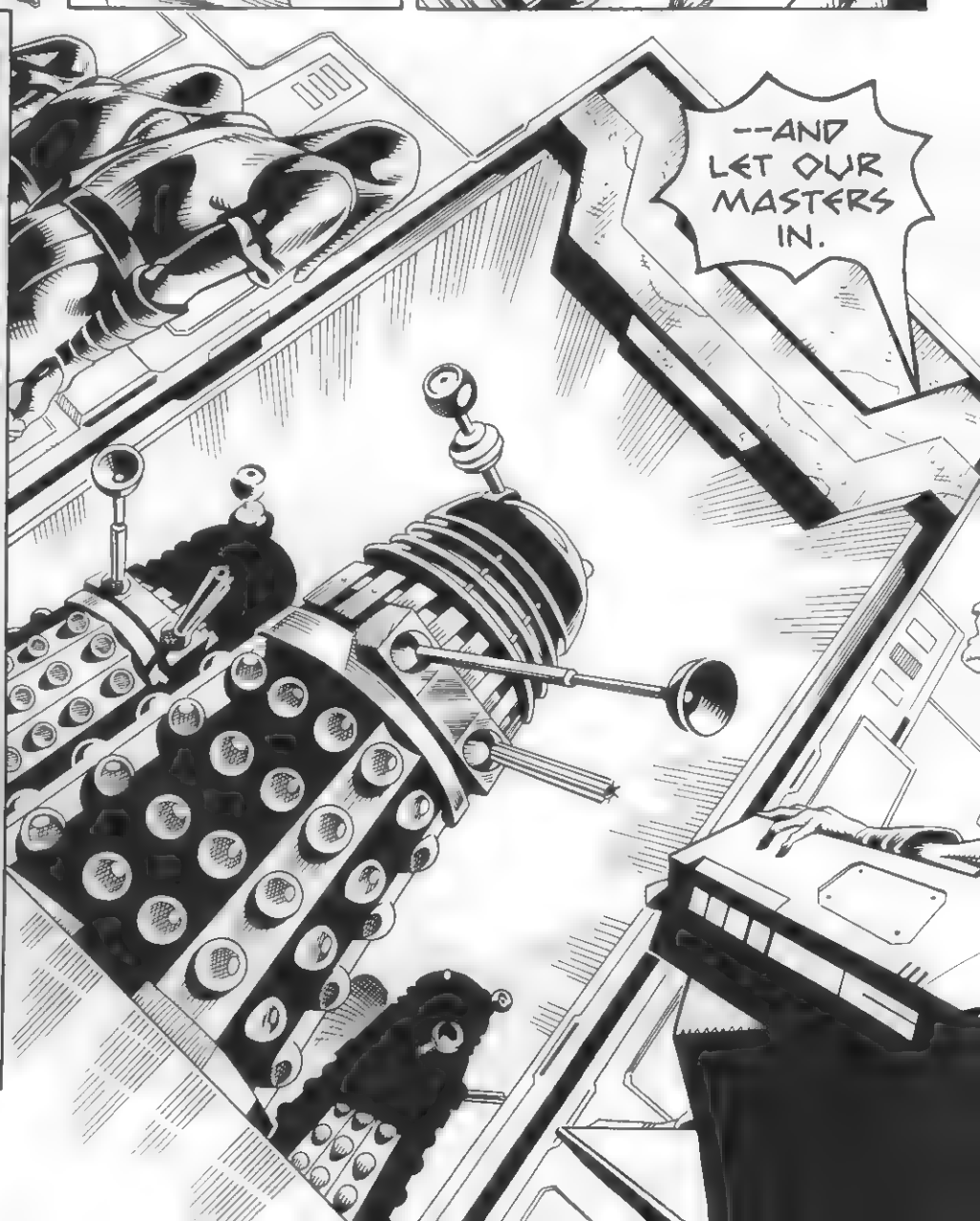


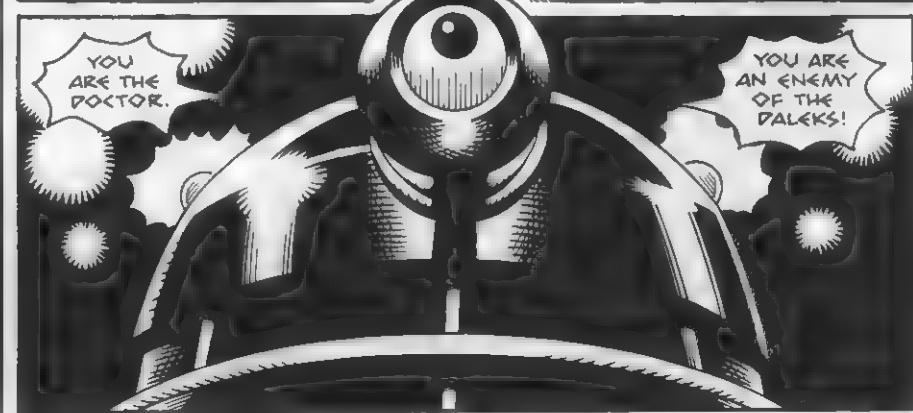
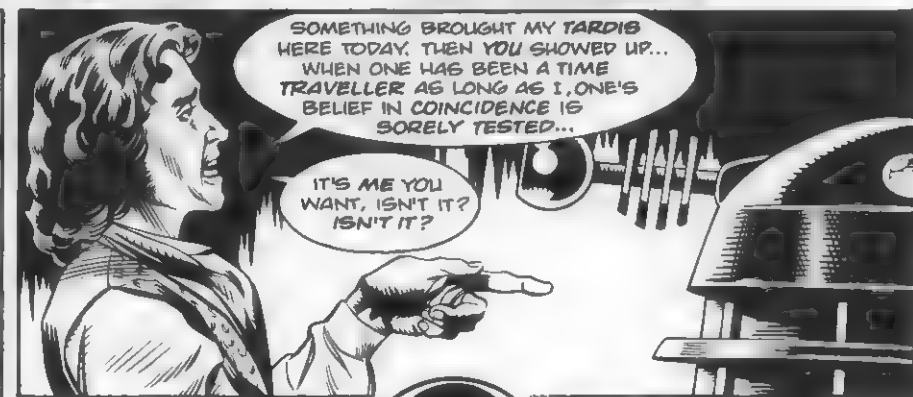
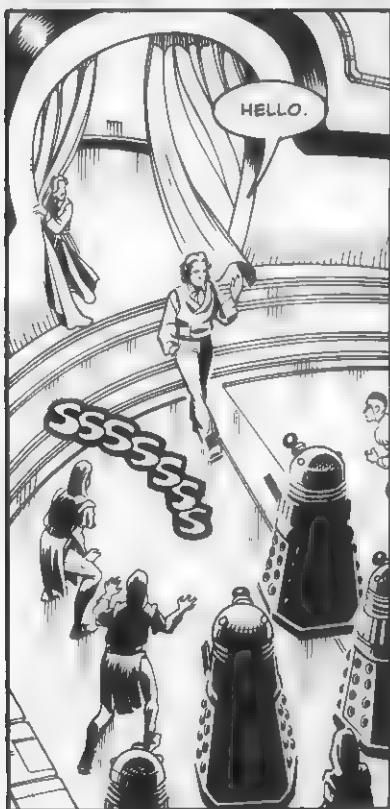
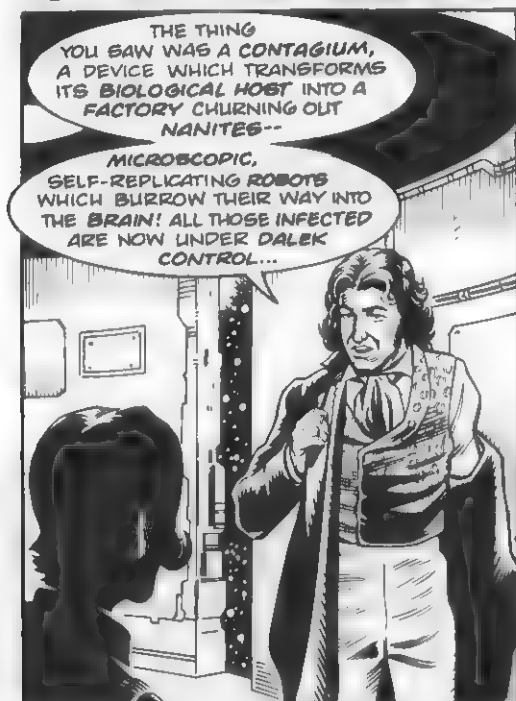
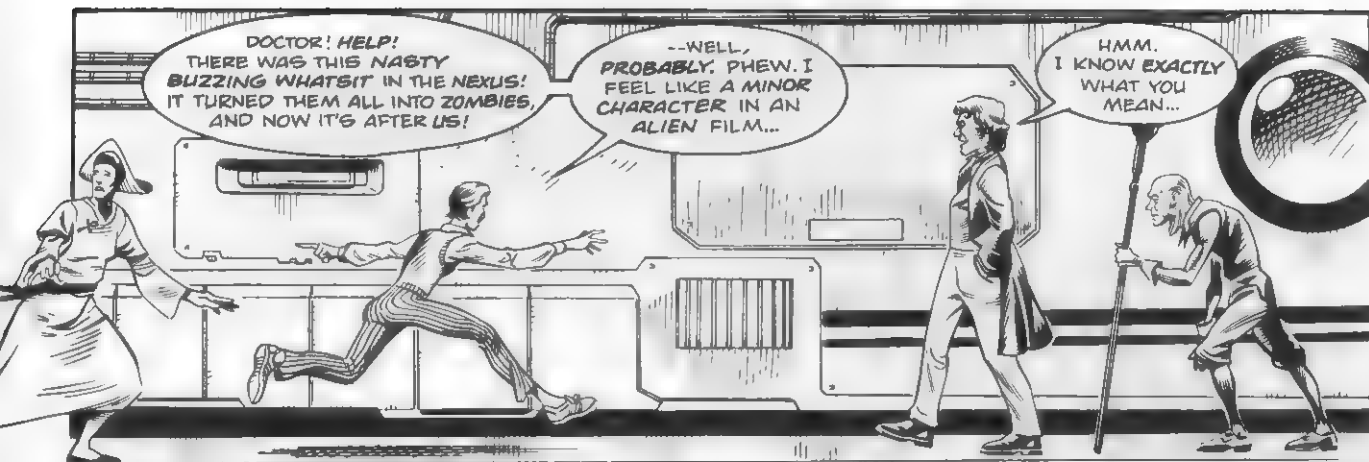
WHAT
IS IT?

TOIL
AND TROUBLE.
COME ON--

BACK
TO THE NEXUS.
IT'S UP TO US
TO SAVE THE
DAY!









EXTERMINATE!

NEXT: "PROCESS--ANALYSE--
ANNIHILATE!"

EXTERMINATE!

HMM. THIS
IS EITHER THE
AFTERLIFE--

--OR
THE OTHER END
OF A MATTER
TRANSPORTER.

DO NOT
MOVE!

YOU ARE A
PRISONER OF THE
DALEKS!

FIRE AND BRIMSTONE

STORY: ALAN BARNES
PENCILS: MARTIN GERAGHTY
INKS: ROBIN SMITH
LETTERING: ELITTA FELL
EDITORS: GARY GILLATT +
SCOTT GRAY



HEY!

SHLPP!

DO NOT
RESIST THE
TENDRONS!



WAAAHH!

YOU ARE TO BE
TRANSPORTED TO THE HUB OF
THE HIVE AND TAKEN BEFORE
THE DALEK SUPREME!

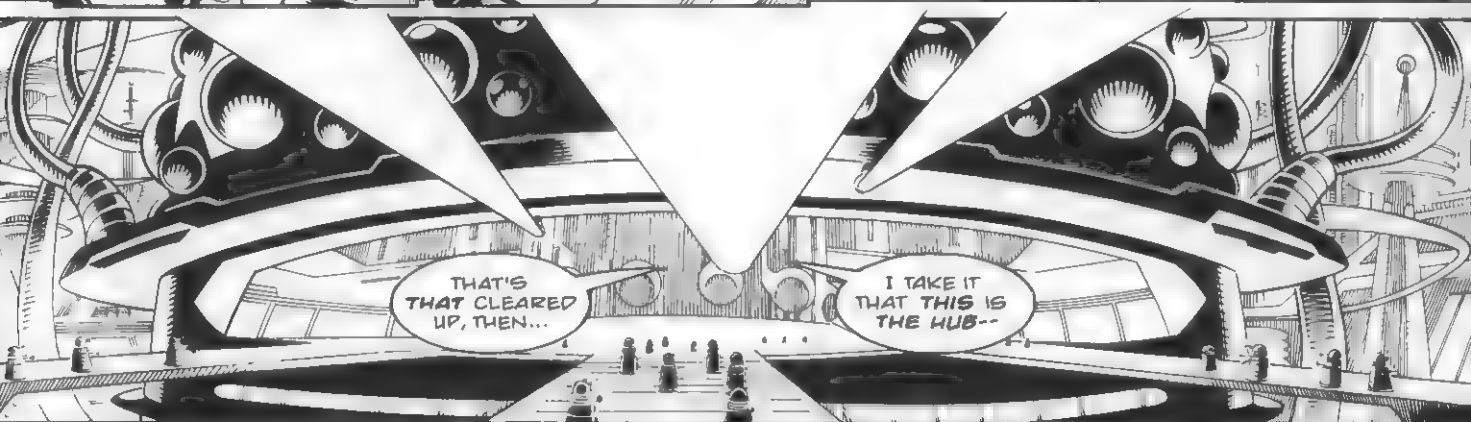


UGH. I
HAVEN'T FELT THIS
TRAVEL-SICK SINCE
I FLEW BY MAGIC
CARPET IN OLD
BAGHDAD...

ARE YOU
GOING TO TELL ME
WHY I'M HERE? YOU
CHOREOGRAPHED MY
EXECUTION PRECISELY.
JUST WHO DO YOU
WANT TO THINK
I'M DEAD?

THERE ARE ENEMY
FORCES PRESENT
IN THE CAULDRON--

--FORCES WORKING TO
THE DETRIMENT OF
DALEK INTERESTS!



THAT'S
THAT CLEARED
UP, THEN...

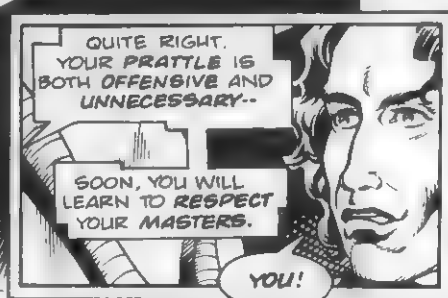
I TAKE IT
THAT THIS IS
THE HUB--



--AND
THAT YOU
MUST BE THE
SUPREME.

FORGIVE
ME IF I FAIL TO
BOW. RELEASE ME,
AND I'LL SHAKE
YOU BY THE
PLUNGER...

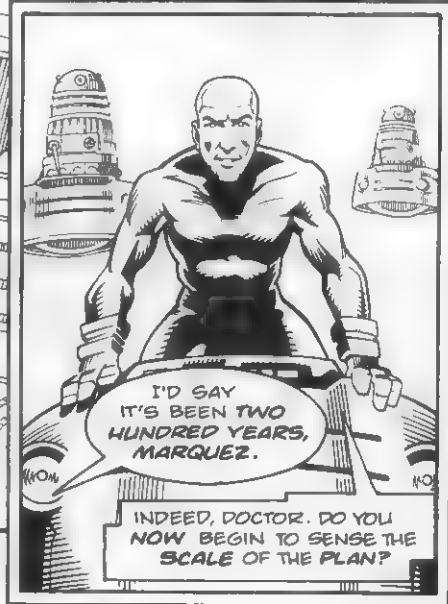
SILENCE,
DOCTOR!



QUITE RIGHT.
YOUR PRATTLE IS
BOTH OFFENSIVE AND
UNNECESSARY--

SOON, YOU WILL
LEARN TO RESPECT
YOUR MASTERS.

YOU!



I'D SAY
IT'S BEEN TWO
HUNDRED YEARS,
MARQUEZ.

INDEED, DOCTOR. DO YOU
NOW BEGIN TO SENSE THE
SCALE OF THE PLAN?

THE DALEK HIVE
SLICES THROUGH
SPACE.

3 BILLION TONNES OF SOLID DALEKANILUM
GIRD ITS HULL. ITS PROPULSION UNITS
GENERATE FORCE EQUIVALENT TO THAT OF
600 ERUPTING VOLCANOES--

--AND THE TREMORS
ARE FELT DOWN ON
ICARUS FALLING.

THEY
KILLED HIM. WHY'D THE
DOCTOR WALK RIGHT IN
AND LET THEM KILL
HIM?

DEAR
IZZY, I WISH
I KNEW--
COME NOW,
DON'T--

THE
DOCTOR ISN'T
DEAD.

HE'S
THERE. I CAN
FEEL HIM
THROUGH THE
CAULDRON--

HE'S
THERE. HE'S
ALIVE.

BE SURE,
BROTHER MUTTONCHOPS.
BE SURE.

THAT'S
WHERE THE DALEKS
LIVE, SISTER CHASTITY.
OH YES, HE'S
THERE--

AND
I THINK HE'S
AFRAID.

IZZY!

WHA-?!

THEY'RE
HERE! THEY'RE
HERE!

AIEEEEEEEEE!

DON'T
LOOK--

RUN!



MEANWHILE...

I SEE AGE HASN'T WITHERED YOU...

FAR FROM IT, DOCTOR. MY COMPONENT PARTS ARE SUBJECT TO REGULAR MAINTENANCE--

INDEED, MY FUNCTIONS ARE MUCH IMPROVED SINCE WE LAST MET.*

*SEE THE KEEP, DWM 248-249.

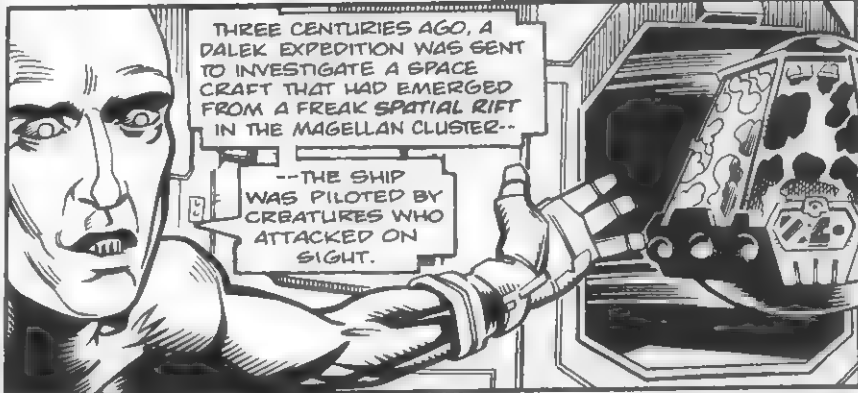


HOW VERY NICE. IT'S ABOUT NOW THAT YOUR SORT STARTS GLOATING--

--SO JUST TELL ME WHAT YOU WANT WITH ME, AND WE CAN GET STRAIGHT DOWN TO THE UNPLEASANTNESS THAT YOU DOUBTLESS HAVE PLANNED...

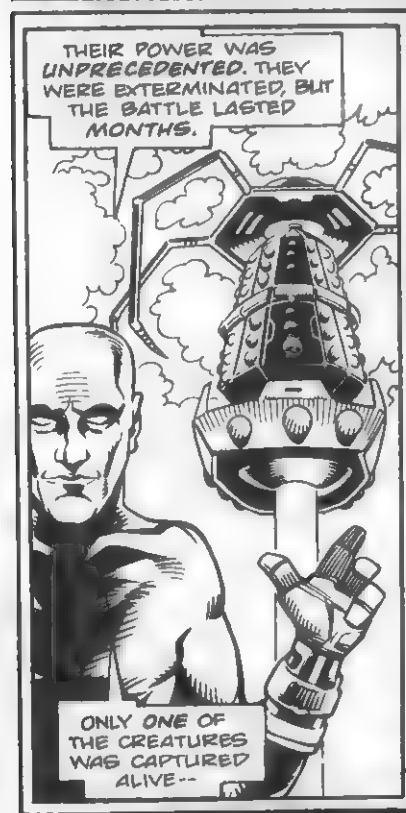
WITH YOUR PERMISSION, SUPREME?

PROCEED.



THREE CENTURIES AGO, A DALEK EXPEDITION WAS SENT TO INVESTIGATE A SPACE CRAFT THAT HAD EMERGED FROM A FREAK SPATIAL RIFT IN THE MAGELLAN CLUSTER--

--THE SHIP WAS PILOTED BY CREATURES WHO ATTACKED ON SIGHT.



THEIR POWER WAS UNPRECEDENTED. THEY WERE EXTERMINATED, BUT THE BATTLE LASTED MONTHS.

ONLY ONE OF THE CREATURES WAS CAPTURED ALIVE--



--AND NOW I'M GOING TO TURN IT LOOSE ON YOU.

PROCESS
ANALYSE
ANNIHILATE

CALL IT OFF, MARQUEZ...



I SAID CALL YOUR CREATURE OFF!

EXTERMINATE!!!



VERY WELL.

WHEN DALEK SCIENTISTS
VIVISECTED THE CREATURES,
IT BECAME ALL TOO CLEAR
WHAT THEY WERE, AND
WHENCE THEY CAME--



THEY ARE DALEKS. THEY
ARE LIKE US. THEIR EXISTENCE
CANNOT BE TOLERATED.

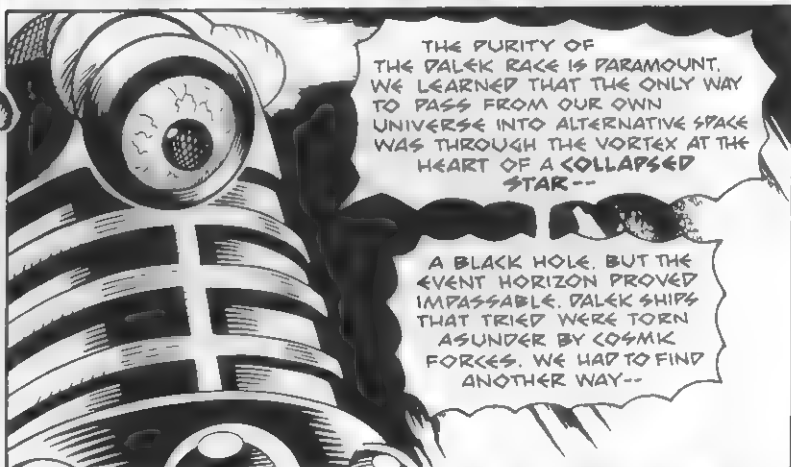
THE DALEKS HAVE ALWAYS
UNDERSTOOD THEORIES OF
INFINITE PARALLEL- BILLIONS
OF ALTERNATE REALITIES
EXISTING SIDE-BY-SIDE.

THE POSSIBILITY THAT
THESE CREATURES MIGHT
CROSS OVER IN FORCE
CANNOT BE ENTERTAINED.



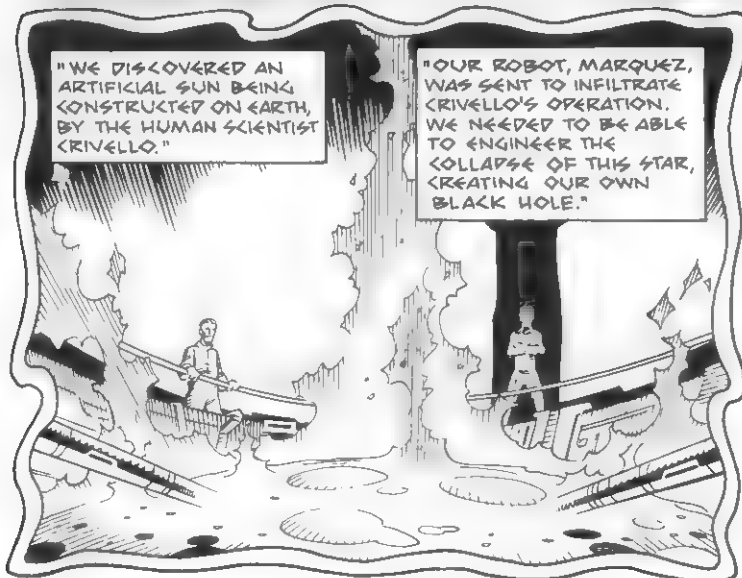
YOU'RE
SCARED! THE MIGHTY
DALEK EMPIRE - AFRAID OF
ITS OWN MURDEROUS
COUSINS! WHAT'S THE
PLAN, SUPREME?

--"LET'S
GET THEM
BEFORE THEY
GET US?"



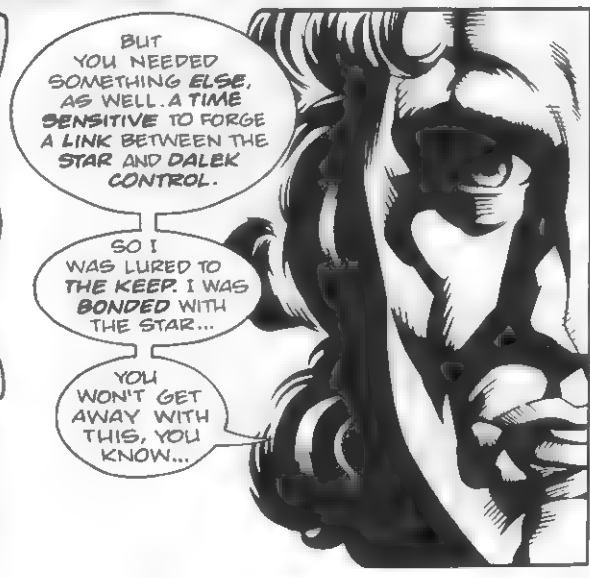
THE PURITY OF
THE DALEK RACE IS PARAMOUNT.
WE LEARNED THAT THE ONLY WAY
TO PASS FROM OUR OWN
UNIVERSE INTO ALTERNATIVE SPACE
WAS THROUGH THE VORTEX AT THE
HEART OF A COLLAPSED
STAR--

A BLACK HOLE. BUT THE
EVENT HORIZON PROVED
IMPASSABLE. DALEK SHIPS
THAT TRIED WERE TORN
ASUNDER BY COSMIC
FORCES. WE HAD TO FIND
ANOTHER WAY--



"WE DISCOVERED AN
ARTIFICIAL SUN BEING
CONSTRUCTED ON EARTH,
BY THE HUMAN SCIENTIST
CRIVELLO."

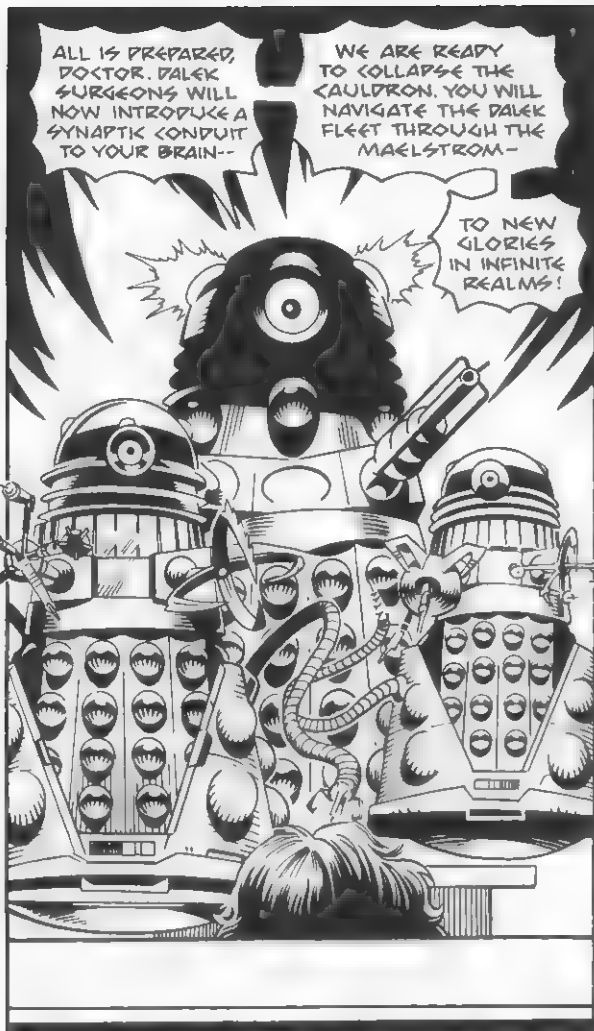
"OUR ROBOT, MARQUEZ,
WAS SENT TO INFILTRATE
CRIVELLO'S OPERATION.
WE NEEDED TO BE ABLE
TO ENGINEER THE
COLLAPSE OF THIS STAR,
CREATING OUR OWN
BLACK HOLE."



BUT
YOU NEEDED
SOMETHING ELSE,
AS WELL. A TIME
SENSITIVE TO FORGE
A LINK BETWEEN THE
STAR AND DALEK
CONTROL.

SO I
WAS LURED TO
THE KEEP. I WAS
BONDED WITH
THE STAR...

YOU
WON'T GET
AWAY WITH
THIS, YOU
KNOW...



THE
THRESHOLD
ARE TAKING CARE
OF BUSINESS
HERE--

--AND THE
MOTION YOU'VE
PROPOSED JUST
ISN'T ON THE
AGENDA.

ZZZAAAKKK!

NEXT: "NO MORE DALEKS
--NO MORE DOCTOR!"

THE PEACE OF THE DISTANT
NEW EARTH SYSTEM HAS
BEEN SHATTERED BY THE
ARRIVAL OF A HUGE BATTLE-
SHIP--THE DALEK HIVE.

ABOARD THE SATELLOIDS,
THE ENSLAVED DESCENDANTS
OF THE PIONEERS WHO MADE
THE CAULDRON HUMANITY'S
LAST GREAT HOPE NOW
SUPERVISE ITS HIJACK--

PREPARING FOR THE MOMENT
WHEN IT BECOMES NAUGHT
BUT A GATEWAY, A MEANS
TO THE DALEKS'
MONOMANIACAL END--

--AND IN JUST
989 RELS.

AT THE CREST OF THE HIVE, THE
SUPREME OVERSEES THE
DOWNLOADING OF THE STOLEN
DATA WHICH WILL ENABLE THE
METAMORPHOSIS OF THIS
LIVING SUN--

IT WILL BE THE
DALEKS' GREATEST
TRIUMPH--

--AND IN JUST
971 RELS.

YEAR ZERO APPROACHES.
WHEN THE CAULDRON IS
COLLAPSED, THE DALEKS
WILL BEGIN THE RAPE OF
EACH AND EVERY UNIVERSE.
HISTORY WILL BEGIN AGAIN--

--AND IN JUST
1,000 RELS.

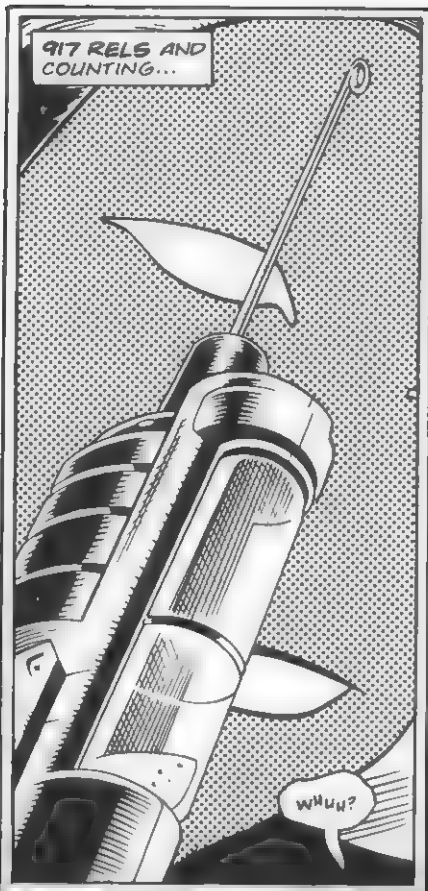
AND THE DOCTOR?

THEY'VE TAKEN ALL THEY NEED
FROM HIM. CUT THE CONNECTION
THEY REQUIRE FROM HIS LIVING
BRAIN. IT'S THE END--

AND HE'S
LITTERLY
UNPREPARED.

FIRE
AND
BRIMSTONE

STORY: ALAN BARNES PENCILS: MARTIN GERAGHTY INKS: ROBIN SMITH
LETTERING: ELITTA FELL EDITORS: GARY GILLATT + SCOTT GRAY



917 RELS AND
COUNTING...

WHUH?

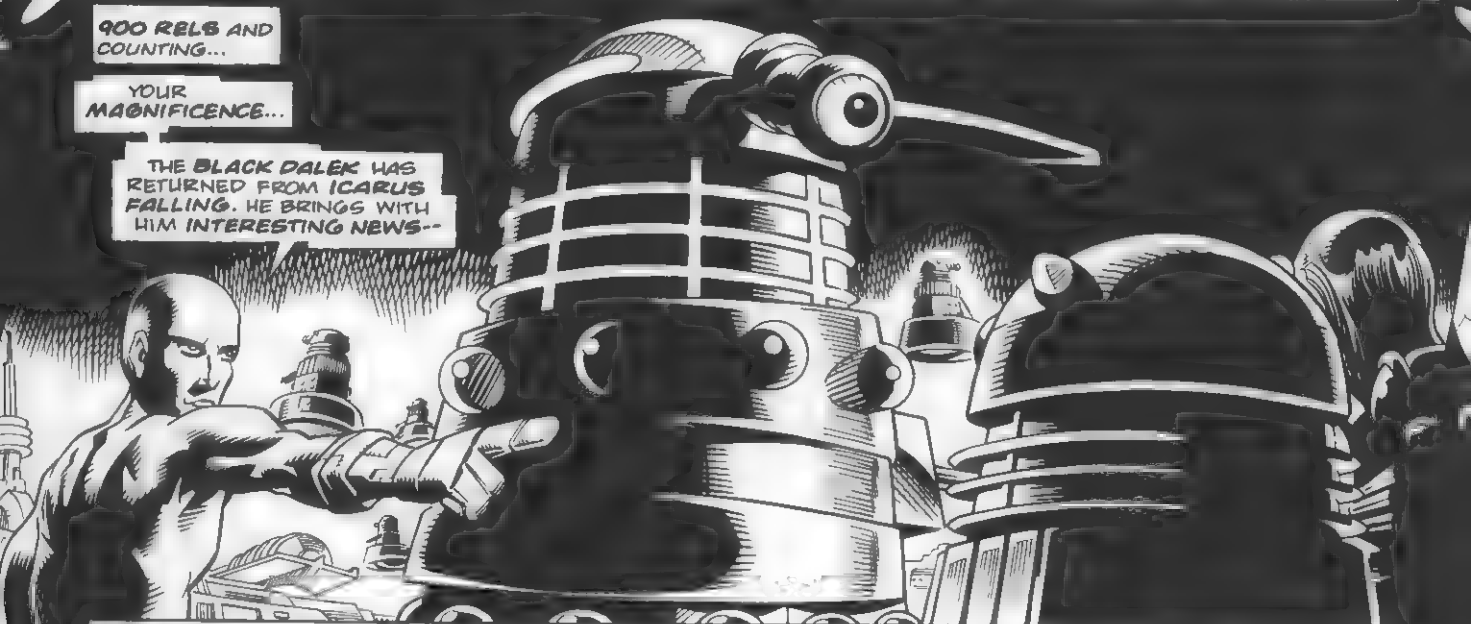


FEEL
BETTER
NOW?



HELLO
AGAIN. I'M WITH
THE
THRESHOLD--

CAN WE
TALK?



900 RELS AND
COUNTING...

YOUR
MAGNIFICENCE...

THE BLACK DALEK HAS
RETURNED FROM ICARUS
FALLING. HE BRINGS WITH
HIM INTERESTING NEWS--



-- ABOUT A
CERTAIN
PRISONER.

BLACK SUN
RISING. TERRIBLE
THINGS...

FIRE AND
BRIMSTONE...

FIRE AND
BRIMSTONE!



764 RELS AND COUNTING...

AHH. THAT'S BETTER. HAVEN'T HAD ONE OF THESE IN NEARLY SIX YEARS--

DEEP COVER IS ALL VERY WELL, BUT ALL THAT PURITY GETS TO A GIRL AFTER A TIME.



TO BUSINESS. WE HAVE A SITUATION. THE DALEKS ARE JUST MINUTES AWAY FROM EXECUTING THEIR PLAN. THIS, NEEDLESS TO SAY, DID NOT FEATURE IN OUR STRATEGY FOR THE FUTURE OF THE UNIVERSE--

WELL, NOT IN THE MEDIUM TERM, AT LEAST.



YOU USED ME. YOU KILLED ACE--

WHATEVER YOU WANT, I REFUSE!

* SEE GROUND ZERO. DWM 238-242.



WE'VE CHANGED IN THE FEW THOUSAND YEARS SINCE YOU DEALT WITH US LAST. OUR MODUS OPERANDI IS NO LONGER AGGRESSIVELY INTERVENTIONIST--

WE OBSERVE, PROTECT, INFLUENCE. WE FUNDED CRIVELLO. WE FUNDED THE CAULDRON. I'VE SAFEGUARDED THAT INVESTMENT FOR THE PAST SIX YEARS.

IF YOU WANT AN APOLOGY, DOCTOR, YOU'LL GET ONE. BUT IN THE MEANTIME--



HELP US PLEASE.

"WE'LL NEVER FALL FOR IT."



OH, BUT WE WILL, MISS IZZY, WE WILL. WE'VE RESEARCHED THIS DOCTOR THOROUGHLY--

CHASTITY IS LISSOM, AUBURN-HAIRED AND QUITE A PERFORMER. THERE'S AN 87.6% CHANCE HE'LL PUT HIS FAITH IN HER--

INCREASING TO 94% IF HE HAD SHREDDED WHEAT FOR BREAKFAST.



CUT ME FREE.

WE'VE GOT WORK TO DO.

THE TIME LORD FROM GALLIFREY--

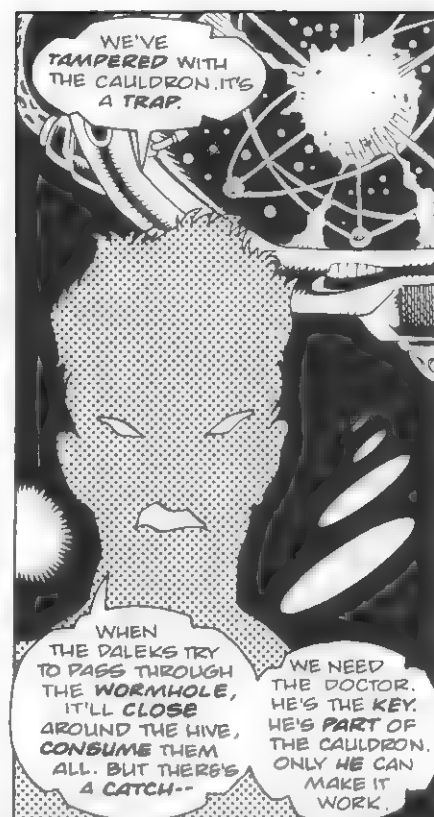
HE SAY "YES".



YOU'RE WORKING WITH THE DUSTBINS, RIGHT?

CERTAINLY NOT. WE'VE TRIED. I SAW THE MINUTES: "POINT 1: CONQUER. POINT 2: SUBJUGATE. POINT 3: EXTERMINATE." TOO EXTREME A BUSINESS PLAN, EVEN FOR US. NO, NO--

WE'RE GOING TO DESTROY THEM.



WE'VE TAMPERED WITH THE CAULDRON. IT'S A TRAP.

WHEN THE DALEKS TRY TO PASS THROUGH THE WORMHOLE, IT'LL CLOSE AROUND THE HIVE, CONSUME THEM ALL. BUT THERE'S A CATCH--

WE NEED THE DOCTOR. HE'S THE KEY. HE'S PART OF THE CAULDRON. ONLY HE CAN MAKE IT WORK.



FINE. SO WHY THE DECEPTION? ASK HIM NICELY AND LET HIM GET ON WITH IT.

'COS IT'LL KILL HIM, OF COURSE. BUT THAT'S NOT ALL--

HE WON'T CHOOSE TO WIPE THE DALEKS OUT. WELL, PROBABLY NOT. VERY MORAL, OUR DOCTOR. HE NEEDS TO BE... GUIDED.



SO, WHAT DO YOU GET OUT OF ALL THIS?

WHY, OUR COMMISSION, WHAT ELSE? WE'RE ACTING ON BEHALF OF SOME VERY SPECIAL CLIENTS. AND, NO, I'M TELLING YOU WHO DISCRETION IS OUR WATCHWORD. THAT, AND "SLEAZE"...

THERE'S OUR REWARD. SEE?



WHAT'S IN IT?

SECRETS. BIG SECRETS. IT'S SEALED NOW. WHEN THE JOB IS DONE, IT'LL OPEN ITSELF. AND THEN--

ENOUGH, ALREADY. SIS RELS TO GO--

---LET'S SEE HOW THE DOCTOR'S GETTING ALONG. SHE SHOULD HAVE GOT HIM INSIDE THE MAP ROOM NOW---

HURRY, DOCTOR! WE MIGHT BE SEEN AT ANY MOMENT...

I DOUBT IT. THERE'S VERY LITTLE TIME. EVERY DALEK WILL BE DEDICATED TO ONE PARTICULAR TASK...

NO, NO, NO! WHY CAN'T I SEE IT?



THAT'S IT! YOU'RE A GENIUS! IT'S THE MAIN CONDUIT THROUGH WHICH ALL THE DATA FROM ME - FROM THE CAULDRON - WILL PASS!

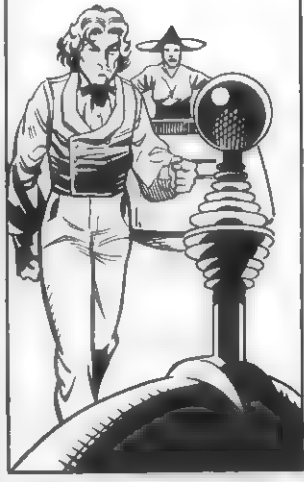
IF I CAN TAP IT AT THE ROOT, DIVERT ALL THAT DATA BACK THROUGH MY BODY--

I CAN PREVENT THE CAULDRON'S COLLAPSE!



---NO MORE DOCTOR.

"TOUGH, ISN'T IT?"





28 RELS AND
COUNTING...

WE NO LONGER
HAVE NEED OF SUCH
A CRUDE MECHANISM
TO ACHIEVE OUR END,
DOCTOR--

WE HAVE
ACQUIRED
A SECOND
CONTINGENCY!

19 RELS...

THIS
CREATURE
IS NO MERE
HUMAN--

IT IS THE SPAWN OF
THE CAULDRON! A FLESHY
SYMBIOTE, ITS SECRET
UNKNOWN EVEN TO ITSELF!
THROUGH THE CONTAGIUM,
IT IS NOW UNDER DALEK
CONTROL!

10
9
8

COLLAPSE
THE
CAULDRON!

I... OBEY.

PTOLEMY,
NO!

STOP ALL THE CLOCKS.

THE STAR IMPLODES,
BECOMES A SWIRLING
MAELSTROM OF
UNIMAGINABLE DESIGN.

THE GATEWAY
IS OPEN.

I DON'T UNDER-
STAND. WHAT'S
HAPPENING?

THE UN-
THINKABLE.
IT'S ALL
OVER--

THE
DALEKS
HAVE
WON.

NEXT: "ONE WAY OR
ANOTHER, WE'RE
ALL DOOMED!"

NO LAST MINUTE REPRIEVE.
NO TELEGRAM AT THE
ELEVENTH HOUR, NO SUDDEN
VICTORY SNATCHED FROM THE
JAWS OF DEFEAT. IT'S ALL
TOO LATE--

THE CAULDRON
HAS FALLEN.
THE DALEKS
HAVE WON.

WE HAVE OPENED
THE GATEWAY TO AN INFINITY
OF UNIVERSES. WE WILL CONQUER
ALL OF POSSIBLE SPACE.

THE
DALEKS
ARE
TRIUMPHANT!

IS THAT IT? IS
THERE NOTHING
WE CAN DO?

NEVER
SAY DIE, CHASTITY.
THE WORMHOLE WON'T
BE STABLE FOR--OOH,
ANOTHER 200 RELS. WE'VE
GOT THREE-AND-A-BIT
MINUTES LEFT TO SAVE
THE DAY--

AND
WE'RE ALL
DAMNED IF
I DON'T
TRY.

AHEM. YOUR
MAGNIFICENCE?

I SUGGEST
YOU CHECK THE FORWARD
SENSORS OF THIS HIVE. YOU'VE
PUNCHED A RAGGED HOLE
THROUGH THE WARP AND WEFT
OF A BILLION REALITIES--

SUDDENLY UNBOUND, THE VILE
NIGHTMARES OF INFINITE
SPACE SPILL OUT ONTO OUR
OWN PLANE, SWARMING,
HEAVING, SEETHING--

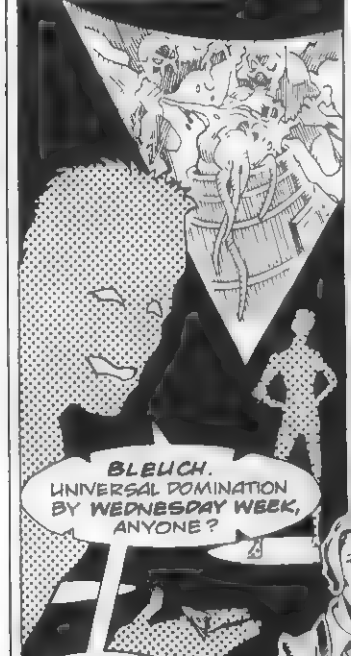
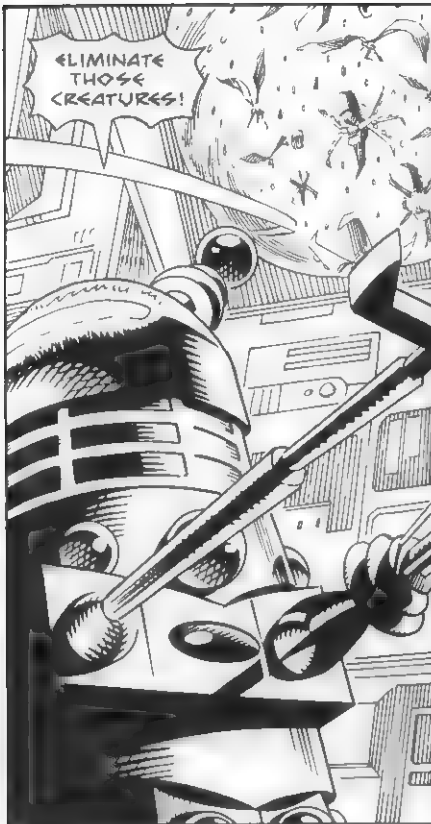
--I WONDER
WHAT MIGHT BE
COMING OUT?

A PERPETUITY OF HELL'S BLUR AS ALL
POSSIBLE UNIVERSES BECOME ONE--
ABADDON--THE ABODE OF THE DAMNED--

--BECOME, SIMPLY, THE END.

FIRE AND BRIMSTONE

STORY: ALAN BARNES PENCILS: MARTIN GERAGHTY
INKS: ROBIN SMITH LETTERING: ELITTA FELL
EDITORS: GARY GILLATT + SCOTT GRAY.







THE EMBLEM OF OUR CLIENTS. SURPRISED?

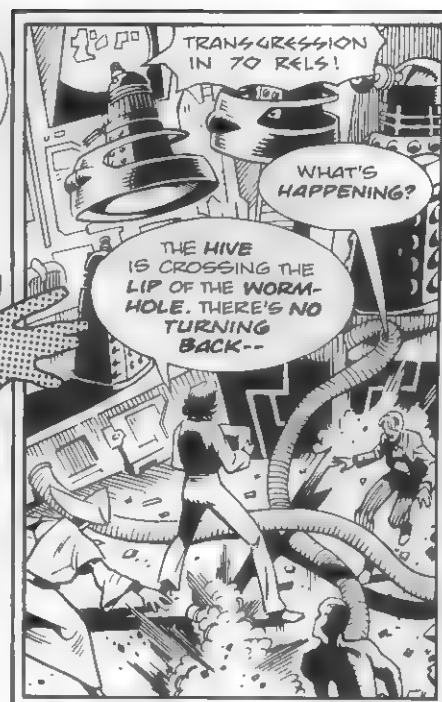
SORRY. SAD--

--BUT, NO, I'M NOT SURPRISED. WHAT DID THEY PROMISE YOU? ACCESS TO THE VORTEX? A LITTLE FOREKNOWLEDGE CAN BE A DANGEROUS THING...



HA! DON'T YOU KNOW ANYTHING?

WE MAKE THE FUTURE, YOU FOOLISH MAN. WHY WOULD WE WANT TO TRAVEL IN TIME?



TRANSGRESSION IN 70 RELS!

WHAT'S HAPPENING?

THE HIVE IS CROSSING THE LIP OF THE WORM-HOLE. THERE'S NO TURNING BACK--



EXTERMINATE!

DESTROY!

SHRAMMM!

SHRAMMM!

THE CONTROL PIT IS INVADIED!

--ONE WAY OR ANOTHER, WE'RE ALL DOOMED!



MARQUEZ!

GIVE ME THE BOX, DOCTOR, OR I'LL TEAR THE GIRL'S HEAD FROM HER SHOULDERS--

THIS IS FACT.

WHAT USE IS IT TO YOU? DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND? IT WILL ONLY OPEN WHEN YOUR MASTERS ARE DESTROYED!



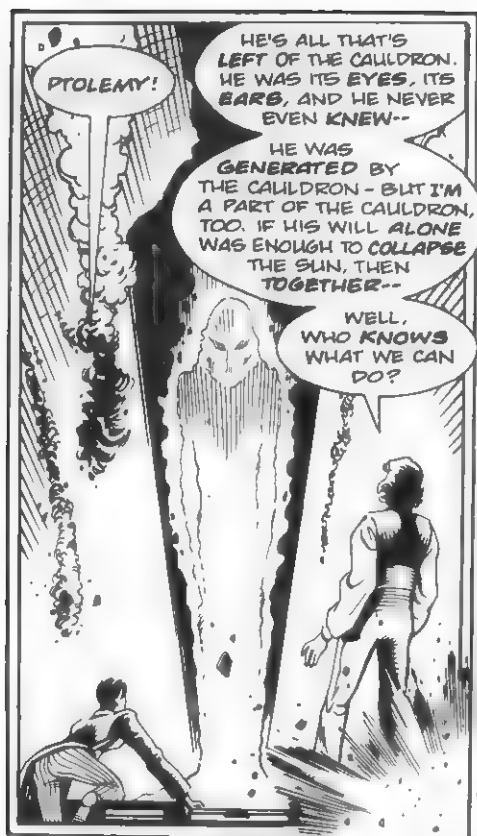
THERE--

FIGHT IT OUT AMONG YOURSELVES.



COME ON, IZZY--

--ONLY 47 RELS TO SAVE THE WHOLE OF CREATION!

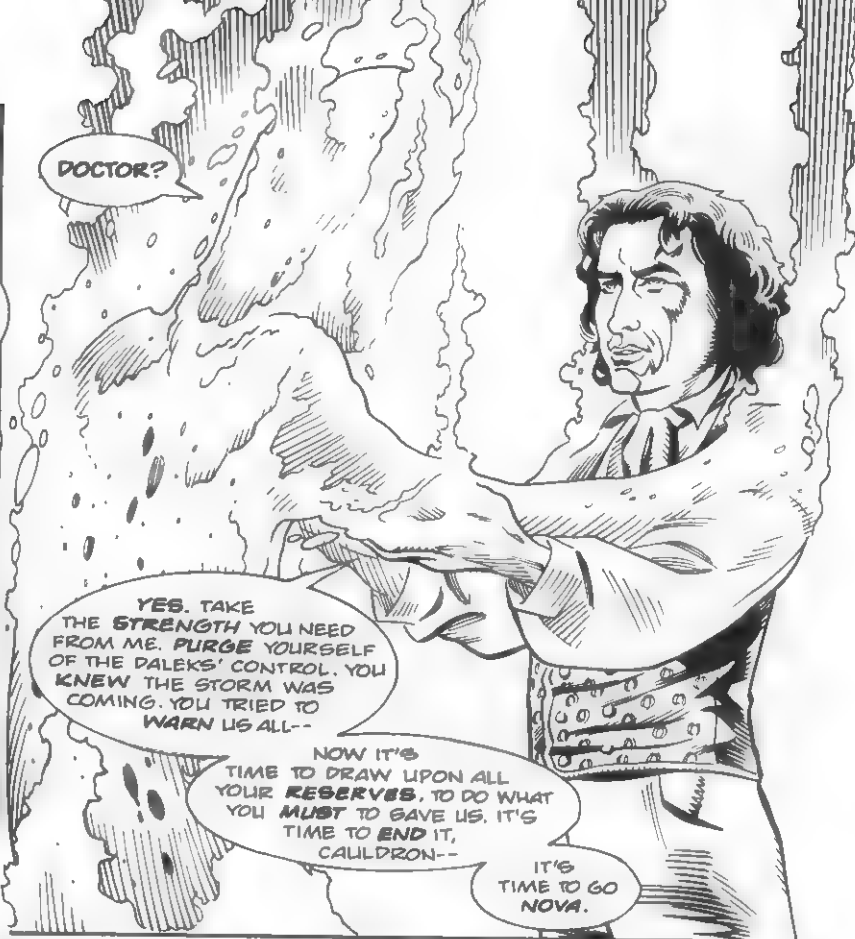


PTOLEMY!

HE'S ALL THAT'S LEFT OF THE CAULDRON. HE WAS ITS EYES, ITS EARS, AND HE NEVER EVEN KNEW--

HE WAS GENERATED BY THE CAULDRON - BUT I'M A PART OF THE CAULDRON, TOO. IF HIS WILL ALONE WAS ENOUGH TO COLLAPSE THE SUN, THEN TOGETHER--

WELL, WHO KNOWS WHAT WE CAN DO?



DOCTOR?

YES. TAKE THE STRENGTH YOU NEED FROM ME. PURGE YOURSELF OF THE DALEKS' CONTROL. YOU KNEW THE STORM WAS COMING. YOU TRIED TO WARN US ALL--

NOW IT'S TIME TO DRAW UPON ALL YOUR RESERVES. TO DO WHAT YOU MUST TO SAVE US. IT'S TIME TO END IT, CAULDRON--

IT'S TIME TO GO NOVA.



I-- AGREE.



HE'S A PIECE OF THE SUN. HE'S EXPANDING. IN A FEW SECONDS' TIME HE'LL REACH CRITICAL MASS AND EXPLODE. QUICK, IZZY--

THE THRESHOLD RING IS OUR ONLY WAY OUT. GIVE IT TO ME!

THE RING, THE RING...



ERADICATE!

NO!!!

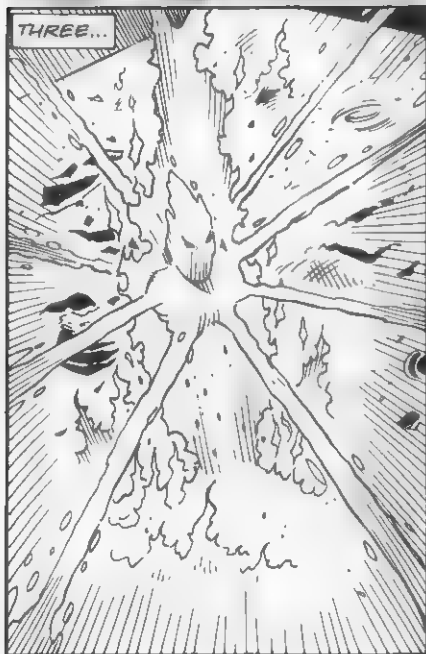


STUPID, STUPID, STUPID--

WE'RE DEAD NOW, AREN'T WE?

BUTTER-FINGERS. CAN'T BE HELPED. BUT IT'S ALRIGHT, IZZY--

LOOK!





THE OUTCOME
IS CERTAIN.

WHOLE GALAXIES
FEEL THE FORCE
OF THE BLAST.

THE PROCESSES OF
MILLENNIA ARE
COMPRESSED INTO
MERE MOMENTS. THE
IMMENSE MASS OF THE
HIVE IS COMPACTED AS
IT IGNITES, PLUGGING
THE WORMHOLE--

IT SPARKS, FIZZES WITH
INCREDIBLE ENERGY, WITH
LIGHT AND WARMTH
AND LIFE--

THERE'S A NEW
SUN RISING

A NEW DAWN!

WUORP
WUORP



FRESH AIR. LUCKY. SO DID THE DALEKS TAKE THE TARDIS TO THE HIVE, OR WHAT?

POSSIBLY. OR MAYBE CERTAIN OTHERS THOUGHT TO TRANSPORT IT FROM AFAR--

OTHERS WHO COULD. I KNOW WHERE TO FIND THE ANSWER, AND, YES, WE'LL GO THERE. NOT YET, BUT SOON.



THEY'LL BE SAFE UP THERE IN THE SATELLOIDS NOW THE DALEKS' CONTROL IS EXTINGUISHED. THE CAULDRON MAY BE DEAD, BUT A SUN IS BORN ANEW--

I WAS PART OF IT, IZZY I WAS TOUCHED BY IT. BY ITS POWER. IT WAS LIKE NOTHING ELSE I'VE EVER KNOWN. I FELT...

WELL, HUMBLLED.



CHEER UP, DOCTOR. YOU MAY NO LONGER BE A SUN--

--BUT YOU'LL ALWAYS BE A STAR.



AWW. SWEET--



--BUT LET'S REVIEW THE MATCH, SHALL WE?



SO, YOU WON ON PENALTIES IN THE VERY LAST MINUTE OF EXTRA TIME. BUT IF YOU THINK IT'S ALLOVER--

JUST REMEMBER THERE'S THE DECIDER YET TO PLAY. BE SEEING YOU, DOCTOR--

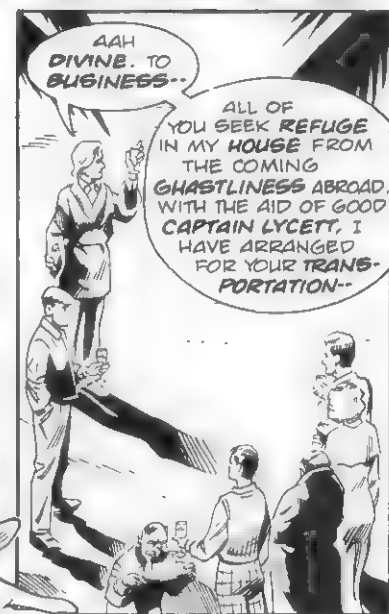
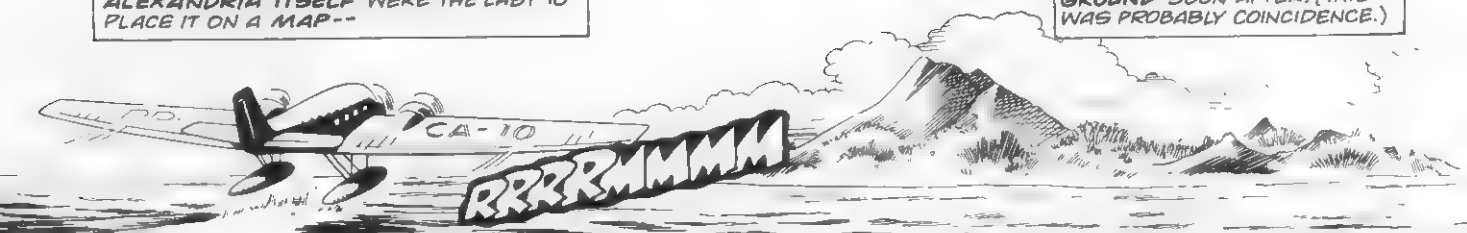


--WE'LL BE JUST AROUND THE CORNER.

The End.

1939. THOSE WHO SAIL THE INDIAN OCEAN KNOW IT ONLY AS 'THE ISLAND'. IT'S SAID THAT THE CARTOGRAPHERS OF ALEXANDRIA ITSELF WERE THE LAST TO PLACE IT ON A MAP--

THAT GREAT AND WONDERFUL REPOSITORY BURNED TO THE GROUND SOON AFTER. (THIS WAS PROBABLY COINCIDENCE.)



STORY: ALAN BARNES PENCILS: MARTIN GERAGHTY
INKS: ROBIN SMITH LETTERING: ELITTA FELL
EDITORS: GARY GILLATT + SCOTT GRAY



HERE, MARWOOD, ROGUE AND DILETTANTE OF INTERNATIONAL ILL-REPUTE--

DO I SPY TEMPLAR TREASURE FOR MY AMUSEMENT?

HERE, VARNEY--

THE SHROUD OF THE WICKED THIRD EMIR OF PALESTINE - STITCHED FROM THE SKIN OF TEN VANQUISHED CRUSADERS!



AH, MISS SABINE SMITHING, ACTRESS, COURTESAN TO THE CROWNED HEADS OF EUROPE - ALL FIVE, I BELIEVE--

AND THEIR SONS. WHAT BRING YOU?

THE PANTS OF THE PAPACY. THERE'S A LABEL INSIDE--

DON'T ASK. I WON'T TELL.



CANON AELFRIC PINCOCK, WHOSE PUBLIC ZEAL ONCE EXTENDED TO ADVOCATE THE BURNING OF SUFFRAGETTES--

THIS AWFUL CENTURY. EVEN THE SYNOD FROWN ON NECROMANCY NOW.

THE COLLECTION PLATE OF THE ABBEY OF THELEMA, NEAR CEFALU--

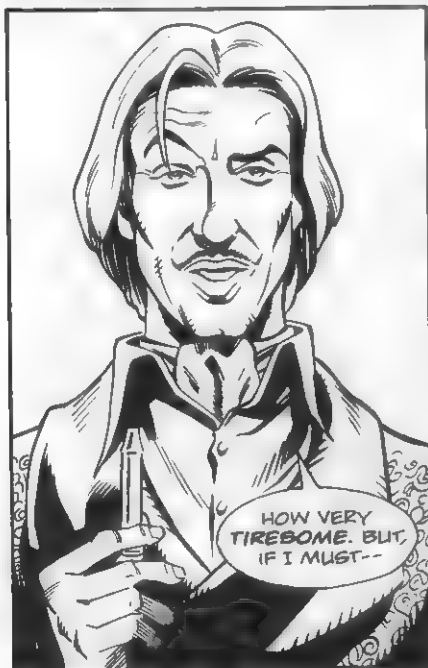
METHINKS CROWLEY WILL BE MOST ENRAGED.



A TIN-WHISTLE, MS TRUSCOTT-SADE?

I EXPECTED GREATER THINGS OF THE ALLEGED LEADER OF THE UNDERGROUND SALON AESTHETIC...

TRUSCOTT-SADE WILL ALONE SUFFICE, VARNEY. AND I SUGGEST YOU BLOW ON IT BEFORE YOU SEND ME BACK TO MISTER HITLER AND HIS TEUTON HORDES.



HOW VERY TIRESOME. BUT, IF I MUST--



PHEEP!



EH?



HELLO?
DID SOMEONE
CALL?

I BRING YOU THE
DOCTOR, A BEING FROM WORLDS
UNKNOWN, IN HIS SPACE AND
TIME CONTRAPTION.

O, BUT HOW
MARVELLOUS!



FEY
TRUSCOTT-SAGE!
I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU SINCE
THAT STICKY BUSINESS
WITH THE PSYCHIC WEASELS
OF RUSSELL
SQUARE...

FEY,
IZZY, IZZY,
FEY--



--ART--
DETECTIVE AND LOVER
OF BEAUTY. CHARMED,
I'M SURE.

OO-ER.



MORE
GLASSES! DRINK!
DRINK FOR OUR ALIEN
FRIENDS--

TELL ME,
DOCTOR, IS
THERE LIFE ON
MARS?

ONLY
IN THE PARTY
SEASON, AND
YOU ARE--?

Thank you,
NO. It does BAD
THINGS to my
TUMMY.



I AM
VARNEY, A HUMBLE
HERMIT. MY LITTLE PILGRIMS
ARE GATHERED FROM THE
CONTINENT, AND WE SHALL
REVEL 'TIL THE COMING WAR
BE DONE. BUT ENOUGH
OF THIS--

TO THE
HOUSE! THE
MAIDEN DUSK WILL
SHORTLY WRAP HER
STURDY ARMS AROUND
THE SUN. WE WILL DINE
HUGELY, AND I WILL
SHOW YOU MY
EPHEMERA...



COME!
COME!

IS IT
ME, OR IS THAT
MARWOOD?*

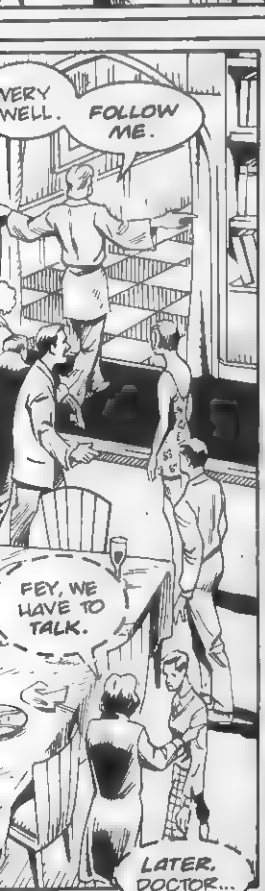
HIS
GRANDFATHER,
PROBABLY, BUT THAT'S
NOT ALL. I GAVE FEY
THAT STATENHEIM
SUMMONER AS A
FAVOUR IN CASE OF
EMERGENCY--



"ART
DETECTIVE": MY EYE.
SHE'S AN AGENT OF THE
CROWN AND SHE'S WORKING
UNDERCOVER--

--AND
I CAN'T WAIT TO
FIND OUT WHAT'S
REALLY GOING
ON!

*SEE ENDGAME, DWM 244-247.



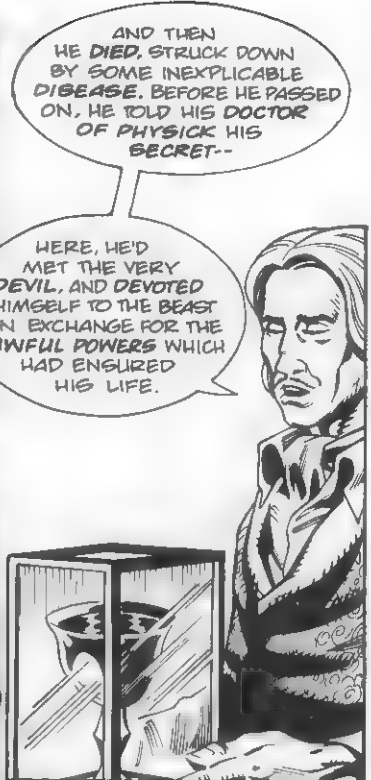


"HE WAS SHIPWRECKED HERE, ON THIS ISLAND. HERE, HE CHANGED. HE WAS NEXT HEARD OF FIVE YEARS LATER--"



"HE'D BECOME A FEARED PIRATE, THE LEADER OF A HELLISH CULT OF BUCCANEERS. HIS BITE, IT IS SAID, COULD ENSLAVE THOSE HE CHOSE--"

"HE GREW RICH ON BOOTY AND PLUNDER, FAT ON THE FLESH HE'D CRAVED SINCE HIS TIME ON THE ISLAND. HERE, HE BUILT THIS HOUSE, HIS XANADU."



AND THEN HE DIED, STRUCK DOWN BY SOME INEXPLICABLE DISEASE. BEFORE HE PASSED ON, HE TOLD HIS DOCTOR OF PHYSICK HIS SECRET--

HERE, HE'D MET THE VERY DEVIL, AND DEVOTED HIMSELF TO THE BEAST IN EXCHANGE FOR THE AWFUL POWERS WHICH HAD ENSURED HIS LIFE.



BUT THE DEVIL HAD GRANTED HIM ONE FINAL, DREADFUL CHANCE--

THIS CHALICE CONTAINS HIS BLOOD. IT HAS NOT DRIED IN THE CENTURIES SINCE HIS DOCTOR LEECHED IT AS HIS DYING REQUEST--

WHOMSOEVER SHOULD DRINK OF IT, HE VOWED, WOULD BE POSSESSED OF VARNEY'S SPIRIT. THE FIEND WOULD LIVE AGAIN.



LATER...

YOU'RE SCOWLING, IZZY. WHAT'S THE MATTER?

THAT MARWOOD WAS PLAYING FOOTBIE ALL THROUGH THE CHEESE BOARD-- AND JUST NOW HE TOLD ME THAT HE'D HAD A MIND TO "SPOIL ME". WHATEVER THAT MEANS.

DON'T LAUGH.



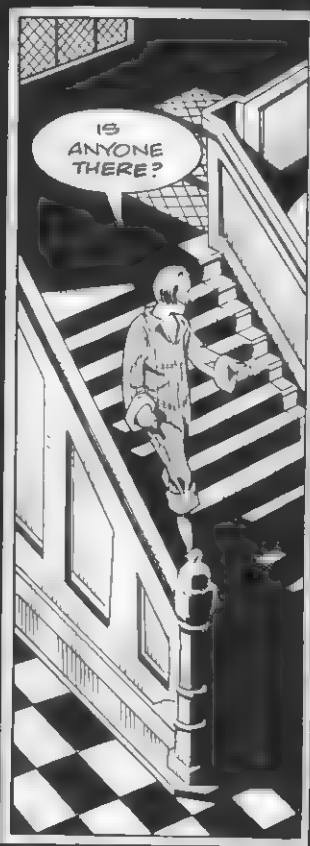
YOU NEVER KNOW, MAYBE YOU'LL TURN OUT TO BE THE OTHER MARWOOD'S NAN...







HELLO?



IS ANYONE THERE?

I SAID, IS ANYONE -



NEXT. BLOOD AND IRON

'TIS THE WEE
SMALL HOURS--

--AND THE DEVIL
IS AFOOT.

IT SEEMS,
DEAR FRIENDS,
THAT ONE OF OUR
NUMBER HAS CHOSEN
TO DRINK DEEP
OF PLEASURES
PROSCRIBED...

MY CUP
RUNNETH OVER--AND
LIKEWISE THE JUGULAR
OF POOR LYCETT
HERE--

O! WHO
WOULD HAVE THOUGHT
THE BOY TO HAVE HAD
SO MUCH BLOOD
IN HIM?

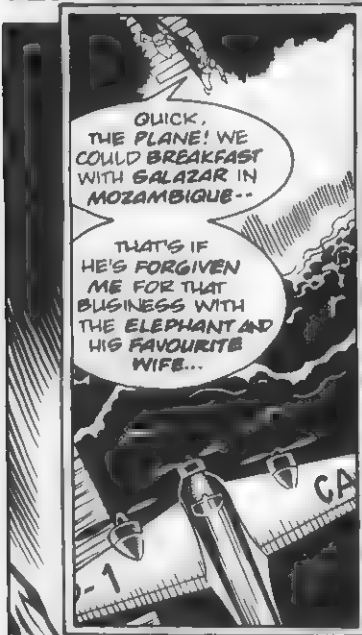
I GENSE
THE BAD CAPTAIN
VARNEY LIVES
AGAIN--

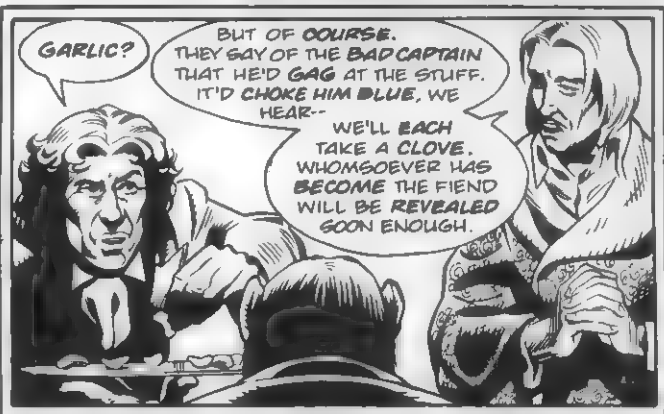
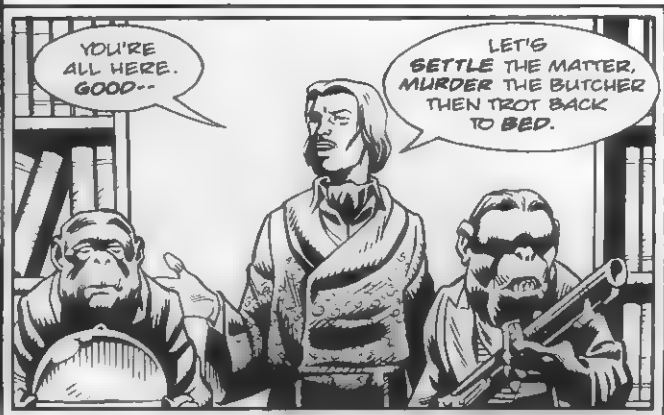
SO,
TELL ME,
COMRADES--

WHICH OF
YOU HAS DONE
THIS THING?

STORY: ALAN BARNES PENCILS: MARTIN GERAGHTY
INKS: ROBIN SMITH LETTERING: ELITTA FELL
EDITORS: GARY GILLATT + SCOTT GRAY

**Toon
Crew**
PART TWO





HEY!
WHO TURNED
OUT THE--

OW!

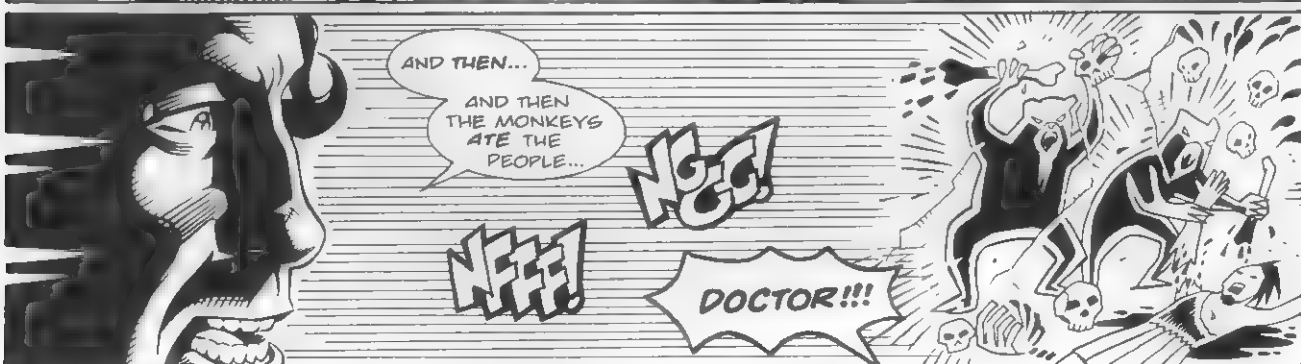
THUMP!

NEEK!

SORTED.
HAS ANYONE
GOT A--





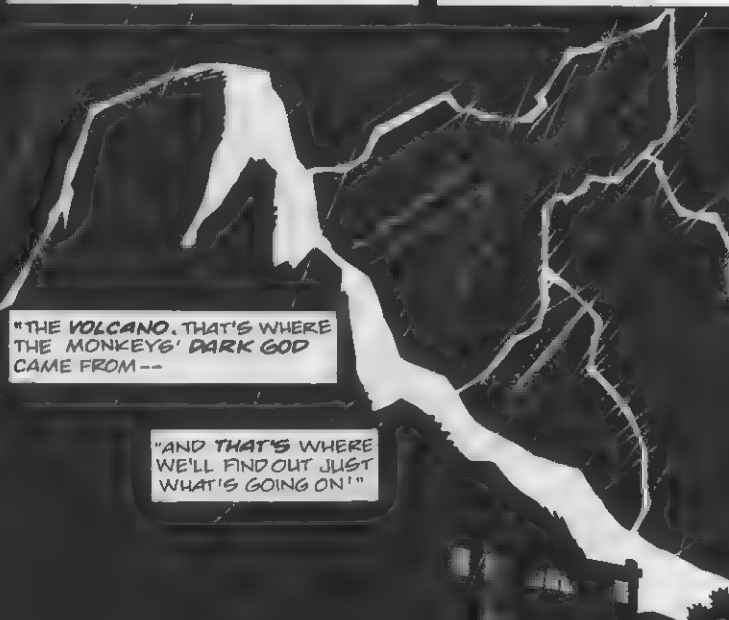




HEE HEE
HEE HEE!

NOOOO!!

NEXT: BLOOD
AND WINE



"THE VOLCANO. THAT'S WHERE THE MONKEYS' DARK GOD CAME FROM--"

"AND THAT'S WHERE WE'LL FIND OUT JUST WHAT'S GOING ON!"

Tooth and Claw

PART THREE

STORY: ALAN BARNES PENCILS: MARTIN GERAGHTY
INKS: ROBIN SMITH LETTERING: ELITTA FELL
EDITORS: GARY GILLATT AND SCOTT GRAY



ELSEWHERE--

GO ON,
I DARE YOU.
SAY IT--

SAY
"EEK".

COME
OUT, COME OUT,
WHEREVER YOU
ARE...

EEK!

I KNOW
YOU'RE HERE, MISS IZZY.
YOU LEFT THE FRENCH WINDOWS
OPEN TO FOOL ME, BUT I
HEARD YOU CREEP
DOWN HERE--

BAD CHOICE,
GIRL. THERE'S NO WAY
OUT. I'VE HAD MY FEET UP
WITH A COGNAC THIS
LAST HALF-HOUR--

AND
NOW IT'S TIME
TO DIE!

KLOK!

GAAH!

BLOOD?
NO, VINTAGE
CLARET--

CUNNING
VIXEN! I'LL HAVE
YOU YET!

GIVE
THE EVELYN WAUGH
BANTER A REST,
MARWOOD. NO-ONE'S
IMPRESSED--

WHAT'LL IT
TAKE TO CONVINCE YOU
I'M NOT LUCRETIA BORGIA?
ANOTHER DEATH?

AAIEEEEE!

UNCANNY.



MEANWHILE--

I GET IT,
NOW! YOU'RE NOT
REALLY AN AESTHETE
ARE YOU?

NO, MS
SNITCHING. I'M
A SPY.

LOOK!

THAT'S
AMAZING! WHAT'S
IT FOR?

I DON'T KNOW,
SABINE. FEY KNOWS FAR
MORE THAN I ABOUT THE
MYSTERIOUS MISTER
VARNEY--

--DON'T
YOU, FEY?

BRITISH
INTELLIGENCE HAVE
BEEN WATCHING VARNEY
FOR SOME TIME. WE KNEW
HE AND LYCETT WERE
DEVELOPING BIOLOGICAL
WEAPONS FOR THE
NAZIS--

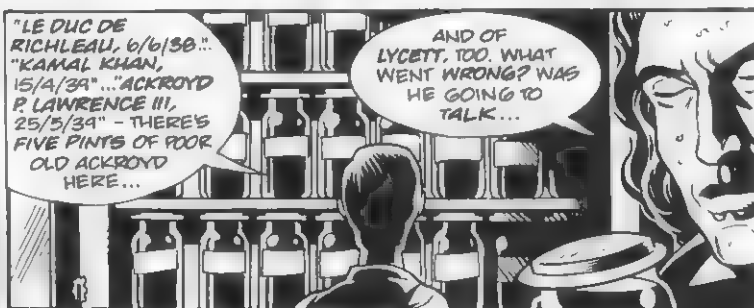
BUT THERE
WAS SOMETHING
ELSE...



IN THE LAST SIX
MONTHS, LYCETT TRANSPORTED
SEVENTEEN PARTIES OF SO-CALLED
'HOUSE GUESTS' HERE. MORE THAN
ONE HUNDRED PEOPLE, INCLUDING
OURSELVES...

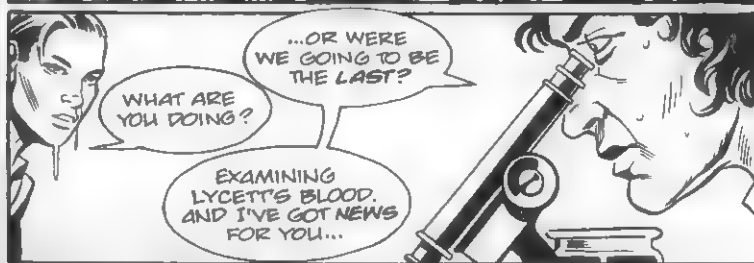
WHERE
ARE THEY NOW,
I WONDER...

AH.
I THINK I
KNOW--



"LE DUC DE
RICHLEAU, 6/6/38...
"KAMAL KHAN,
15/4/39"...ACKROYD
P. LAWRENCE III,
25/5/39" - THERE'S
FIVE PINTS OF POOR
OLD ACKROYD
HERE...

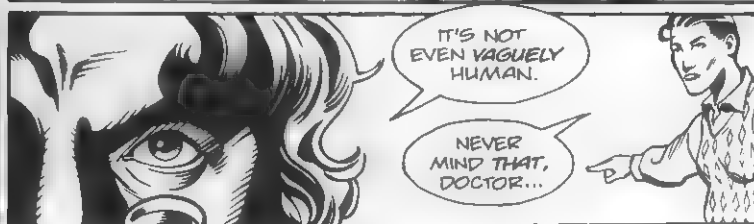
AND OF
LYCETT, TOO. WHAT
WENT WRONG? WAS
HE GOING TO
TALK...



WHAT ARE
YOU DOING?

...OR WERE
WE GOING TO BE
THE LAST?

EXAMINING
LYCETT'S BLOOD.
AND I'VE GOT NEWS
FOR YOU...

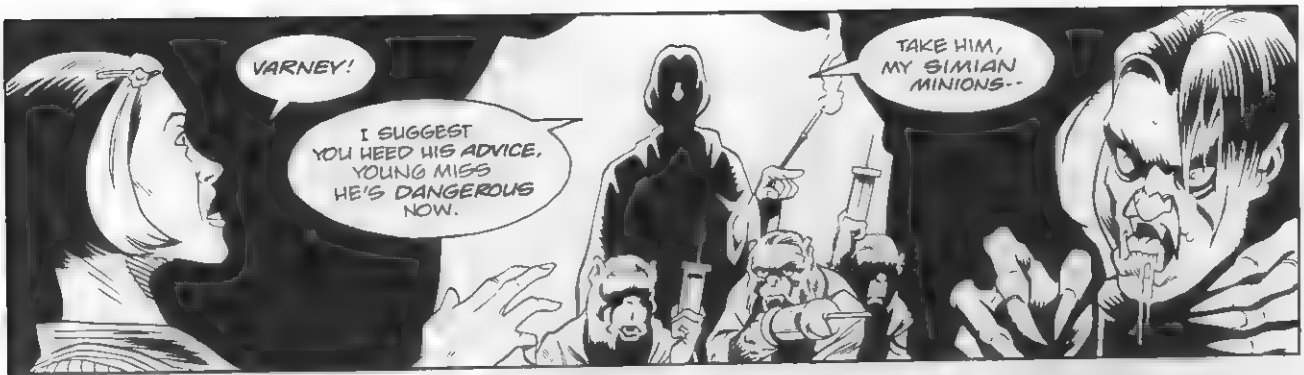


IT'S NOT
EVEN VAGUELY
HUMAN.

NEVER
MIND THAT,
DOCTOR...







VARNEY!

I SUGGEST
YOU HEED HIS ADVICE.
YOUNG MISS
HE'S DANGEROUS
NOW.

TAKE HIM,
MY SIMIAN
MINIONS--



LEECH HIM
FULLY.

GAAAH!

EEE! EEE!

EEE! EEE!



STOP THEM!
STOP THIS! WHY IS
THIS HAPPENING? WHY
ARE THEY DOING
THIS?

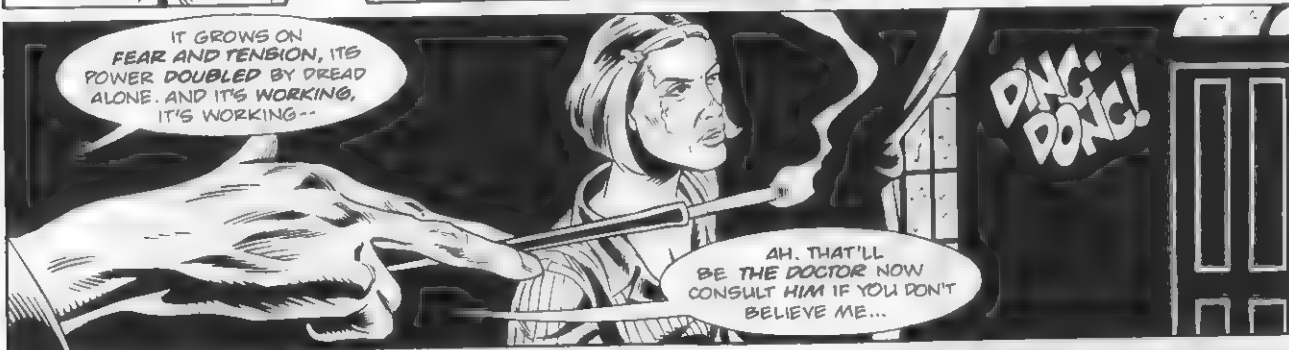
BECAUSE
I'VE TOLD THEM TO,
OF COURSE!

I NEED
HIS BLOOD.
LITTLE GIRL. AWW.
SCARED? YOU
SHOULD BE THAT'S
HOW IT
WORKS--



THERE WAS
A TEENSY LITTLE MICROBE
IN THE CHAMPAGNE ALL EXCEPT
YOU GUZZLED SO KEENLY
YESTERDAY. A WEE VIRUS THAT
WORKS IN THE BLOOD--

IT WAS FOUND
BY THE BAD CAPTAIN ALL
THOSE YEARS AGO. YOUR MAN
THERE IS CHANGING AS THE BUG
TAKES HOLD. IT FEEDS ON
NEUROTRANSMITTERS, BRAIN
CHEMICALS WHICH HELP
IT SPREAD--



IT GROWS ON
FEAR AND TENSION, ITS
POWER DOUBLED BY DREAD
ALONE. AND IT'S WORKING,
IT'S WORKING--

DING!
DONG!

AH. THAT'LL
BE THE DOCTOR NOW
CONSULT HIM IF YOU DON'T
BELIEVE ME...



DOCTOR?
OH, DOCTOR, IT'S
REALLY YOU--

IT'S
VARNEY WHO'S
BEHIND IT ALL!
MARWOOD'S DEAD; HE
WAS CHANGING, TURNING
INTO SOMETHING
AWFUL--



BUT
YOU'RE SAFE! I'M
SO GLAD YOU'RE
SAFE...

OH, IZZY,
IZZY--



NO-ONE IS
SAFE
ANYMORE.

NEXT: BLOOD AND THUNDER.

DAWN, THE MONKEYS HAVE GATHERED UP A FEW OF VARNEY'S MOST TREASURED THINGS (A SIGNED JUSTINE, SICKERT SKETCHES, ARABY SILKS AND MORE) --

AT THE VOLCANO...

GET THE MIX RIGHT, YOU FOOLS! I MUST HAVE THE PROPORTIONS EXACT--

THERE'S MORE BLUE BLOOD IN THOSE TWO SHOULD YOU NEED IT...

--AND SET FIRE TO THE HOUSE, FOR ITS MASTER WILL NEVER RETURN.

AH, DOCTOR. HOW GOES YOUR FAST? IT'S BEEN HOURS SINCE YOU FIRST BROKE OUT--

NO HUNGER PANGS? NO LUST FOR BLOOD? I'M SURE MISS IZZY WOULD MAKE A TASTY SNACK--

VARNEY, IF YOU'VE KEPT ME ALIVE JUST TO WATCH ME DEGRADE MYSELF, YOU'RE MUCH MISTAKEN--

BACK HOME, MY FATHER SCARED ME WITH TALES OF UNDEAD KILLERS, OF THE BONFLEETS WHICH HUNTED THEM DOWN. I AM THE DOCTOR. I WON'T BE A MONSTER--

I WILL NOT SUCCUMB!

Tool AND Claw

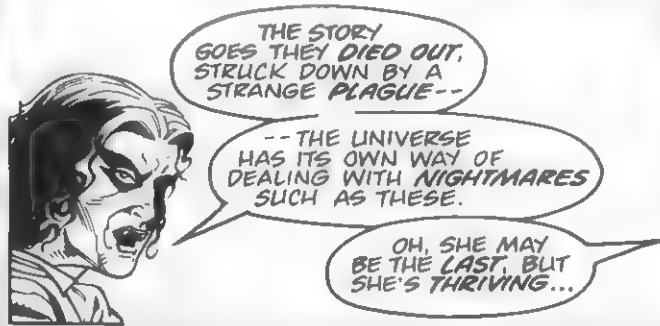
PART FOUR

STORY
ALAN BARNES
INKS
ROBIN SMITH
EDITORS
GARY GILLATT + SCOTT GRAY

PENCILS
MARTIN GERAGHTY
LETTERING
ANNIE PARKHOUSE

PAH, DENY ME MY GLOAT, THEN. SEE IF I CARE--

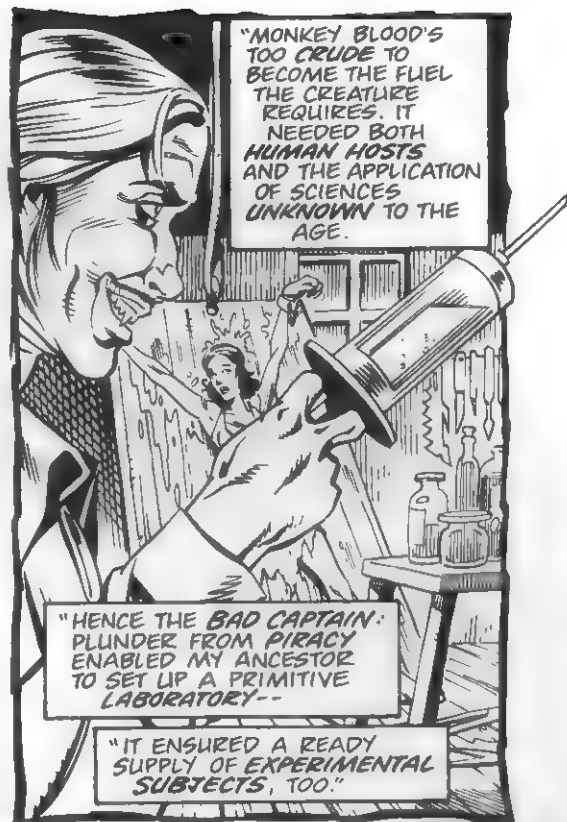
WATCH ON AND WEEP AS MY PLAN COMES COMPLETE!





"MY ANCESTOR, HOWEVER, WAS AN INTELLIGENT MAN. HE AND THE GOD ACHIEVED A DEEP COMMUNION--"

"IT FILLED HIS HEAD WITH WORDS AS YET UNCOINED -- BIOCHEMICAL TERMS, SCIENCES LIKE MAGICK. AND SO HE SET ABOUT THE CREATURE'S RESTITUTION..."



"MONKEY BLOOD'S TOO CRUDE TO BECOME THE FUEL THE CREATURE REQUIRES. IT NEEDED BOTH HUMAN HOSTS AND THE APPLICATION OF SCIENCES UNKNOWN TO THE AGE."

"HENCE THE BAD CAPTAIN: PLUNDER FROM PIRACY ENABLED MY ANCESTOR TO SET UP A PRIMITIVE LABORATORY--"

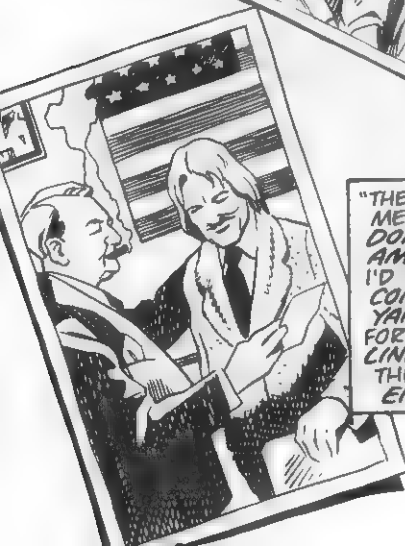
"IT ENSURED A READY SUPPLY OF EXPERIMENTAL SUBJECTS, TOO."



"WE VARNEYS HAVE LABOURED ONE-AND-A-HALF CENTURIES TO BRING ABOUT THIS DAY. THAT QUEST NOW ENDS WITH ME--"

"AND AT SUCH A FORTUNATE HOUR, MY BLOOD IS WELL DILUTED. I'M NOT THE CREATURE'S SLAVE. THERE'S A TURBULENT NEW WORLD WHICH I'M READY TO EXPLOIT..."

"WHEN I'D FOUND THE FORMULA, I MADE A FEW DISCREET CONNECTIONS. THE SHIP MIGHT BECOME A TERRIBLE WEAPON--"



"THE NAZIS OFFERED ME IMPERIAL DOMINION OVER THE AMERICAS -- ONCE I'D HELPED THEM CONQUER IT. THE YANKEES WANT MR FORD'S PRODUCTION LINES TURNING OUT THE CREATURES EN MASSE."



"D'YOU NOT SEE? WHEN THE COMING WAR ERUPTS, ONE WAY OR ANOTHER I AM GOING TO MAKE A KILLING."

"IT'S FRIGHTFULLY GAUCHE, I KNOW."

"AND NOW?"



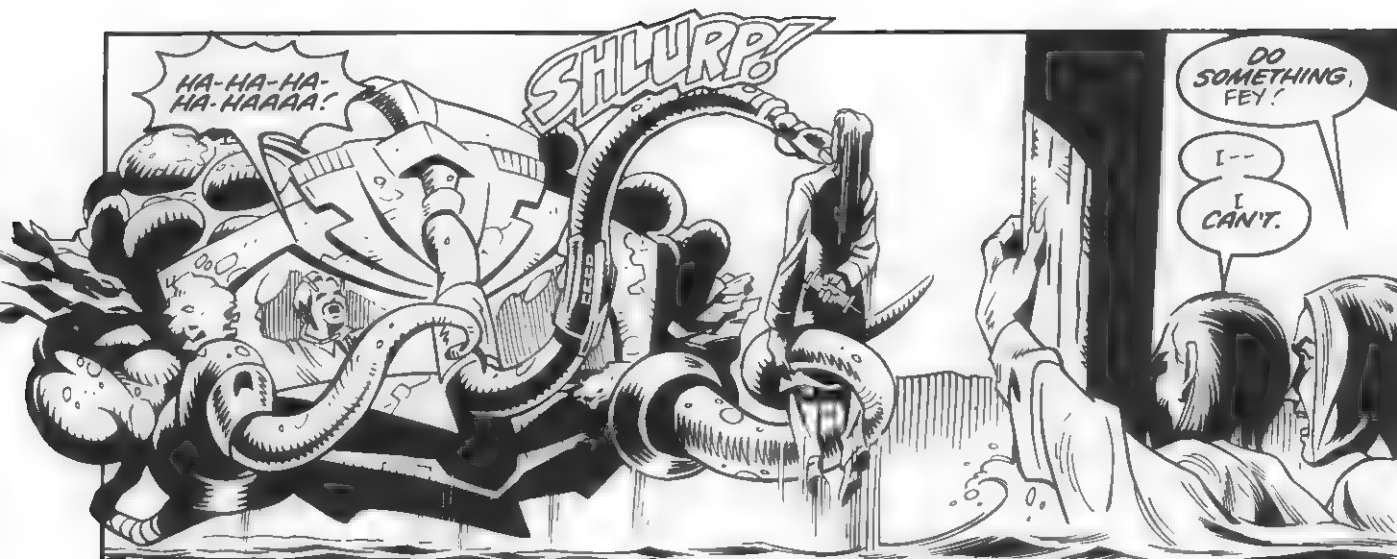
"I'M MOVING OUT. IF EVEN THE BRITISH, MR TRUSCOTT-SADE, CAN TRACK ME DOWN, I'M SAFER IN ANOTHER LAIR. THE CREATURE'S TANKS ARE FULL ENOUGH--"

"I'LL SIT TIGHT IN A HIDEY-HOLE ELSEWHERE."

"THERE'S JUST ONE THING YOU'VE FORGOTTEN, YOU GHASTLY LITTLE MAN..."







INSIDE THE CUCURBITE'S TANKS,
A NEW, DEADLY ELEMENT
MAKES ITS PRESENCE FELT.

THE BACTERIUM
REPLICATES
INSTANTANEOUSLY,
INVADING THE CELLS
ALL AROUND. A
FINE BALANCE IS
SUDDENLY,
HORRIBLY UPSET--

SYSTEMS
CLOT.

THE EFFECT IS
CATASTROPHIC.

KAKA-BOOOON!

GOD IS DEAD. A
LONG, LOW WAILING
FILLS THE AIR--

THE MONKEYS
BEGIN TO KEEN.

D-DOCTOR?

HE'S HUMAN--
I MEAN, NORMAL--
AGAIN...

WE BOTH ARE. THE
CREATURE'S EFFECT IS
FADING, BUT VARNEY'S
TOXINS WILL KILL
HIM-- UNLESS...

IZZY,
D'YOU HAVE
A KEY
FOR THE
TARDIS?

"THERE'S A SPARE,
SMALL CUBBYHOLE
ABOVE THE 'P'..."

"GOOD. CAN
YOU PILOT
THE THING?"

"N-NO."

"WELL, WE'RE
GOING TO HAVE
TO LEARN--"

"WE'VE GOT TO
TAKE HIM HOME--"

"WE HAVE TO GO
TO GALLIFREY."

VWORP!
VWORP

CONTINUED IN DWM 262...

THE VORTEX.

BUT OF COURSE! IT'S BINARY--

NOW, WHAT HAVE WE HERE? "1001100 BY 02 FROM GALACTIC CENTRAL POINT..."

WELL, THANK HEAVEN FOR THIS MANUAL. WE'VE A GOOD TEN MINUTES YET--

DESTINATION: GALLIFREY
LOCAL DIALING: 10639.5
RASSMUS ERS

ABLUTION TIME, I'D SAY.

IS THERE NO CHANGE, IZZY?

NO, FEY.

NO CHANGE.

29 MILLION LIGHT YEARS AWAY--

O-OVERSEER LUTHER? THAT TIME CAPSULE IMMINENT - THE TYPE 40, SIR...

WE'VE BACKTRACED THE REGISTRY. ALL HAVE BEEN STAMPED "WITHDRAWN, DE-ACCESSIONED AND JUNKED" --

ALL BAR ONE, SIR. CAN THE STORIES BE TRUE?

GALLIFREY'S
HISTORY IS BUT A
COLLECTION
OF TOLD TALES,
UNDERWARDEN...

ON DAYS
LIKE THIS, WE
REWRITE THE TALES
TO FIT THE
FACTS.



ATTENTION!
ATTENTION!

WOPP
WOPP!

CHANCELLERY
GUARDS TO
MATERIALIZATION ZONE
IN BETA QUADRANT NINE!
UNAUTHORISED TRANSDUCTION
VERIFIED--

KAGHUB!

THE FINAL CHAPTER

Part One

STORY: ALAN BARNES PENCILS: MARTIN GERAGHTY
INKS: ROBIN SMITH LETTERING: ELITTA FELL
EDITORS: GARY GILLATT + SCOTT GRAY

UNAUTHORISED
TRANSDUCTION
CONFIRMED!



WE HAVE TO -OOF- CONTACT THE AUTHORITIES RIGHT AWAY...

I DON'T THINK THAT'S GOING TO BE NECESSARY, FEY--

MY NAME IS CASTELLAN TENION. I AM THE AUTHORITIES, AND YOU ARE TRESPASSING. SO STATE YOUR BUSINESS--

OR LEAVE.

MY NAME IS FEY TRUSCOTT-SADE, AND I AM AN AGENT OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS GEORGE VI. THE GIRL HERE IS IZZY SOMEONE OF STOCKBRIDGE--

THE OTHER IS THE DOCTOR, A HERO OF GALLIFREY. HE'S DYING, SO HELP HIM. AND PLEASE DO IT NOW.

woof

--NEW ARRIVALS WERE TRANSPORTED TO THE MORTAL COIL TODAY UPON THE INSTRUCTION OF CASTELLAN TENION.

COULD THIS REALLY BE THE FABLED 'DOCTOR'--?

WITH ME IS ELUCIDATOR ZIGGI, AUTHOR OF 'DOCTOR WHO?: IN SEARCH OF THE OLD TIMES FRAUD'. ZIGGI--

'THE DOCTOR': FACT OR FICTION?

NO-NO-NO-NO-NO...

THE DOCTOR IS REAL...

BAH! IS FICTION, FICTION--

'ZE DOCTOR' IS A FIGMENT OF ZE MYTHIC IMAGINATION, A CONFIDENT HERO FIGURE WHO PLUG ZOSE GAPS IN OUR UNDERSTANDING OF ZE PAST--

ZIS YUN MAN IS SUPPOSED TO HAF LAUNCHED ZE HAND OF OMEGA, KILLED A GREAT PRESIDENT, FOILED ZE SONTARAN INVASION--

'ZE DOCTOR' WAS NEFFER REAL. HE IS MADE-UP STORY FOR CHILDREN!

THE DOCTOR IS FACT!



THE MORTAL
COIL.

SO
HE'LL BE
ALRIGHT?



PERFECTLY.
THE CATATONIA WAS DUE
TO THE BACILLUS INFECTING
HIS LIFESTREAM*. WE HAVE
PURGED IT FULLY--

BUT TO
BETTER ASSURE HIS
RECOVERY, HIS MIND
RESIDES WITHIN THE
MATRIX.

THE
WHAT?

*SEE DWM 257-260.



THE MATRIX
IS A BRAINSCAPE
OF AWESOME SCALE
WHERE ALL TIME LORD
INTELLIGENCE
EXISTS--

COOL.

WHAT'S
HAPPENING
TO HIM?

"I THINK HE'S INSIDE
SOME KIND OF
DREAM SEQUENCE..."

AH,
DOCTOR...

HOW
GOOD TO SEE
YOU ONCE
AGAIN.

MY LORD
RASSILON. AN HONOUR
INDEED. DAKON THEKA AND
THANE OF KORDAR I KNOW--
LIKEWISE MORVANE AND
BEDEVERE--

BUT I CONFESS
MYSELF SURPRISED TO
FIND A REPRESENTATIVE OF
THE ORDER OF THE BLACK SUN
SAT AT A COUNCIL OF HIGH
EVOLUTIONARIES...



TIME HEALS ALL WOUNDS - YOU, DOCTOR, SHOULD BE AWARE OF THAT. OUR CONFLICT WITH GALLIFREY OUGHT NEVER TO HAVE HAPPENED--

NOW, I, DEMOISELLE DRIN, AM HONOURED TO TAKE THE PLACE OF MERLIN THE WISE.



BUT THAT'S ANOTHER STORY. DOCTOR, YOUR ARRIVAL AT THIS TIME IS MORE THAN OPPORTUNE--

A DARK SHADOW IS FALLING OVER GALLIFREY. MY FRIEND, I NEED YOUR HELP.

ONE MOMENT, MY LORD--



--WE HAVE UNFINISHED BUSINESS TO DISCUSS. IT CONCERNS A GROUP KNOWN AS THE THRESHOLD--

AND A BOX WHICH BORE YOUR SEAL*

*SEE DWM 251-255.



WELL, MY LORD?

HAVE YOU NOTHING TO SAY?



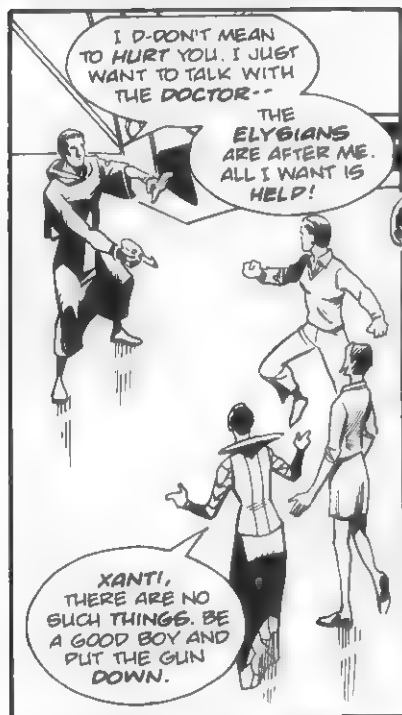
THE REAL WORLD--

HO THERE, GUARDS! I HAVE SOMETHING TO IMPART--



SO SORRY TO TROUBLE YOU--

BUT I HAVE TO SEE THE DOCTOR!





WE ARE
THE ELYSIANS.
WE ARE THE
FUTURE--

--AND THE
FUTURE COMMANDS
THAT THE DOCTOR
MUST DIE.

NO!!

NEXT: "A PANTHEON OF ALL THINGS VILE!"

GALLIFREY.

FOR THE
SAKE OF THE
FUTURE--

THE DOCTOR
MUST DIE!

THE FINAL CHAPTER

Part Two

STORY: ALAN BARNES
PENCILS: MARTIN GERAGHTY
INKS: ROBIN SMITH
LETTERING: ELITTA FELL
EDITORS: GARY GILLATT +
SCOTT GRAY





IN THE MATRIX...

SHAYDE! STILL
RASSILON'S TROUBLESHOOTER?
I THOUGHT YOUR FREEDOM WAS
ASSURED--

I BELIEVE
I VOLUNTEERED.
THEN AGAIN--

I MAY BE FREE,
BUT I HAVE NO WILL--
SO WHO AM I
TO SAY?



DOCTOR,
I AM PLEASED
TO SEE YOU ONCE
AGAIN--

--BUT THERE IS
TROUBLE DOWN BELOW.
YOU MUST RESUME YOUR
BODY RIGHT AWAY.

I UNDERSTAND.
ONE MOMENT,
FRIEND...



THIS THREAT
I FACE ON TIME
LORD SOIL, MIGHTY
RASSILON...

WILL YOU
NOT TELL ME MORE,
FOR THE GOOD OF OUR
BARGAIN?

THERE
IS LITTLE
TO TELL...



OF LATE, WE
HIGHER EVOLUTIONARIES
HAVE ALL SUFFERED A
VISION SO AWFUL AND
STRANGE--

THE
SLEEPERS OF
ALTHRACE READ IN
SEERWEBS--

IN MIRRORRED
MINDHALLS, OUR BLACK SUN
ELDERS SAW IT, TOO.



THEY GLIMPSED
GALLIFREY GROWN DARK
AND WICKED, A PANTHEON
OF ALL THINGS VILE. THIS
DREADFUL EMPIRE ABUSES
ITS POWER--

SUPPRESSING
THE WEAK, SUSPENDING
PROGRESSION. I, TOO, SAW
THIS IN A DREAM - BUT
AEONS PAST, WHEN THE
TIME LORDS WERE
YOUNG--

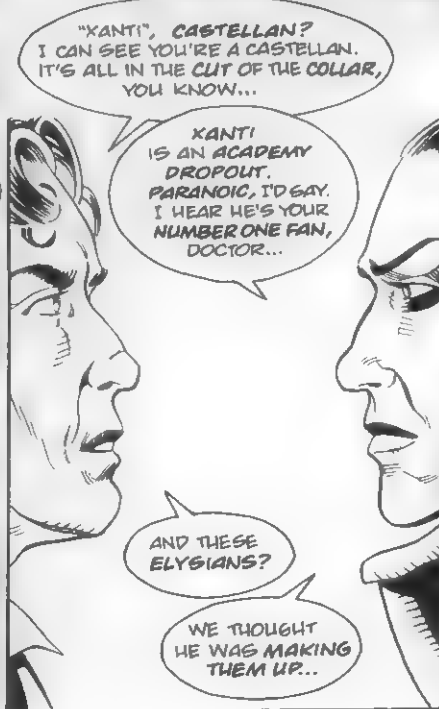
IT HAS
ALWAYS BEEN MY
GREATEST FEAR.
'TIS WHY I WROTE MY
PRINCIPLES OF NON-
INTERVENTION.



NOW MY
VISION RECURS
ACROSS THE
WORLDS.

IT TELLS
OF CRISIS AND
CATASTROPHE TO
COME. TO SAY MORE
WOULD RISK
INTERFERENCE--

GOOD
LUCK, DOCTOR
I WISH YOU
WELL.







AND SO--

IT WAS YOU WHO PILOTED THE TARDIS HERE, FEY? VERY ENTERPRISING. HOW ON EARTH DID YOU MANAGE?

PIECE OF CAKE, DOCTOR. THE INSTRUCTIONS WERE IN THE MANUAL...



YOU READ THE MANUAL? I'M IMPRESSED.

THAT MUST BE LUTHER'S WATCHTOWER. I DON'T LIKE IT. UNSIGHTLY GREAT THING, DON'T YOU THINK?



AT THE QUANTUM OF SOLACE, A SAFE HOUSE FOR TIME LORDS OF MUCH- TROUBLED MIND--

TUBAL CAIN? YOU'RE THE DIRECTOR OF CALM? MY-MY. HOW THINGS CHANGE--

WE'VE COME TO SEE URIEL. WILL YOU SHOW US THE WAY?

CERTAINLY, DOCTOR...



IS IT JUST ME, OR DOES THIS FELLOW DESPISE YOU?

CAIN WAS A BIG MAN IN THE MILITARY. HE ENDED UP DETONATING TIME TORPEDOES OVER THE CITY-- IT WAS SORT OF MY FAULT. GUESS HE LANDED UP HERE. I DOUBT IF I'M FORGIVEN...

*SEE DWMS 70-75.



THIS IS URIEL. HE'S INCARCERATED IN A DREAMSCAPE OF HIS OWN DEVISING. IT'S A THERAPY, OLD MAN--

IF YOU WANT TO TALK TO HIM, YOU'LL HAVE TO JOURNEY INTO HIS MADNESS. I TELL YOU, DOCTOR--

bip
bip
bip.



IT'S A DANGEROUS PLACE, THE REALM OF THE INSANE. MOST OF THOSE WHO ENTER IT STAY IN HERE FOREVER-- THE ONES WHO LIVE, THAT IS.

READY, DOCTOR?

I HOPE YOU BREAK YOUR BRAIN IN TWO.



MEANWHILE...

THIS WAITING IS MAKING ME QUEASY--

WHERE D'YOU THINK WE ARE, XANTI?

LOOKS LIKE THE OLD PANOPTICON. IT'S BEEN SEALED OFF FOR CENTURIES NOW...

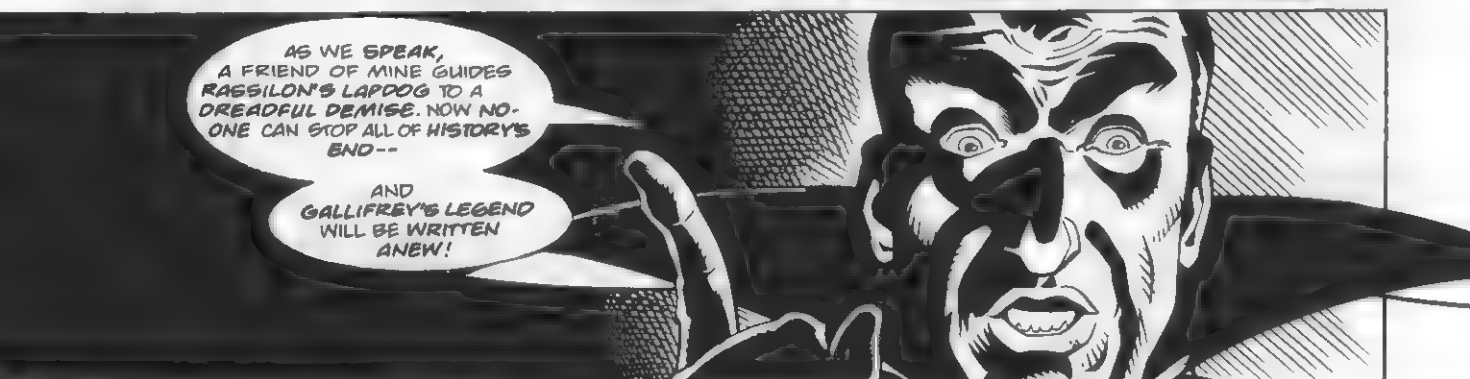
TURN AROUND, CHILDREN. TURN AROUND!



LUTHER!

DO YOU NOT RECOGNISE YOUR BROTHERS, BOY?

THESE ARE THE ELYSIANS. THEY ARE THE FINAL CHAPTER!



AS WE SPEAK, A FRIEND OF MINE GUIDES RASSILON'S LAPDOG TO A DREADFUL DEMISE. NOW NO-ONE CAN STOP ALL OF HISTORY'S END--

AND GALLIFREY'S LEGEND WILL BE WRITTEN ANEW!

THE QUANTUM OF SOLACE...

OH DEAR. HEART RATES ARE DOWN, SYNAPSES FAILING--

HE'S NOT DOING WELL. IF I WRENCH HIM OUT, WE RISK IRREVERSIBLE VEGETATIVITY. YOUR CHOICE, FEY...

SO HOOK ME UP. I'M JOINING HIM.



BE SURE, YOUNG MS. YOU WON'T LAST ONE MINUTE...

I WAS A HOUSE GUEST OF SENOR DALI. I HELPED JOYCE MAKE SENSE OF ULYSSES' FIRST DRAFT...

BELIEVE ME, I KNOW ALL ABOUT STRANGENESS.



SHAAANG!

DOCTOR?



AWW,
LOOK--

A NEW
LITTLE FRIEND
HAS COME TO
PLAY...

NEXT: "SEE THE
SWINE FROM THE
RETINUE BURN!"



GET
OFF ME, YOU
WRETCHED
IMPS!

NASTY
LADYBOY,
DON'T YOU
SEE?

YOU COME
INSIDE A
MADWORLD--

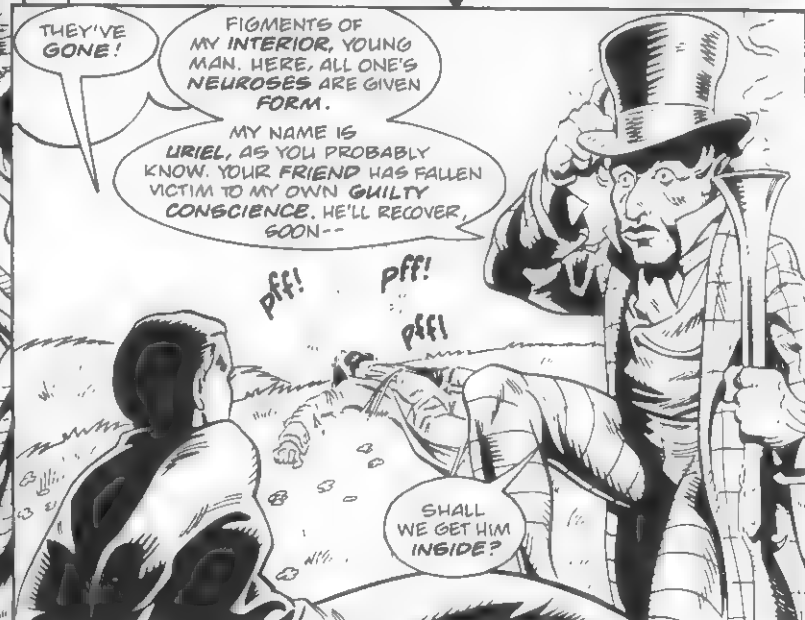
--AND
YOU GET TO
LOSE YOUR
HEAD!



LITTLE
PERISHERS!

LEAVE THAT
GENTLEMAN
BE!

BAM!
BAM!
BAM!



THEY'VE
GONE!

FIGMENTS OF
MY INTERIOR, YOUNG
MAN. HERE, ALL ONE'S
NEUROSES ARE GIVEN
FORM.

MY NAME IS
LIRIEL, AS YOU PROBABLY
KNOW. YOUR FRIEND HAS FALLEN
VICTIM TO MY OWN GUILTY
CONSCIENCE. HE'LL RECOVER,
SOON--

Pff!

Pff!

SHALL
WE GET HIM
INSIDE?

IN THE QUANTUM
OF SOLACE--

SO SORRY,
MS TRUSCOTT--
SADE--

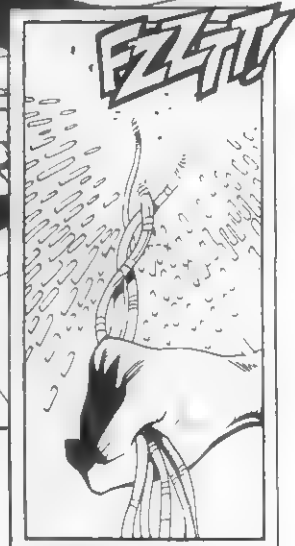
YOU WENT
IN THERE OF YOUR
OWN ACCORD. AND I
KNOW YOU WANTED
A RETURN--

BUT I
ONLY GUARANTEED
YOU A ONE-WAY
TRIP.

THE FINAL CHAPTER

Part Three

STORY: ALAN BARNES PENCILS: MARTIN GERAGHTY
INKS: ROBIN SMITH LETTERING: ELITTA FELL
EDITORS: GARY GILLATT + SCOTT GRAY



ZZZZ!



THE
SUN'S GONE
OUT!

THAT CAN
ONLY MEAN TUBAL
CAIN HAS CUT OUR BODIES
FREE OF THE
DREAMSCAPE--

IT SEEMS
YOUR MINDS ARE
STUCK IN HERE
WITH ME!



I'VE NOT
HAD VISITORS IN
THREE HUNDRED YEARS.
WHAT BRINGS SUCH NICE
YOUNG PEOPLE INSIDE AN
OLD MAN'S MUDDLED
HEAD?

WE MET
YOUR GREMLINS UP
IN THE CORPOREALITY.
THERE, THEY CALL
THEMSELVES
ELYSIANS--

THEY'VE
ABDUCTED
YOUR SON,
XANTI.



XANTI.
I'VE NOT HEARD
HIS NAME SINCE
I HAD MYSELF
COMMITTED.

OH, WOE.
MY GREATEST
JOY. MY
GREATEST
SHAME,
TOO

THE ELYSIANS
WERE A SECRET SOCIETY
I JOINED BACK AT THE ACADEMY.
WE REJECTED THE OLD LABELS--
PATREXES, PRYDONIANS--AND
FANCIED OURSELVES THE FINAL
CHAPTER--

WE WERE SICK
OF RASSILON'S GREAT
SHIBBOLETH: NON-INTERVENTION
IN THE AFFAIRS OF OTHER
PLANETS. "OURS IS THE OLDEST
CIVILISATION," OUR LEADER
WOULD SAY. "WE ARE
THE GODS--

--WE SHOULD
BEHAVE LIKE
THEM, TOO."



"OUR LEADER'S AMBITION REQUIRED
THE ELYSIANS--UNREGISTERED
CLONE CHILDREN WHO WERE TO HELP
SEIZE GALLIFREY IN A COUP.

"THE FIRST, XANTI, WAS GROWN
FROM MY OWN BIO-DATA IN A VAT
IN THE ACADEMY CELLARS. WHEN
I COULD, I HELD HIM IN MY ARMS--

"MY ZEAL, MY ANGER DISAPPEARED.
MY SON WAS NO ELYSIAN, NO
REVOLUTIONARY TOOL."



I REGISTERED
XANTI AT A CHAPTERHOUSE,
AND FEIGNED INSANITY. I WAS
LOCKED UP HERE--

IGNORED
BY THE
ELYSIANS' LEADER.

HIS
NAME,
URIEL--

WHAT
WAS YOUR
LEADER'S
NAME?

"LUTHER. HIS NAME WAS LUTHER..."

THESE ARE MY STORMTROOPERS, XANTI, GROWN FROM YOUR BASIC GENETIC DATA. IT WAS SIMPLE TO RESTART THE PROJECT WHEN URIEL WAS LOCKED AWAY--

BUT YOU WERE ALWAYS MORE THAN A MERE TEMPLATE. CARVED UPON YOUR NUCLEII IS A UNIQUE CODE--

YOU'LL FIND OUT WHAT IT'S FOR UPSTAIRS. COME--

THE FINAL CHAPTER IS ABOUT TO UNFOLD!

MEANWHILE--

WHAT THE DICKENS--

COME ON NOW, URIEL. WE KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING. GIVE THEM THE DEVICE AND LET'S GET ON WITH IT!

WHAT DO THEY INTEND TO DO?

THEY MEAN TO TORTURE ME.

THEY ARE MY DARKEST THOUGHTS. THAT'S HOW THEY KNOW ABOUT MY DEVICE.

THIS TRANCE BREAKER WILL OPEN A GAP IN THE MINDSCAPE AND RETURN YOU TO YOUR BODIES.

I DEvised IT BEFORE IN-CARCERATING MYSELF. I THOUGHT THAT ONE DAY I MIGHT WANT TO GO BACK--

BUT I'M HAPPIER ALONE HERE WITH MY GUILT--

THIS WAY, I DON'T HAVE TO BEAR THE SHAME.

FWIPP!



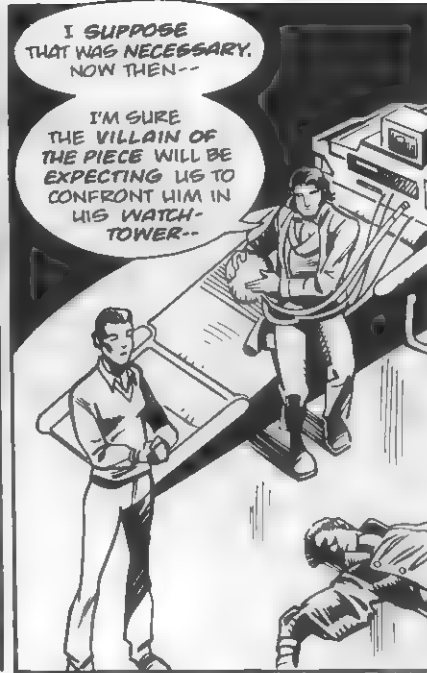
--I PROMISE YOU THAT THEIR MINDS ARE UTTERLY SUBSUMED, OVERSEER. NEITHER OF RASSILON'S SPIES WILL BE--

--HUH?

BEG PARDON, MISTER CAIN--



--BUT I'VE BROUGHT YOU YOUR JUST DESSERTS.



I SUPPOSE THAT WAS NECESSARY. NOW THEN--

I'M SURE THE VILLAIN OF THE PIECE WILL BE EXPECTING US TO CONFRONT HIM IN HIS WATCH-TOWER--

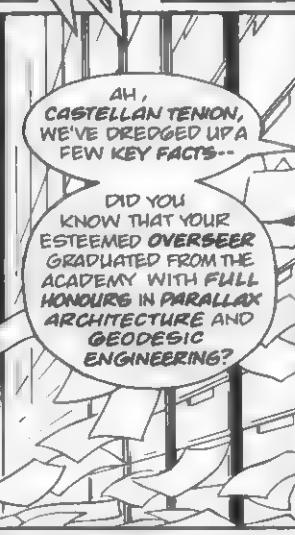


"--BUT FOREWARNED IS FOREARMED, SO LET'S STOP OFF AT THE DEPARTMENT OF RECORDS FIRST..."



DOCTOR, I GOT YOUR MESSAGE--

ZORAC'S RIBS! WHAT IN THE STARS ARE YOU UP TO?



AH, CASTELLAN TENION, WE'VE DREGGED UP A FEW KEY FACTS--

DID YOU KNOW THAT YOUR ESTEEMED OVERSEER GRADUATED FROM THE ACADEMY WITH FULL HONOURS IN PARALLAX ARCHITECTURE AND GEODESIC ENGINEERING?



BUT EVERYONE KNOWS THAT! LUTHER DESIGNED THE GRAND RECONSTRUCTION OF THIS VERY CAPITOL OVER THE HULK OF THE OLD!

WHAT'S THIS IN AID OF? WHAT ARE YOU AFTER?

I'M NOT SURE. SOMETHING THAT'S BEEN CENTURIES IN THE PLANNING--

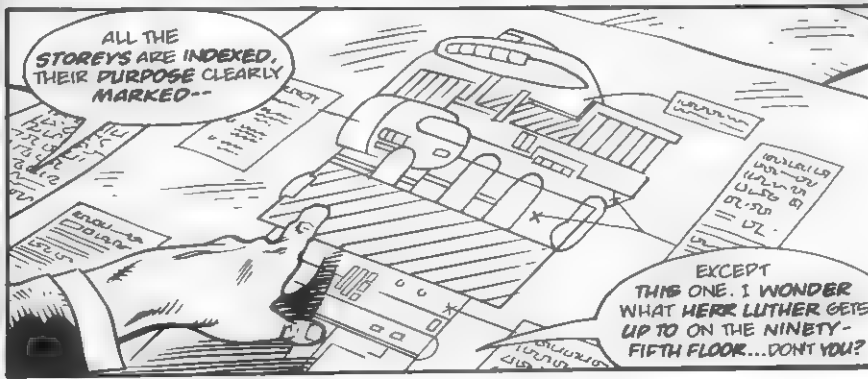
PLANS, PLANS, PLANS! OF COURSE! TELL ME, ARE THE PLANS FOR THE WATCHTOWER ANYWHERE HERE?



AND SO--

AS I THOUGHT! THE WATCHTOWER WAS BUILT EXACTLY OVER THE RUINS OF THE OLD PAN-OPTICON--

ERGO, THE EYE OF HARMONY, TOO. AND LOOK AT THIS--



ALL THE STOREYS ARE INDEXED, THEIR PURPOSE CLEARLY MARKED--

EXCEPT THIS ONE. I WONDER WHAT HERK LUTHER GETS UP TO ON THE NINETY-FIFTH FLOOR...DON'T YOU?



DOCTOR, IF LUTHER WERE FOMENTING SOME FANTASTIC PLOT, THE CHANCELLERY WOULD HAVE UNCOVERED EVIDENCE OF IT CENTURIES AGO--

SO WHY HAVE WE SEEN NOTHING?

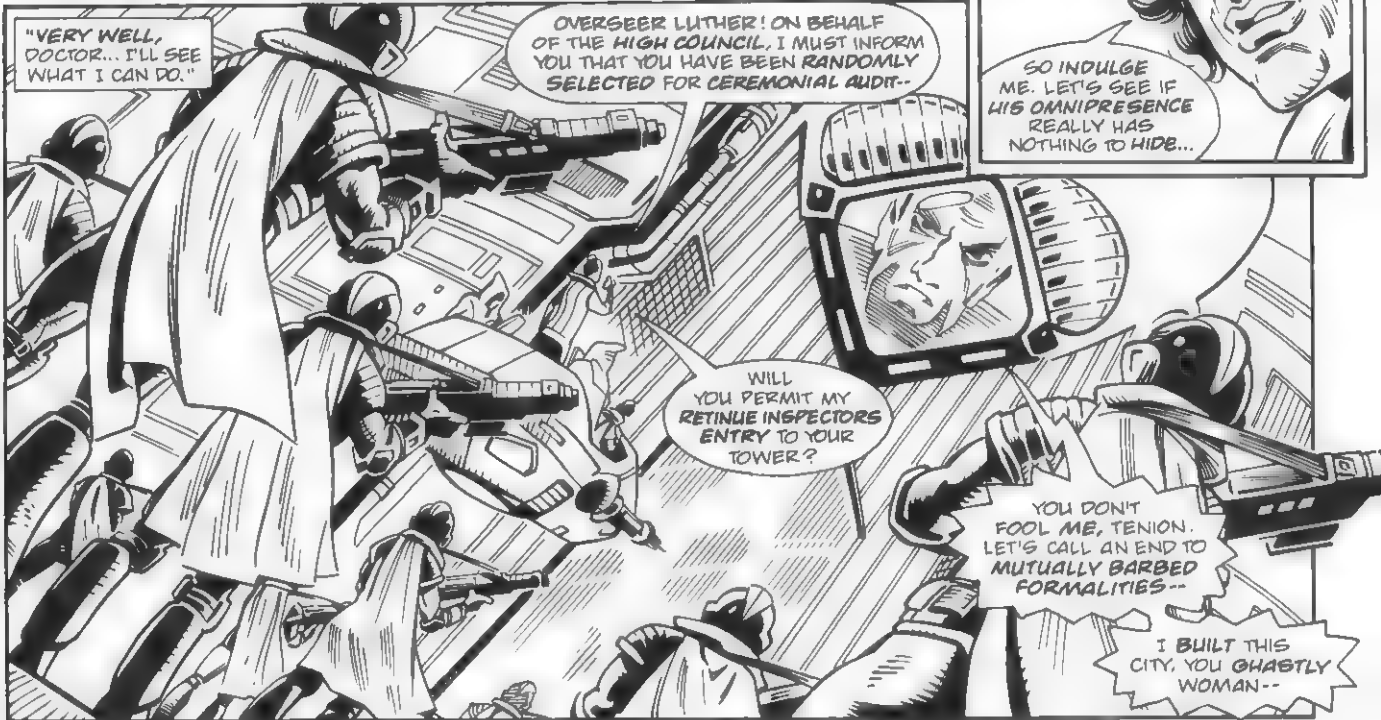
YOU SAID YOURSELF THAT LUTHER IS THE EYES AND EARS OF THE CAPITOL--

EVEN THE HIGH COUNCIL RELY ON HIS PRV NETWORK. YOU'VE ONLY EVER SEEN WHAT HE WANTS YOU TO!

A REQUEST, CASTELLAN. I ASSUME THAT YOUR CHANCELLERY STILL HAS THE AUTHORITY OF INSTANT AUDIT?

WHY, YES, BUT--

SO INDULGE ME. LET'S SEE IF HIS OMNIPRESENCE REALLY HAS NOTHING TO HIDE...



AAAAA!!

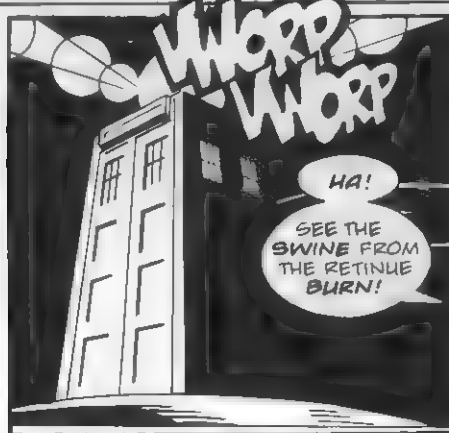
CHOOM!

--AND I CAN TURN IT AGAINST THOSE WHO TURN AGAINST ME!

AIEEE!

EEEARGH!

BUDDA
BUDDA
BUDDA



HA!
SEE THE SWINE FROM THE RETINUE BURN!



THIS IS IT, FEY. THE SECRET HEART OF LUTHER'S--

BY ALL THE PLANETS! WHAT HAS HE DONE?

THE WATCHTOWER IS
THE CENTRAL COLUMN
OF A TARDIS THE SIZE
OF A PLANET--



XANTI IS
CHANNELLING ITS
POWER SOURCE, THE
EYE OF HARMONY--THE
COLLAPSED STAR WHICH
RASSILON USED TO
GIVE ANCIENT GALLIFREY
MASTERY OVER
ALL TIME.

NOW THE
WATCHTOWER IS
ENERGISED, WE'RE
ALL BEING TAKEN
BACK--

BACK TO THE MOMENT
WHEN RASSILON
ACTIVATED THE EYE OF
HARMONY. I WILL
MATERIALISE THIS
GALLIFREY AROUND
THE OLD--



I WILL BE
GALLIFREY'S GODHEAD,
THE LORD OF ALL SPACE
AND TIME. MY GALLIFREY
WILL BE ALL THAT THERE
WAS, IS AND EVER
WILL BE--

AND NOW
IT CAN'T BE
STOPPED!



NEXT: "IT'S TIME TO MEET YOUR GOD!"

MY
APOTHEOSIS IS MERE
MOMENTS AWAY. AN INFINITY
OF HISTORIES WILL BE MINE
TO REWRITE AS I
CHOOSE--

LORD OF
TIME, YOU SAY? PAH! LET
ALL THE WORLDS TREMBLE,
AND RASSILON BE
DAMNED! WAKE UP,
UNIVERSE--

--IT'S
TIME TO
MEET YOUR
GOD!

LUTHER'S WATCHTOWER
HURTLES THROUGH THE
VORTEX. ITS DESTINATION:
GALLIFREY, YEAR ZERO--

WHORP!
WHORP!

ITS OBJECTIVE: TO
SNUFF OUT TIME
LORD HISTORY AT THE
POINT OF ITS
INCEPTION, DEPOSING
RASSILON HIMSELF--

AND ENSHRINING
FOR ALL ETERNITY
A MANIAC'S REIGN!

YOU'LL
BE PLEASED TO HEAR,
DOCTOR, THAT MY TEMPORAL
TAMPERINGS START WITH
YOU--

I SHALL
ELIMINATE THAT LITTLE
ACCIDENT OF YOUR BIRTH.
"THE GREATEST LOVE STORY
NEVER TOLD", I HEAR--

OH, I'VE
HAD MY FILL
OF THIS--

THUNK! THUNK!

YOU'RE
A COMMON
SCOUNDREL,
LUTHER--

--AND
IT'S TIME YOU GOT
THE THRASHING YOU
SO THOROUGHLY
DESERVE!

GLURK!
GUARDS!

THE FINAL CHAPTER

Part Four

STORY: ALAN BARNES PENCILS: MARTIN GERAGHTY INKS: ROBIN SMITH
LETTERING: ELITTA FELL EDITORS: GARY GILLATT & SCOTT GRAY







SO IT'S OVER?

NOT BY A LONG CHALK. THE TRIDENT IS DECAYING. WHEN IT'S FINALLY CONSUMED, THE WATCHTOWER BECOMES CORPOREAL--

IN JUST A FEW MINUTES, OLD GALLIFREY WILL BE UTTERLY DESTROYED.

IT'S ONLY A TRIDENT. CAN'T YOU BYPASS IT, OR SOMETHING?



I CAN FEED THE WATCHTOWER NEW CO-ORDINATES, SEND IT BACK WHERE IT CAME FROM--

BUT THE DEVICE MUST BE POWERED BY A LIVING TIME BRAIN.

YOU- YOU DON'T MEAN--



HEADS UP, CHUMS- WE HAVE COMPANY.

SHAYDE.

IZZY, FEY- INTO THE TARDIS. DON'T ARGUE.



MY MASTERS KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN TO DO, DOCTOR. COUNTLESS BILLIONS ACROSS COUNTLESS CENTURIES WILL OWE YOU THE GREATEST DEBT--

RASSILON IS PROUD OF YOU ALL GALLIFREY, TOO.



IF I WERE GRANTED A PERSONA, I WOULD LEARN TO CALL YOU "FRIEND"--

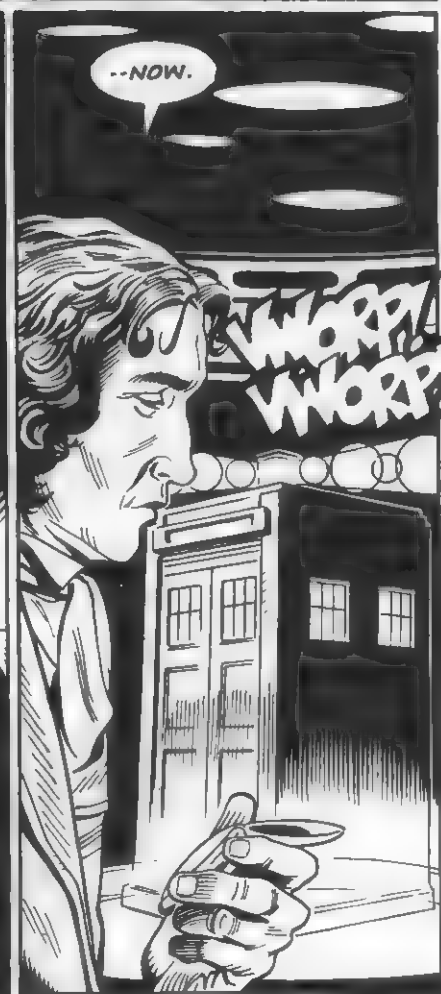
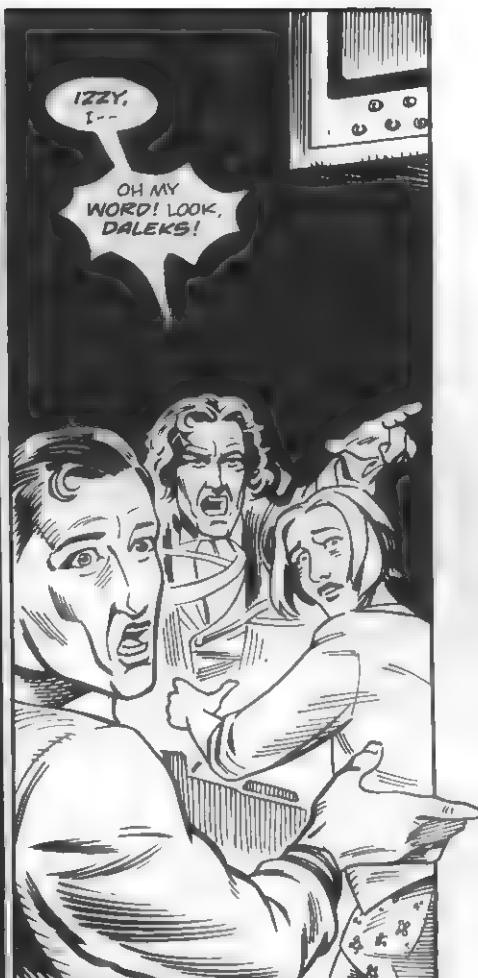
DOCTOR, MUST IT REALLY END THIS WAY?



WH-WHAT HAPPENED?

LUTHER'S TRIDENT SHORT-CIRCUITED THE WATCHTOWER. TIME HAS JAMMED AT THE POINT OF ITS WATERMELIGHTON--

BUT THERE'S TIME LEAKAGE HERE. SEE WHAT IT'S DONE TO POOR XANTI...



THE TRIDENT IS ALMOST GONE,
BURNED UP IN THE
INEVITABILITY OF THE WATCH-
TOWER'S PROGRESSION.

HE CAN ONLY GET IN NEW
CO-ORDINATES, ONLY
POSITION HIMSELF IN THE
HEART OF THE MACHINE--

ONLY WAIT FOR THE TRIDENT TO
COLLAPSE, ONLY READY HIM-
SELF TO TAKE THE STRAIN--

ONLY HOPE
AGAINST HOPE--

--ONLY CONNECT.

AAAAEEEEEEEEEE

RE-ENERGISED, THE WATCH-TOWER ROCKETS FORWARD IN TIME ON A BILLION WORLDS HIGHER EVOLUTIONARIES FEEL ITS WAKE--

A NEW DAWN BREAKS. THE TOWER REAPPEARS IN THE PLANET'S RUINED PRESENT--

WAAAA
WAAAA

--AND MOMENTS LATER, A WHEEZING, GROANING NOISE SOUNDS FROM DEEP WITHIN.

DOCTOR!!!

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?! THIS ISN'T WHAT ANYONE WANTED, YOU STUPID OLD--

OH, IZZY. YOU CAN'T ALWAYS GET WHAT YOU WANT...

FEELS COLD NOW WE'LL GO SOMEWHERE WARMER NEXT...


THE GRIM VISIONS CAUSED BY ITS PASSING CEASE. AT YEAR ZERO, RASSILON ACTIVATES HIS EYE OF HARMONY. AND THE LEGEND OF THE TIME LORDS BEGINS--

ALL IS AS IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN. ALL IS AS IT WAS.

IS HE--

I THINK ... I THINK HE--

I THINK HE'S CHANGING--



AND SO THE GREATEST OF
ALL GALLIFREY'S MYSTERIES
BEGIN ONCE AGAIN--

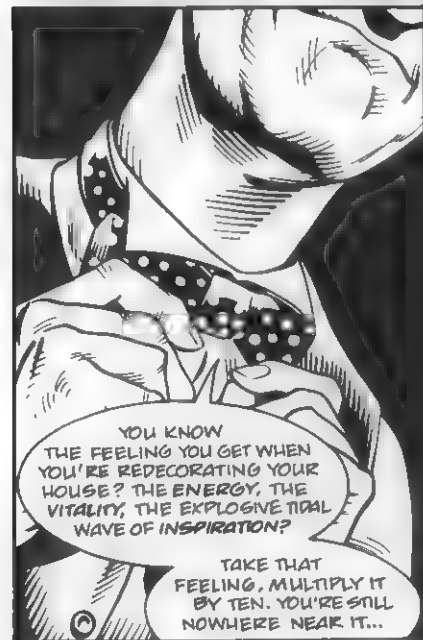
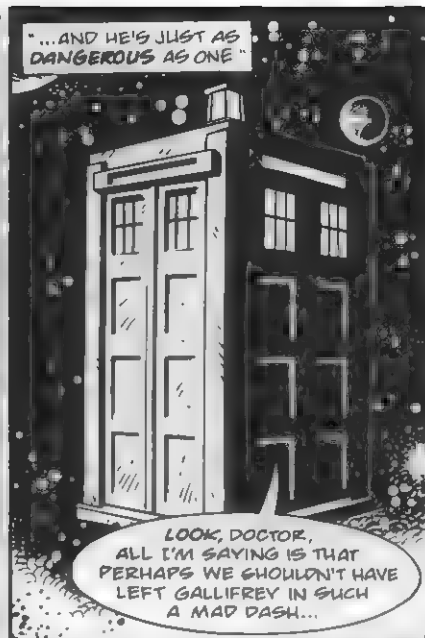
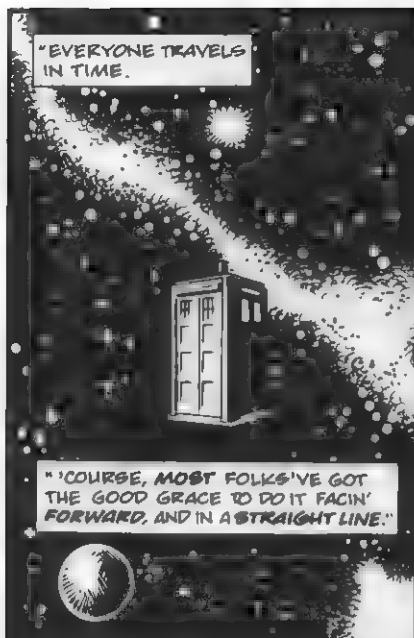
HE TURNS AWAY FROM THE
WORLD OF THE DEAD,
REACHES OUT FOR THE LIGHT--

AND EMERGES,
RENEWED, IN THE
LAND OF THE LIVING.

THERE,
THAT'S BETTER. NOW,
WOULDN'T ONE OF YOU PLEASE
PUT THE KETTLE
ON--

I COULD
MURDER A NICE
CUP OF TEA.

NEXT ISSUE. WORMWOOD





STORY: SCOTT GRAY
PENCILS: MARTIN GERAGHTY
INKS: ROBIN SMITH
LETTERING: ELITTA FELL
EDITORS: GUY BELLATT
and ALAN BARNES

WORMWOOD

Part One





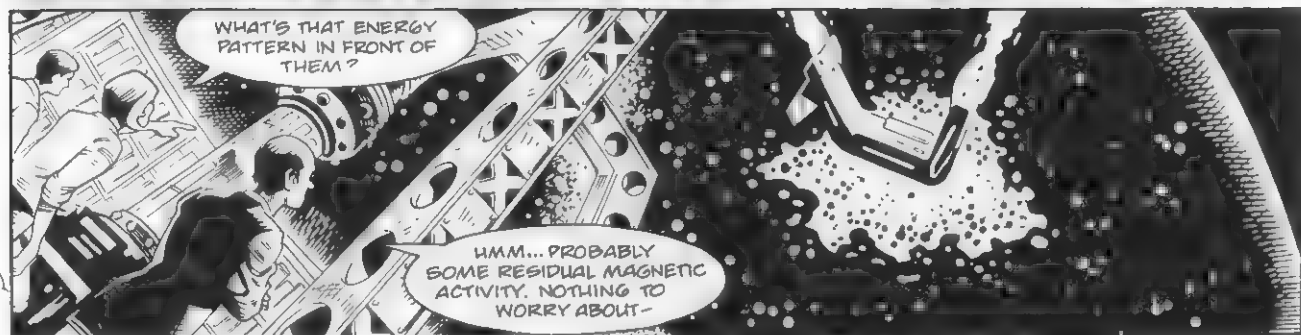


PHILISTINE!
MALFEASANT! SUNDAY
DRIVER! WHY DON'T YOU
WATCH WHERE YOU'RE
GOING?!

DID YOU SEE
THAT?! TELLESIAN CRUISE
LINER, CAME BARRELLING OUT
OF THAT NEBULA. DIDN'T EVEN
BOTHR TO INDICATE...



THINK
YOU OWN THE
SPACEWAYS,
DO YOU?!



WHAT'S THAT ENERGY
PATTERN IN FRONT OF
THEM?

HMM... PROBABLY
SOME RESIDUAL MAGNETIC
ACTIVITY. NOTHING TO
WORRY ABOUT-



OH MY
GOD-

BRACE
YOURSELVES!
WHATEVER IT IS,
IT'LL HIT US IN
SEC-





ZZZAAAKK!

WELCOME TO
WORMWOOD, BRAVE TRAVELLERS
FROM THE FOURTH DIMENSION. I
SURE HOPE YOU LIKE IT, 'CAUSE YOU
WON'T BE LEAVIN'.

I'M THE MAN
WHO INVENTED
THE TWENTIETH
CENTURY...

...AND THE
THRESHOLD.

NEXT: "MORE FLESH FOR THE FEAST!"



'SCUSE OUR FOOLIN', FOLKS - TRUTH IS, MY FRIENDS SPEND MOST OF THEIR TIME IN THE ALTOGETHER, SO THEY JUST CAN'T RESIST DRESSIN' UP NOW AND THEN...

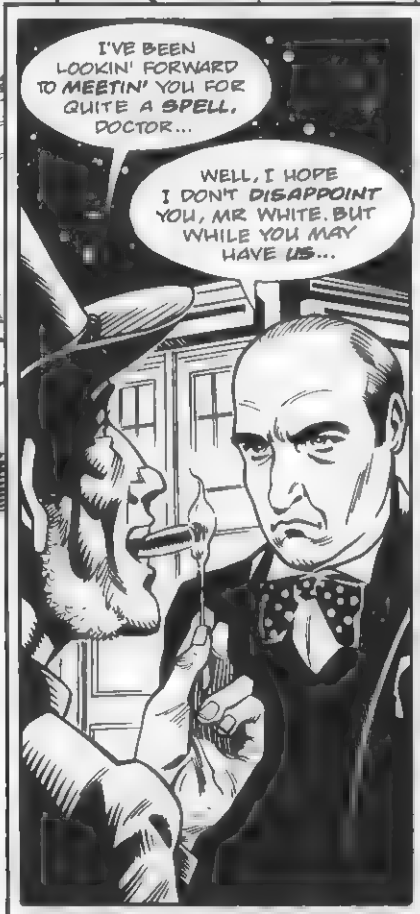
IZZY, WHAT..?

FIRST DIVISION TROUBLE, FEY...
THEY'RE CALLED THE THRESHOLD.

Part Two

WORMWOOD

STORY: SCOTT GRAY
PENCILS: MARTIN GERAGHTY
INKS: ROBIN SMITH
LETTERING: ELITTA FELL
EDITORS: GARY GILLATT + ALAN BARNES



I'VE BEEN LOOKIN' FORWARD TO MEETIN' YOU FOR QUITE A SPELL, DOCTOR...

WELL, I HOPE I DON'T DISAPPOINT YOU, MR WHITE. BUT WHILE YOU MAY HAVE US...



WORMY WORMY!

...YOU CAN KEEP YOUR HANDS OFF MY PROPERTY.

HUH..?



THE TARDIS IS BECOMING VERY PARTICULAR ABOUT WHAT CLASS OF VISITOR SHE'LL ACCEPT THESE DAYS. TERRIBLY SORRY...

WHY, YOU'RE JUST A BIG BAG OF SURPRISES, AIN'T YOU, SON? I FIGURE WE GOT LOTS TO TALK ABOUT...

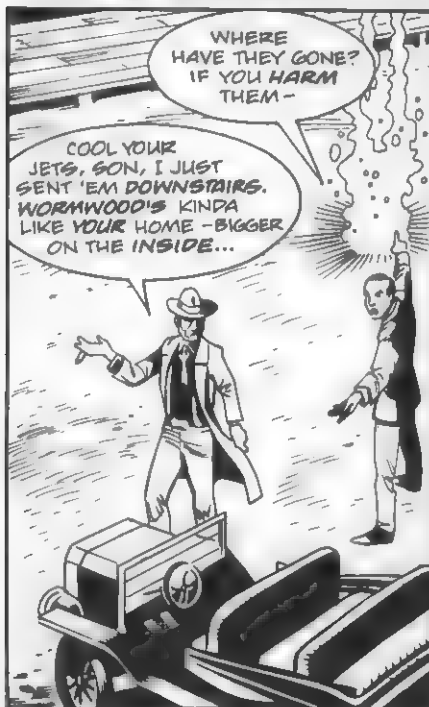


...BUT
LET'S JUST
KEEP IT MAN-
TO-MAN.

ADIOS,
LITTLE
LADIES.

HEY!
WHAT ARE
Y-

ZZAACK!



WHERE
HAVE THEY GONE?
IF YOU HARM
THEM-

COOL YOUR
JETS, SON, I JUST
SENT 'EM DOWNSTAIRS.
WORMWOOD'S KINDA
LIKE YOUR HOME-BIGGER
ON THE INSIDE...



ZEKE, GET THE
CAMERA CREW READY-AND
DON'T LET THAT FOOL DIRECTOR
START STRETTIN' AROUND LIKE
A PEACOCK...

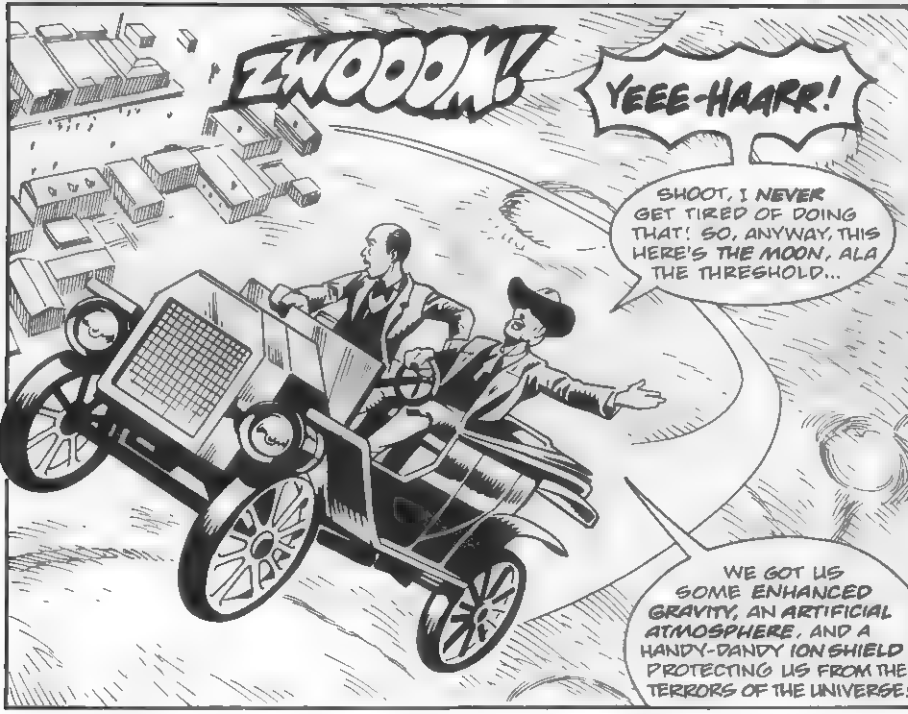
I'M
STARTIN' TO
THINK HE
MIGHT BE A
YANKEE.

YESSIR,
MR WHITE!



C'MON,
DOCTOR, HOP ON IN
WE'LL GO SEE THE
SIGHTS...

IT SEEMS
I HAVE LITTLE
CHOICE...



FWOON!

YEEE-HAARR!

SHOOT, I NEVER
GET TIRED OF DOING
THAT! SO, ANYWAY, THIS
HERE'S THE MOON, ALA
THE THRESHOLD...

WE GOT US
SOME ENHANCED
GRAVITY, AN ARTIFICIAL
ATMOSPHERE, AND A
HANDY-DANDY ION SHIELD
PROTECTING US FROM THE
TERRORS OF THE UNIVERSE!



YOU OKAY,
DOCTOR? YOU LOOK
LIKE MY PAPPY USED TO
AFTER A NIGHT ON THE
MOONSHINE...

I'M-I'M
FINE

ROUGH
LANDING, HUH? BET
THAT DIDN'T HELP
YOUR LITTLE REBIRTH
NONE...



"...SHE EVEN MANAGED TO FOOL HERSELF."

THEY'RE EXPECTING YOU IN THE SURGERY, FOLKS. THIRD DOOR ON YOUR LEFT...

DON'T START PUNCHING ANYONE, FEY. LET'S PLAY ALONG FOR NOW...

IZZY... THIS PLACE...

MAD, ISN'T IT? I'VE BEEN HERE BEFORE. I NEVER GUESSED IT WAS ON THE MOON...

I...DON'T UNDERSTAND HOW, IZZY...

BUT THIS PLACE IS FAMILIAR.

I DON'T DOUBT THAT, MY CHILD. WELCOME TO WORMWOOD.

WAIT A MINUTE - I KNOW YOU...

CHASTITY?!

YOU'VE PUT ON A TON!

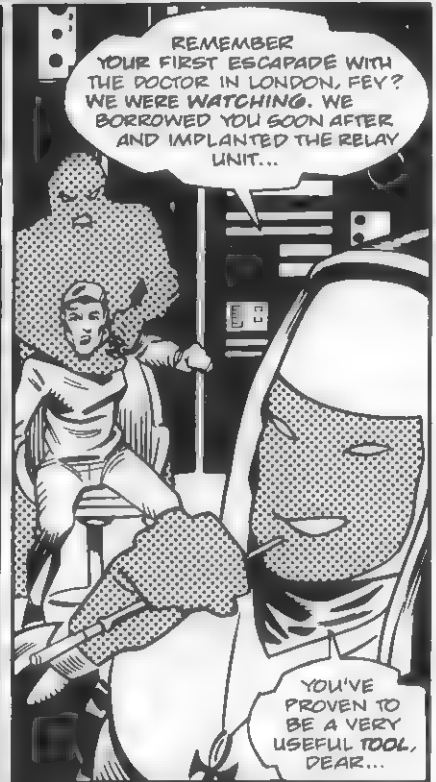
AND YOU'RE STILL AS YOUNG AND PRETTY AS EVER, LITTLE IZZY. BUT THEN TWENTY YEARS HAVE PASSED FOR ME SINCE WE LAST MET...*

I CAN'T WAIT TO CATCH UP ON OLD TIMES...

NOW, THE PYRAMIDS DIDN'T GET BUILT BY SLAVERY, DOCTOR. CONTRACT LABOUR MADE THOSE BABIES HAPPEN.

MAN HAD AMBITION; A COMPETITIVE DRIVE. AND THE WAY FORWARD WAS THROUGH BUSINESS, FROM DAY ONE...

*SEE DWM 255.





THIS IS IT...
WHERE IT ALL GOT
STARTED. MENLO
PARK.

THOMAS
EDISON'S LABORATORY?
WHAT DOES HE HAVE TO
DO WITH ALL OF
THIS?

I BELIEVE
I'LL TELL YOU, DOCTOR.
Y'SEE, THE UNIVERSE IS
GONNA BE A DIFFERENT
PLACE SOON...

IT'S
ABOUT TIME THE
THRESHOLD STEPPED
OUT OF THE
SHADOWS.

NO-ONE'S LEFT
ON EARTH. THE SOLAR
FLARES WIPED THE PLANET
CLEAN. BUT MAN'S OKAY.
HE'S OUT THERE IN THE
WILD BLUE YONDER
NOW...



WHAT WAS
THAT ENERGY WAVE
THAT HIT THE
TARDIS?

A TRICK.
ONE THAT'S TAKEN
OVER THREE THOUSAND
YEARS TO GET
RIGHT.

...I'VE USED
ONE OF THESE RINGS
TO FIND THE DOCTOR
BEFORE. JUST CONCENTRATE
ON HIM AND IT'LL OPEN
UP A WINDOW IN SPACE
THAT'LL-



I'M NOT
INTERESTED IN THE
DOCTOR, IZZY. ABRAHAM
WHITE IS THE MAN I
WANT TO SEE...

ZLAKK!

...AND THE
MEETING'S GOING
TO BE SHORT, SWEET
AND BRUTAL.



FEY,
WAIT!

I DON'T
KNOW WHAT YOU HAVE
PLANNED, OR WHY YOU'VE
BROUGHT ME HERE...
BUT I-I WILL...

ST-STOP
Y...

YOU CAN'T
EVEN FINISH
A SENTENCE,
SON...



HOW ARE
YOU GOING TO
FINISH US?



WHITE!

YOU USED
ME, MADE ME BETRAY
MY FRIENDS! I'M
NOBODY'S PAWN,
WHITE...



GOOD EVENING. PEOPLE CALL ME THE PARIAH. I'M A LIVING WEAPON.

NOW, CORRECT ME IF I'M WRONG, DEAR, BUT YOU JUST PUNCHED MY DARLING ABRAHAM IN THE FACE...

ANY LAST REQUESTS?

Part Three

WORMWOOD

STORY: SCOTT GRAY PENCILS: MARTIN GERAGHTY
INKS: ROBIN SMITH LETTERING: ELITTA FELL
EDITORS: GARY GILLATT + ALAN BARNES

NO? SUIT YOURSELF.

FEY!!!

SHRIIPPP

HEY, ALL RIGHT, DOCTOR, IT SEEMS THE NEW FREEDOM GEMEL DE HAVEN IS AS BLACK AS HER HIDE...

WAIT! OVER THE RING, MS. DOCTOR, YOU CAN'T HAVE ROLL TRIPPING ALLOVER. NOBODY CAN VIB!

GOOD GIRL.

DOCTOR, YOU'RE FAMILIAR, DOCTOR, HAVE WE MET BEFORE?

POSSIBLY. I'VE RUN INTO SO MANY VAINGLORIOUS MONSTERS, I'VE GENUINELY LOST COUNT...

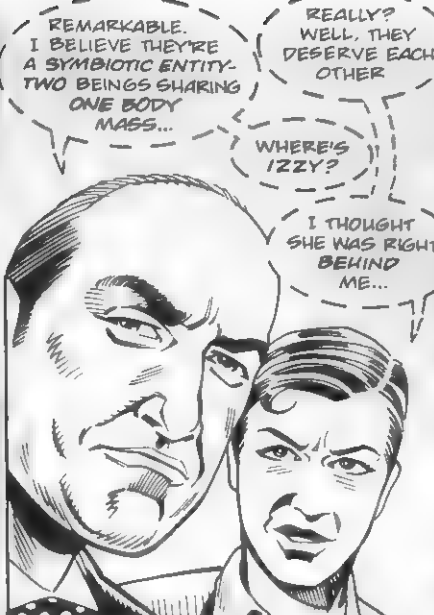
DON'T TALKT ME, LITTLE MAN. I HAVEN'T KILLED A TIME LORD IN QUITE A WHILE, BUT I HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN NOW!

OH, HONEY? SWEETIE PIE? MAYBE I SHOULD JUST GO ON GETTING THE DOCTOR OUT ON A FEW FACTS.



OH, VERY WELL, ABRAHAM. HAVE YOUR FUN WITH THESE FOOLS.

I'LL BE JUST AROUND THE CORNER IF YOU NEED ME...



REMARKABLE. I BELIEVE THEY'RE A SYMBIOTIC ENTITY. TWO BEINGS SHARING ONE BODY MASS...

REALLY? WELL, THEY DESERVE EACH OTHER

WHERE'S IZZY?

I THOUGHT SHE WAS RIGHT BEHIND ME...



IF YOU TWO'LL STOP YOUR WHISPERIN', I GOT A TALE TO TELL. IT'S A REAL RAGS TO RICHES YARN, AND YOURS TRULY IS THE STAR...

C'MON, DON'T YOU WANT TO KNOW HOW THE THRESHOLD BEGAN?



"IT WAS THE AUTUMN OF 1879, AND I WAS A YOUNG MAN TRAVELLING THROUGH ARKANSAS, PEDDLIN' GIDEON BIBLES TO THE TRUE BELIEVERS.

"RELIGION'S ALWAYS BEEN AN EASY SELL, THOUGH, AND I WAS LOOKIN' FOR A CHALLENGE.



"ONE BRIGHT EVENIN' I GOT A SIGN FROM THE HEAVENS. I FIGURED IT WAS A SHOOTIN' STAR, BUT I'D NEVER SEEN ONE HIT THE GROUND BEFORE...



"WHEN I GOT CLOSER, I FOUND A SPHERE SMOULDERIN' IN THE CRATER. IT WAS BLACK, AND CRACKED, AND SOMEHOW I KNEW...

'T WAS DYIN'



"I PICKED IT UP, AND A THOUSAND PICTURES SUDDENLY FLASHED INTO MY SKULL. I SAW WORLDS PACKED WITH MACHINERY I COULDN'T FATHOM, FILLED WITH CRITTERS STRANGER THAN THE CRAZIEST FREAK SHOW.

"IT WAS QUITE THE EXPERIENCE.



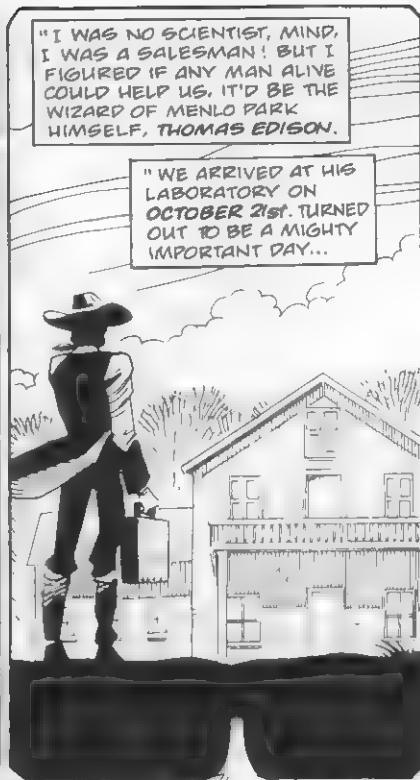
"CLEAREST OF ALL, I SAW A WORLD CALLED GALLIFREY, AND THE BUNCH OF FANCY-PANTS WHO RAN IT, THE TIME LORDS. AND THEN THE SPHERE SPOKE TO ME. IT (OR RATHER SHE) SAID.

"THESE ARE MY ENEMIES. THEY HAVE MADE ME A PARIAH. THEY WILL DIE BY MY HAND."



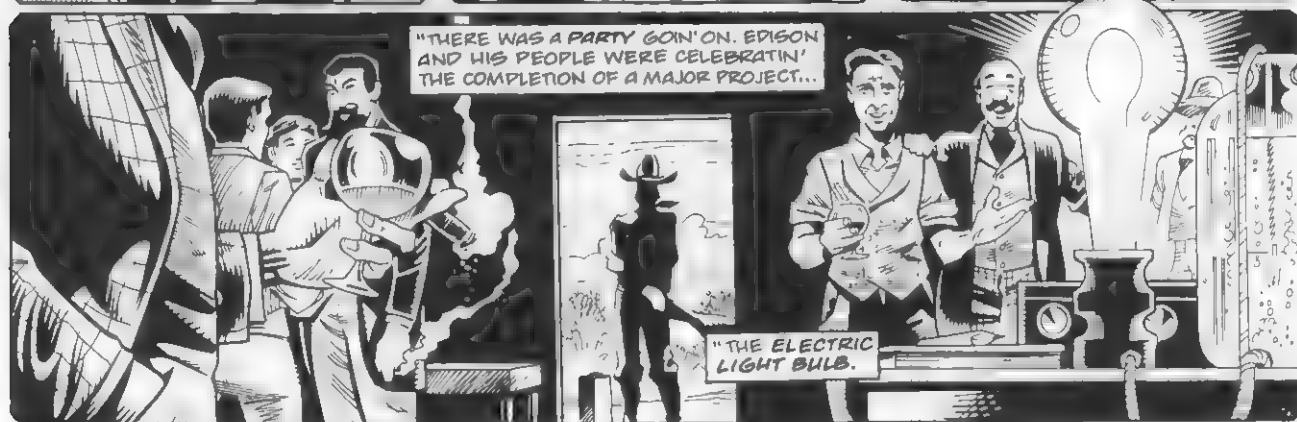
"THE PARIAH TRIED TO TAKE CONTROL OF ME, BUT SHE WAS TOO WEAK, AND I WAS A HEADSTRONG YOUNG BUCK. SO WE STRUCK A DEAL.

"WE'D BOND - SORTA FUSE TOGETHER. I'D CARRY HER INSIDE ME, AND SHE'D HELP ME MAKE A PROFIT OUT OF OUR SHARED KNOW-HOW.



"I WAS NO SCIENTIST, MIND, I WAS A SALESMAN! BUT I FIGURED IF ANY MAN ALIVE COULD HELP US, IT'D BE THE WIZARD OF MENLO PARK HIMSELF, THOMAS EDISON.

"WE ARRIVED AT HIS LABORATORY ON OCTOBER 21ST. TURNED OUT TO BE A MIGHTY IMPORTANT DAY...



"THERE WAS A PARTY GOIN' ON. EDISON AND HIS PEOPLE WERE CELEBRATIN' THE COMPLETION OF A MAJOR PROJECT...

"THE ELECTRIC LIGHT BULB.



"SO I REALISED OL'TOM WOULDN'T KNOW TOO MUCH ABOUT SPACESHIPS AND TIME TRAVEL. MAN HAD BARELY BEGUN CLIMBIN' THE TECHNOLOGICAL LADDER.

"BUT ALBERT EINSTEIN WAS SEVEN MONTHS OLD...

"AND THE LIGHT BULB ON THE TABLE WAS NOTHIN' COMPARED TO THE ONE SWITCHIN' ON ABOVE MY HEAD.



"WE WENT LOOKIN' FOR THE SHARPEST MINDS WE COULD FIND: ALEXANDER BELL, NICOLAI TESLA AND RUDOLF DIESEL TO NAME A FEW. WE STEERED 'EM ONTO THE RIGHT TRACK. NOTHIN' TOO OBVIOUS, WE JUST GAVE HISTORY A LITTLE JUMP-START.

"THE TWENTIETH CENTURY WAS COMIN', AND HOMO SAPIENS HAD A LOT OF CATCHIN' UP TO DO.



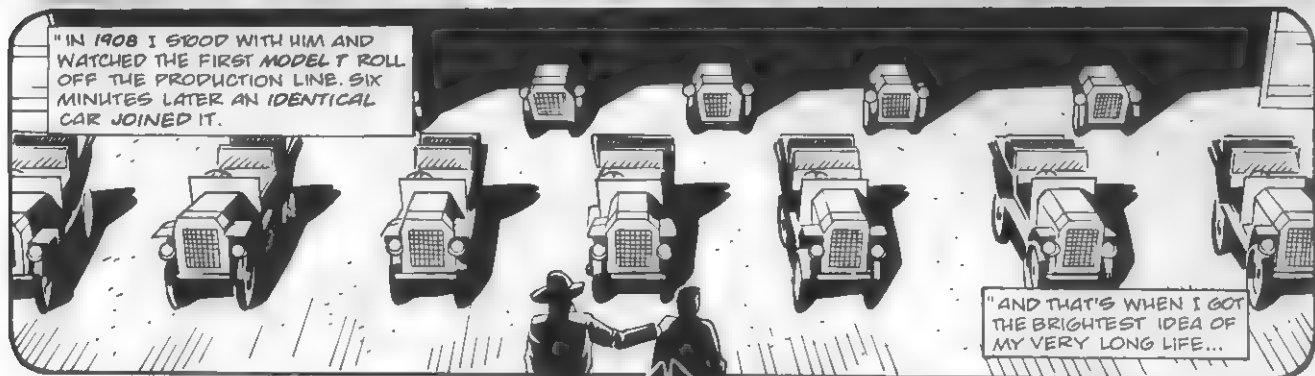
"AFTER A WHILE, THE PARIAH GREW STRONG ENOUGH TO SWITCH PLACES WITH ME FOR A BRIEF TIME. SHE BEGAN TO GROW A NEW BODY FOR HERSELF.

"IN RETURN, I ONLY AGED REAL SLOW FROM THEN ON...



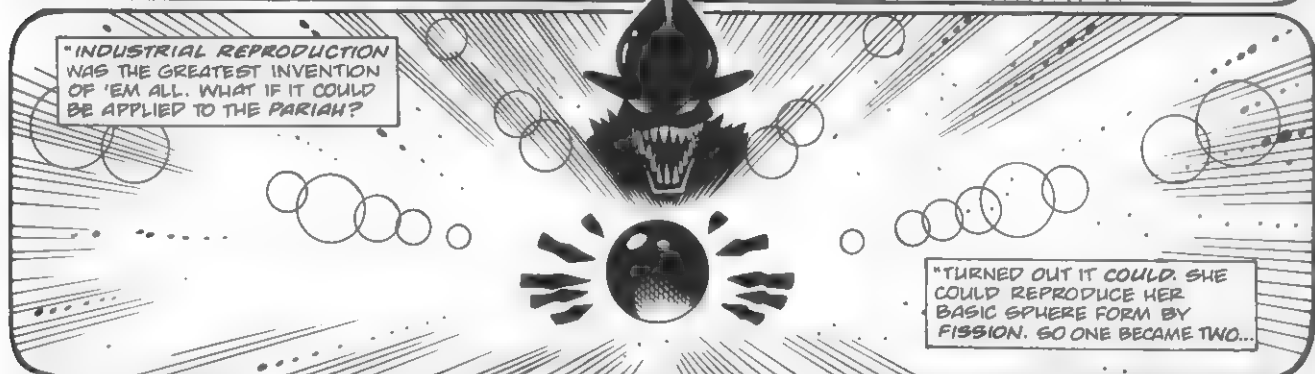
THOSE WERE WILD TIMES, DOCTOR. AMERICA BECAME A WORLD POWER AND I GOT RICH, INVESTIN' IN ALL THE PIONEERS OF THE AGE.

HENRY FORD OWED HIS FIRST FACTORY TO ME, Y'KNOW...



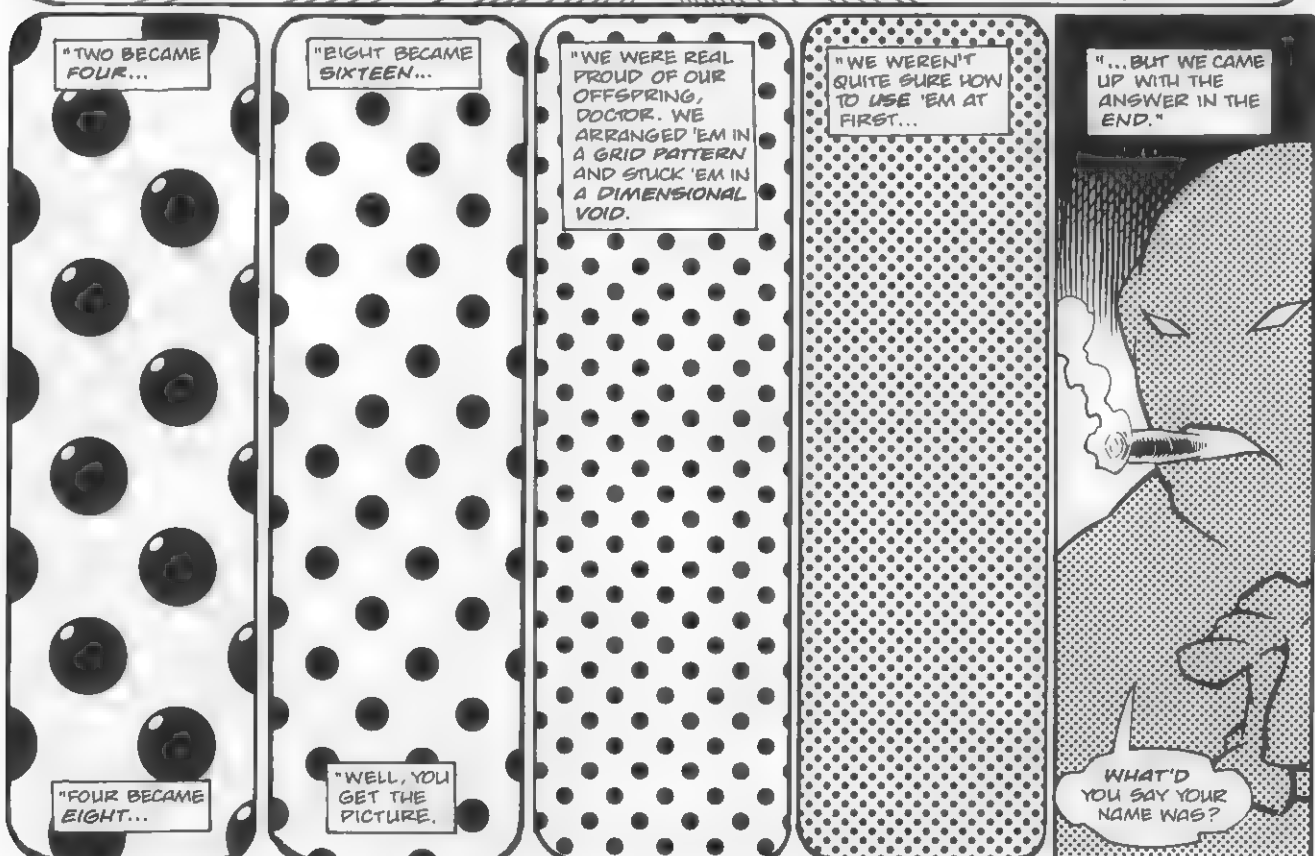
"IN 1908 I STOOD WITH HIM AND WATCHED THE FIRST MODEL T ROLL OFF THE PRODUCTION LINE. SIX MINUTES LATER AN IDENTICAL CAR JOINED IT.

"AND THAT'S WHEN I GOT THE BRIGHTEST IDEA OF MY VERY LONG LIFE...



"INDUSTRIAL REPRODUCTION WAS THE GREATEST INVENTION OF 'EM ALL. WHAT IF IT COULD BE APPLIED TO THE PARIANH?

"TURNED OUT IT COULD. SHE COULD REPRODUCE HER BASIC SPHERE FORM BY FISSION. SO ONE BECAME TWO...



"TWO BECAME FOUR...

"EIGHT BECAME SIXTEEN...

"WE WERE REAL PROUD OF OUR OFFSPRING, DOCTOR. WE ARRANGED 'EM IN A GRID PATTERN AND STUCK 'EM IN A DIMENSIONAL VOID.

"WE WEREN'T QUITE SURE HOW TO USE 'EM AT FIRST...

"...BUT WE CAME UP WITH THE ANSWER IN THE END."

"FOUR BECAME EIGHT...

"WELL, YOU GET THE PICTURE.

WHAT'D YOU SAY YOUR NAME WAS?



GRACIE
WITHERSPOON, SIR. I'VE
JUST BEEN TRANSFERRED FROM
THE MAIL ROOM.

FROM THE
MAIL ROOM TO ION
SHIELD CONTROL? WITHER-
SPOON, YOU MUST HAVE
SOME SERIOUS DIRT ON
SOMEONE IN
PERSONNEL...

OH, NO, SIR!
I JUST TRY AND DO
MY BEST FOR THE
COMPANY!

YEAH,
SURE. TAKE THAT
SUBTRACTION RELAY
DOWN TO LEVEL
SIX...



YES, SIR!

STUPID-
STUPID-STUPID!
HOW DID I END
UP HERE?!



THIS STUPID RING
MUST BE FAULTY! I CAN'T
RISK USING IT AGAIN - I'M
TRAPPED! NO FEY, NO
DOCTOR - WH-WHAT DO I
DO! WHAT CAN I DO?!



CALM.

DOWN

YOU'RE
LARA CROFT. YOU'RE
SIGOURNEY WEAVER.
YOU'RE WONDER
WOMAN.

YOU CAN
HANDLE
THIS.



LET'S SEE
WHERE MS OUTLINE
IS HEADING...



...THE SPHERES
COULD CREATE DOORWAYS
THROUGH ANY DIMENSION. WE
DISCOVERED WE COULD TRAVEL
ANYWHERE.

SHUCKS, I
DIDN'T NEED A HOUSE
TO FALL ON ME - I STARTED
RECRUITING EMPLOYEES
FOR A NEW BUSINESS
VENTURE. ONLY THE
BRIGHTEST AND THE
BEST, OF COURSE...

OH, OF
COURSE.

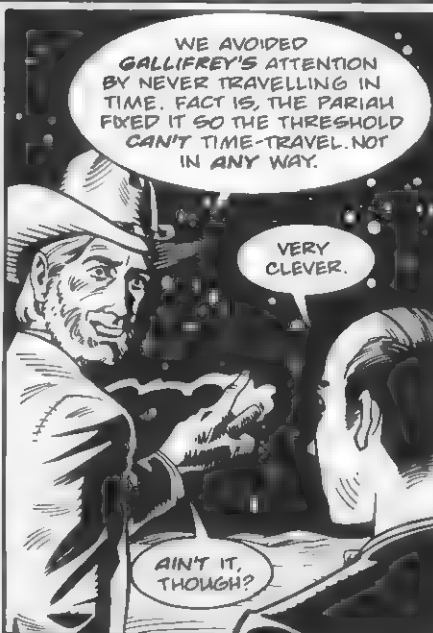


"I'M A GOOD JUDGE OF CHARACTER, DOCTOR. SOME PEOPLE AREN'T AFRAID OF POWER. THAT'S WHO I WENT LOOKIN' FOR."

"AND SO THE THRESHOLD WAS BORN. MY CHOSEN FEW WERE TRANSFORMED INTO LIVING GATEWAYS TO THE SPHERES, AND SHARED THEIR TALENTS."



"WE STARTED TRADIN' OUR SERVICES IN RETURN FOR ALIEN TECHNOLOGY. WE WERE IN DEMAND RIGHT FROM THE FIRST DAY OF BUSINESS..."



"WE AVOIDED GALLIFREY'S ATTENTION BY NEVER TRAVELLING IN TIME. FACT IS, THE PARIAH FIXED IT SO THE THRESHOLD CAN'T TIME-TRAVEL. NOT IN ANY WAY."

"VERY CLEVER."

"AIN'T IT, THOUGH?"



"WE SET UP OFFICES ON THE MOON IN 1922. I CAN STILL REMEMBER WATCHIN' NEIL ARMSTRONG LAND FORTY-SEVEN YEARS LATER..."

"HAH! THAT 'GIANT LEAP' SPEECH BROUGHT THE HOUSE DOWN..."



"BUT WE WERE STILL FOND OF MANKIND; THEY WERE KINDA LIKE OUR DIM-WITTED OLDER BROTHERS. WE LOOKED OUT FOR 'EM WHEN THEY WERE IN TROUBLE..."

"WHERE'S SHE GONE...?"



"ONLY THEY DON'T NEED US NOW. WE CAN FINALLY GET BACK TO OUR OTHER PET PROJECT - SOMETHIN' I'VE HAD COOKIN' FOR A LONG, LONG WHILE..."

"DOWN ONE OF THESE SIDE TUNNELS..."



"TRUST ME, DOCTOR..."

"IT'S A HUNDINGER."



ALL SYSTEMS
ON ZIGGURAT NOW
FULLY OPERATIONAL. EYE OF
DISHARMONY CHARGED AT
OPTIMUM CAPACITY...

THIS IS
NOT A DRILL, FOLKS...
ALL PLATFORMS
RETREAT TO
DESIGNATED SAFETY
MARGINS...

IGNITION IN
FOUR
SECONDS...

THREE...

TWO...



ONE...

THAT'S AS FAR
AS YOU GO, YOUNG
LADY!

GLAMPH!



ZZISHWKOW!



WHITE!
WHAT HAVE YOU
DONE?!

OH, SORRY,
SON, I THOUGHT
I'D ALREADY TOLD
YOU...

WE
JUST DESTROYED
OUTER
SPACE.

NEXT: "AND NOW, A WORD
FROM OUR SPONSOR..."

"THE FIRST ANGEL BLEW HIS TRUMPET, AND THERE FOLLOWED HAIL AND FIRE, MIXED WITH BLOOD, WHICH FELL ON THE EARTH..."

"THE SECOND ANGEL BLEW HIS TRUMPET, AND SOMETHIN' LIKE A GREAT MOUNTAIN, BURNIN' WITH FIRE, WAS THROWN INTO THE SEA..."

"THE THIRD ANGEL BLEW HIS TRUMPET, AND A GREAT STAR FELL FROM HEAVEN, BLAZIN' LIKE A TORCH..."

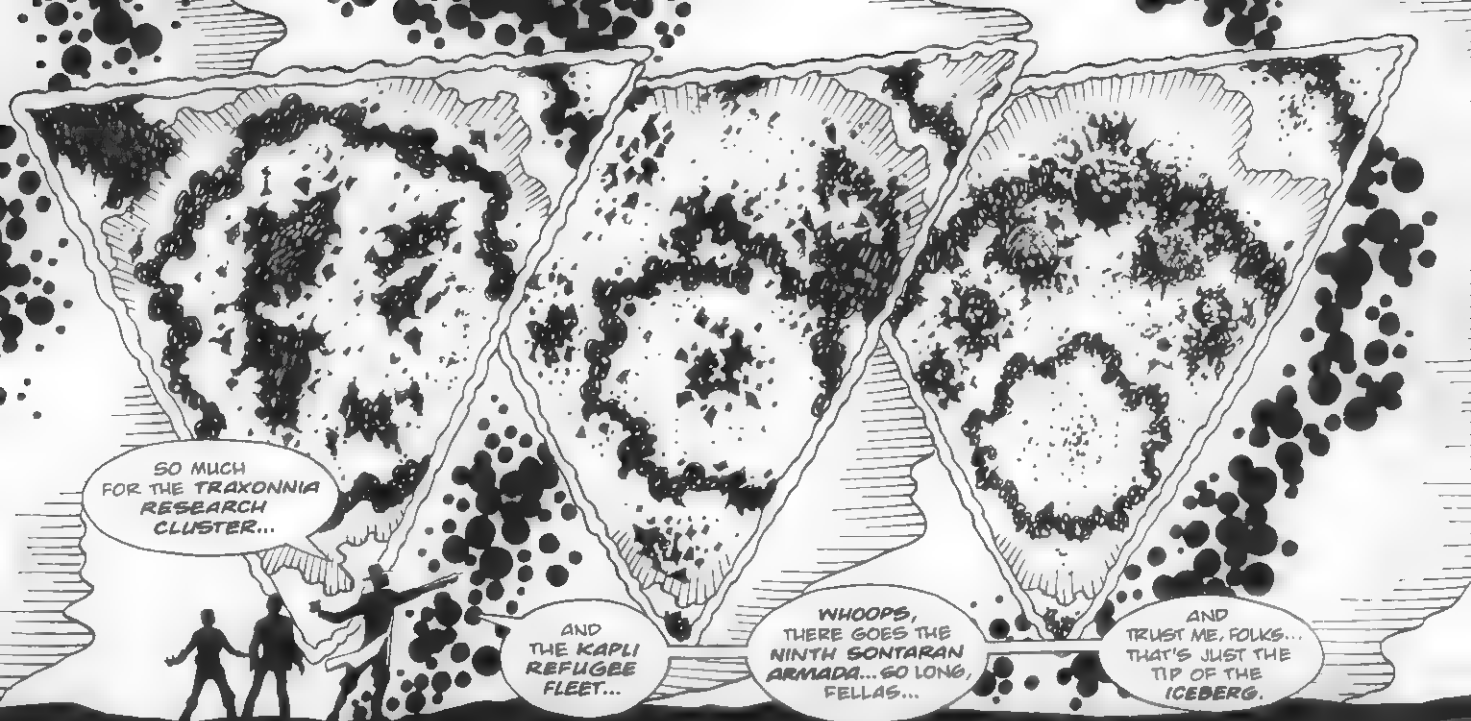
"AND THE STAR FELL ON A THIRD OF THE RIVERS, AND MANY MEN DIED OF THE WATER, BECAUSE IT WAS MADE POISON..."

"AND THE NAME OF THE STAR WAS WORMWOOD."

WORMWOOD

Part Four

STORY: SCOTT GRAY
PENCILS: MARTIN GERAGHTY
INKS: ROBIN SMITH
LETTERING: ELITTA FELL
EDITORS: GARY GILLATT +
ALAN BARNES



SO MUCH
FOR THE TRAXONNIA
RESEARCH
CLUSTER...

AND
THE KAPLI
REFUGEE
FLEET...

WHOOOPS,
THERE GOES THE
NINTH SONTARAN
ARMADA... SO LONG,
FELLAS...

AND
TRUST ME, FOLKS...
THAT'S JUST THE
TIP OF THE
ICEBERG.

LIKE I SAID, I'M NO SCIENTIST,
BUT THE PRINCIPLE'S SIMPLE
ENOUGH. JUST TAKE EVERY
SPECK OF DARK MATTER,
EVERY VIRTUAL PHOTON AND
EVERY QUANTUM PARTICLE
THAT EXISTS IN THE VACUUM
OF SPACE...

TINKER WITH
'EM A LITTLE, SO
THEY BECOME
ENTROPIC HOLES
THAT CONVERT
ANYTHING THEY
COLLIDE WITH
INTO BASIC
ENERGY...

AND VOILA!
OUTER SPACE
ITSELF BECOMES
ONE GIANT MINE
FIELD.

WHITE, IT'S
THE FIFTY-THIRD
CENTURY! THERE ARE
MILLIONS OF STAR-
FARING RACES IN
THE UNIVERSE...

BILLIONS
OF SPACE
CRAFT...

COUNTLESS
LIVES!



NOT
ANYMORE,
SON.

ANYONE
UNLUCKY ENOUGH
TO BE OUTSIDE A
PLANETARY
ATMOSPHERE JUST
CASHED THEIR LAST
PAY CHECK.

"THE DOOHICKEY THAT
CAUSED IT ALL IS
DOWNSTAIRS..."

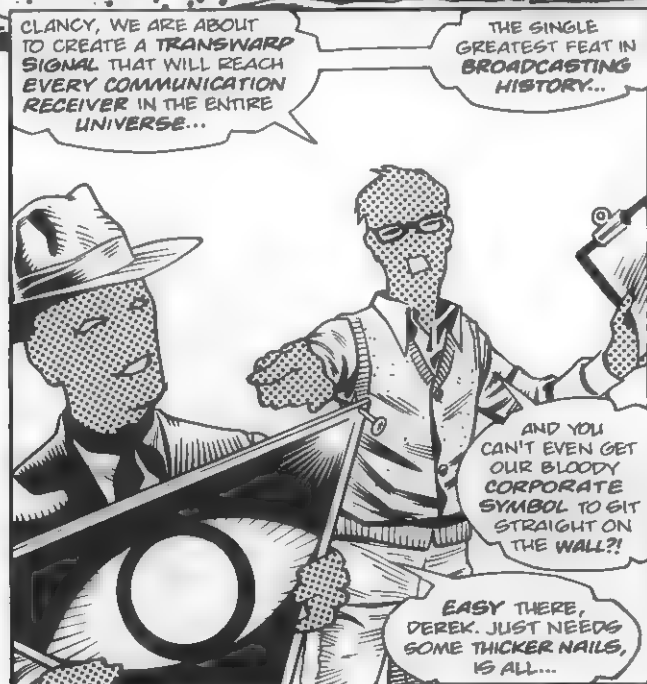
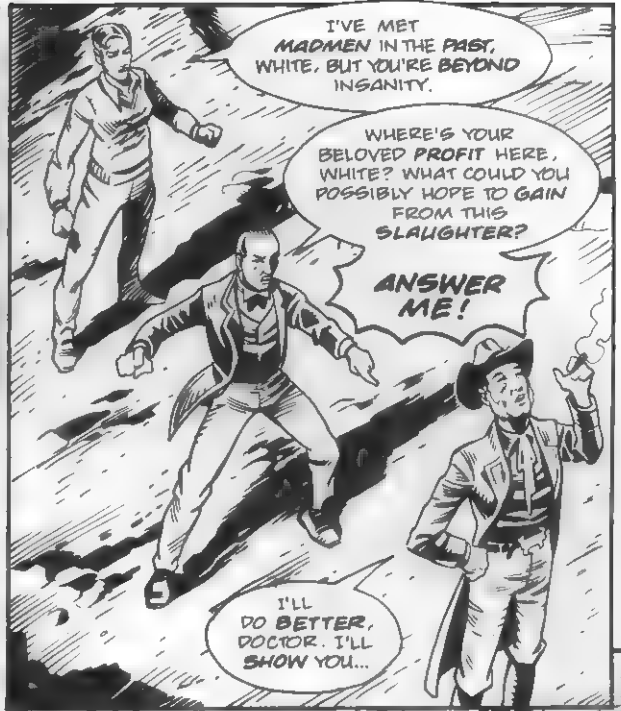
I'M TOO
LATE...



I'M TOO -
LUNGGH!!



GET
OFF ME, GIRL!
NOW!





...AND IN YOUR CURRENT STATE, YOU WON'T LAST MORE THAN A FEW MINUTES BEFORE IT PAN-FRIES YOUR BRAIN.

FOR WHAT PURPOSE? NO, WAIT, LET ME GUESS - YOU WANT THE TIME LORD GIFT OF UNIVERSAL TRANSLATION, DON'T YOU?

VERY GOOD, DOCTOR. WE CAN HARDLY TRANSMIT A MESSAGE TO ALL THE UNIVERSE IN ENGLISH, CAN WE?



"RASSILON TOLD ME THAT THE BOX HE GAVE YOU HELD THE SECRET. WHAT HAPPENED TO IT, CHASTITY?"

"DESTROYED WHEN THE DALEK HIVE DECOMPRESSED." SADLY, I WAS THE ONLY ONE PRIVILEGED TO WITNESS ITS GLORIOUS LIGHT..."

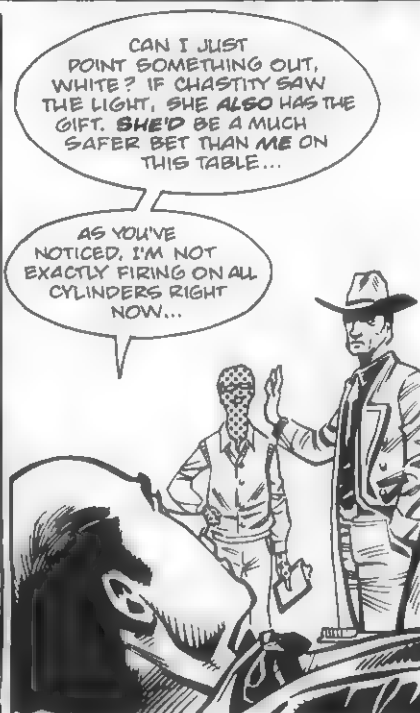
* SEE DWM 265



YOU DROPPED IT, DIDN'T YOU?

OF COURSE NOT-

GO ON, CHASTITY, ADMIT IT! YOU ~~LOST~~ THE BOX, AND THAT'S WHY THE THRESHOLD HAS HAD TO GO TO ALL THE TROUBLE OF KIDNAPPING ME! PATHETIC!



CAN I JUST POINT SOMETHING OUT, WHITE? IF CHASTITY SAW THE LIGHT, SHE ALSO HAS THE GIFT. SHE'D BE A MUCH SAFER BET THAN ME ON THIS TABLE...

AS YOU'VE NOTICED, I'M NOT EXACTLY FIRING ON ALL CYLINDERS RIGHT NOW...



HMMM...

YOU'VE GOT A POINT, DOCTOR. STRAP HER DOWN, BOYS.

WHAT?!

ABRAHAM, Y-YOU CAN'T BE SERIOUS!



THAT'S "MR WHITE" TO YOU, LADY. I AIN'T BEEN TOO IMPRESSED WITH YOUR WORK LATELY. I GOT A SOCK ON THE JAW THANKS TO YOU...

HERE'S WHERE YOU MAKE UP FOR YOUR CARELESSNESS.

NOOOO!!!



BLANKET THE OMNI-NET, DEREK, I WANT EVERY COMM-SCREEN FROM HERE TO KINGDOM COME UNDER OUR CONTROL.

IT'S SHOWTIME!

WATCH CAREFULLY, DOCTOR. YOU'RE GONNA LOVE THIS...

"RIGHT NOW, ALL ACROSS THE UNIVERSE, THE APOCALYPSE PROPHESED IN EVERY CULTURE SEEMS TO BE TAKIN' PLACE. PEOPLE ARE SCARED. THEY'RE LOOKIN' FOR SOMETHIN' TO BELIEVE IN..."

"AND THAT MEANS THEY'RE LOOKIN' FOR SOMETHIN' TO BUY."



ATTENTION PLEASE. THE VACUUM OF SPACE HAS SOMEHOW TRANSMUTED INTO A DEVASTATING ENERGY FIELD. REPORTS INDICATE THAT EVERY STARSHIP IN EXISTENCE HAS BEEN ATOMISED BY THE EFFECT. THE LOSS OF LIFE IS INCALCULABLE.

PLEASE REMAIN CALM. THE EFFECT SO FAR SEEMS CONFINED TO OUTER SPACE.

AND NOW, A WORD FROM OUR SPONSOR...



HOWDY, FOLKS, I'M ABRAHAM WHITE, MANAGIN' DIRECTOR OF THE THRESHOLD. I WISH I COULD BE SPEAKIN' TO Y'ALL UNDER HAPPIER CIRCUMSTANCES.

WE FACE A TIME OF CRISIS - A TIME OF TRAGEDY. BUT MAYBE SOMETHIN' GOOD CAN COME FROM IT...

MY COMPANY HAS BEEN DEVELOPIN' AN ALTERNATIVE ROUTE TO SPACE TRAVEL...



"THE LT 904 TELEPORT WINDOW IS THE STATE OF THE ART IN TRANS-DIMENSIONAL TRAVEL."



"IMAGINE STEPPIN' THROUGH A MAGIC DOORWAY THAT CAN TAKE YOU ACROSS YOUR TOWN - OR ACROSS YOUR GALAXY - IN THE BLINK OF AN EYE!"

"IT'S A GATEWAY TO INFINITE POSSIBILITIES. OUR WINDOWS CAN TRANSPORT FOOD TO THE HUNGRY, SHELTER TO THE NEEDY AND MEDICINE TO THE SICK..."

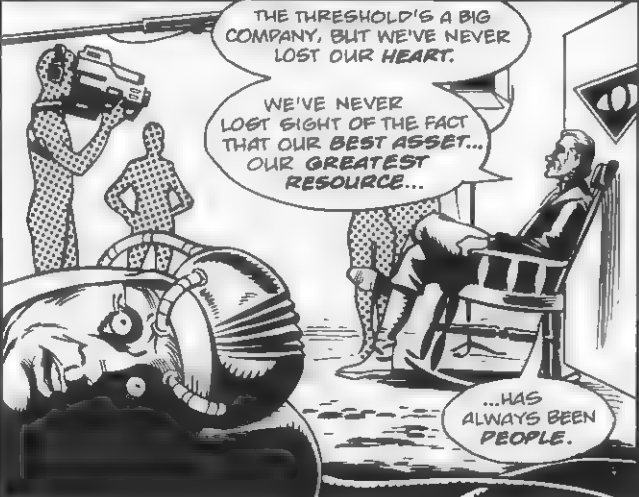
"...FOR A MODEST FEE."



THE THRESHOLD'S A BIG COMPANY, BUT WE'VE NEVER LOST OUR HEART.

WE'VE NEVER LOST SIGHT OF THE FACT THAT OUR BEST ASSET... OUR GREATEST RESOURCE...

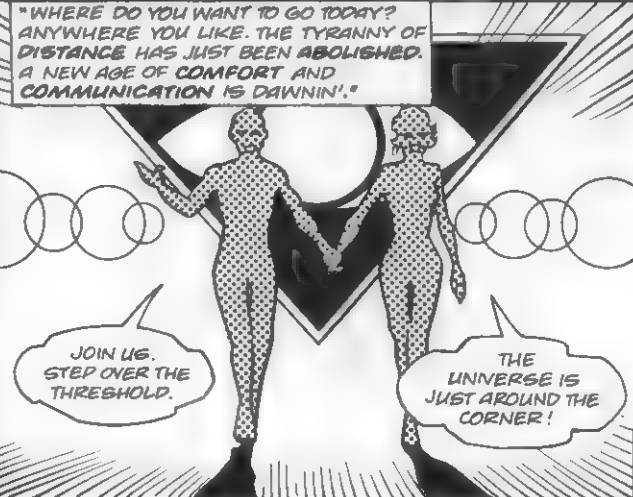
...HAS ALWAYS BEEN PEOPLE.



"WHERE DO YOU WANT TO GO TODAY? ANYWHERE YOU LIKE. THE TYRANNY OF DISTANCE HAS JUST BEEN ABOLISHED. A NEW AGE OF COMFORT AND COMMUNICATION IS DAWNIN'."

JOIN US. STEP OVER THE THRESHOLD.

THE UNIVERSE IS JUST AROUND THE CORNER!





ANNND... CUT!

BRAVO, EVERYONE, BRAVO!

WRAP PARTY'S AT MY PLACE, 9.30 BE FASHIONABLY LATE...



SO YOU'VE ENGINEERED A TOTAL MONOPOLY OVER THE TRAFFIC OF THE UNIVERSE... AND YOU'RE PAINTING YOURSELF AS ITS SAVIOUR?

DO YOU REALLY THINK THEY'LL BELIEVE ANY OF THAT CLAP-TRAP?

RECKON THEY DON'T HAVE MUCH CHOICE, MS FEY. THE THRESHOLD'S THE ONLY GAME IN TOWN, NOW...

THEY GO TO US OR THEY DON'T GO ANYWHERE.



WHO...?

GRACIE WITHERSPOON, SIR. I FOUND THIS ONE WANDERING AROUND DOWN BELOW...

UM, MAYBE I SHOULD TAKE HER AND HER FRIEND TO A MORE SECURE LOCATION..?



WELL, THAT'S RIGHT KIND OF YOU, YOUNG L-

NO!

ABRAHAM, THIS GIRL ISN'T PART OF MY PROGENY! SHE'S AN IMPOSTER!

PARIAH? DARLIN', ARE YOU SURE?

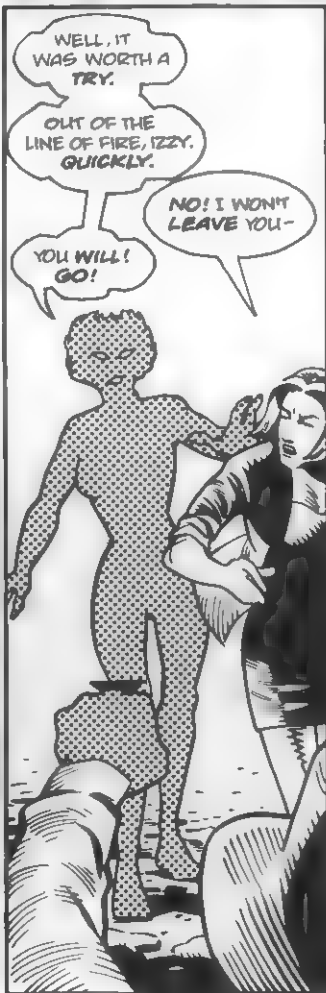


UH-OH

JUST SAY THE WORD, BOSS, AND WE'LL SCATTER HER CARCASS ACROSS THE CRAB NEBULA!

SETTLE DOWN, FELLAS.

YOU WANT TO EXPLAIN YOURSELF, LITTLE LADY? WE'RE ALL WAITIN'...

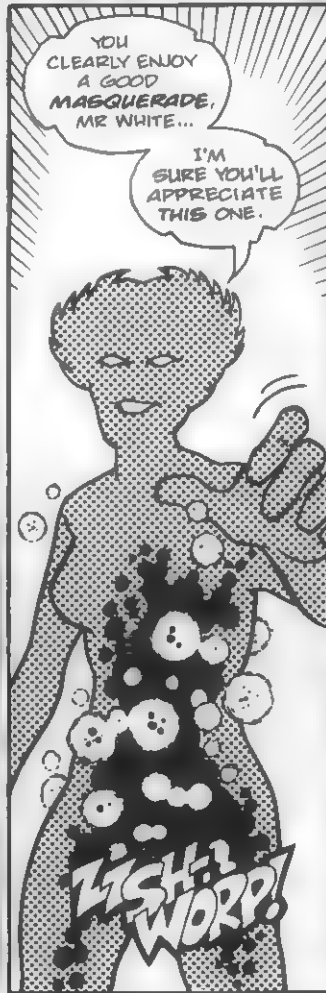


WELL, IT WAS WORTH A TRY.

OUT OF THE LINE OF FIRE, IZZY. QUICKLY.

NO! I WON'T LEAVE YOU-

YOU WILL! GO!



YOU CLEARLY ENJOY A GOOD MASQUERADE, MR WHITE...

I'M SURE YOU'LL APPRECIATE THIS ONE.

WISH-WORD!



I...

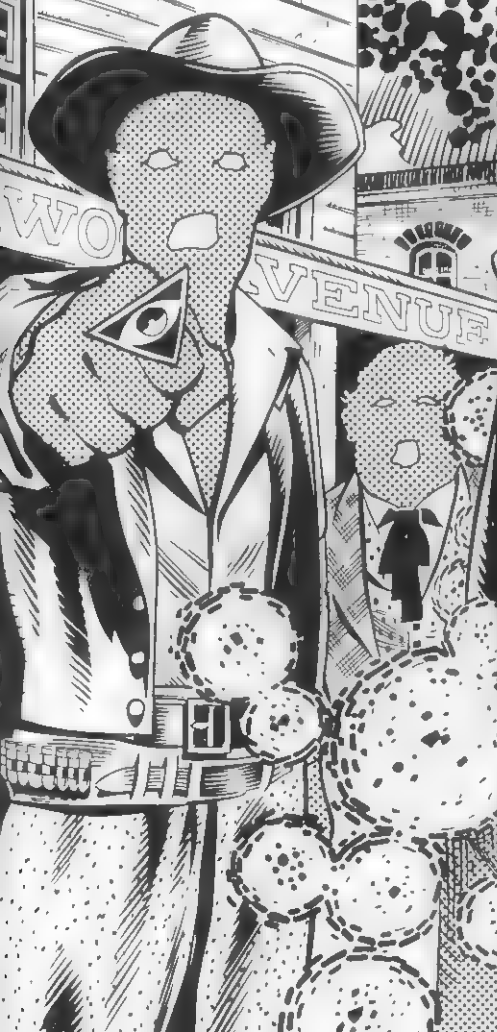
I DON'T BELIEVE IT...

DOCTOR?!?

FLINNY, FEY,
THAT'S JUST WHAT
IZZY SAID.

SORRY I'M
LATE, TRAFFIC WAS
MURDER. BUT WHY IS
EVERYONE'S JAW
SUDDENLY SCRAPING
THE GROUND?
HONESTLY...

YOU ALL LOOK
LIKE YOU'VE SEEN
A GHOST...

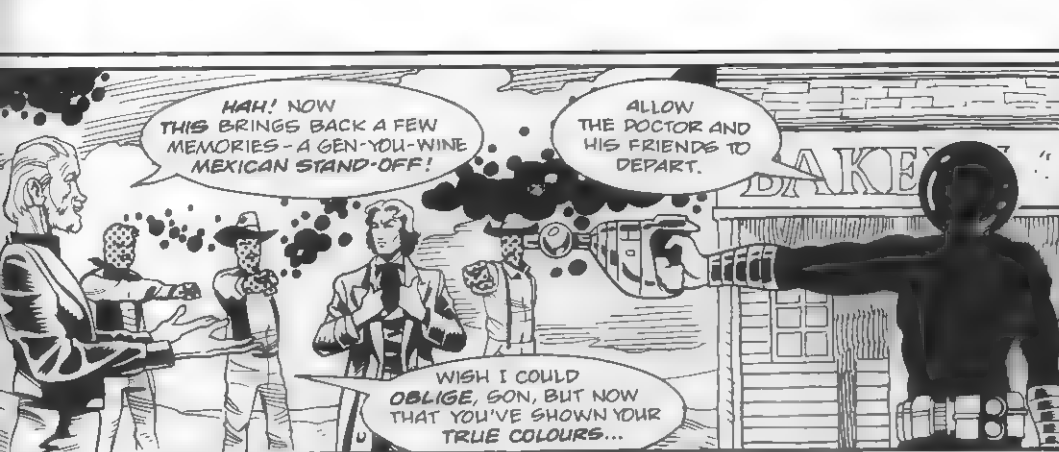


NEXT: "FINISH THE SUCKER"



STORY: SCOTT GRAY
PENCILS: MARTIN GERAGHTY
INKS: ROBIN SMITH
LETTERING: ELITTA FELL
EDITORS: GARY GILLATT + ALAN BARNES





HAH! NOW
THIS BRINGS BACK A FEW
MEMORIES - A GEN-YU-WINE
MEXICAN STAND-OFF!

ALLOW
THE DOCTOR AND
HIS FRIENDS TO
DEPART.

WISH I COULD
OBLIGE, SON, BUT NOW
THAT YOU'VE SHOWN YOUR
TRUE COLOURS...



...I KINDA
THINK THE
LITTLE
WOMAN WOULD
LIKE A WORD
WITH YOU

YOU KNOW
ME SO WELL,
MY LOVE!



DELIGHTED
TO MEET YOU,
SHAYDE!

NO WONDER
YOU SEEMED SO
FAMILIAR!
YOU'RE MY
SUCCESSOR!

THINK
FAST,
PILGRIM!

YIKES!



UNNGH!

ZNAKK!

SORRY, THE
PCC SEEMS TO BE
A LITTLE UNSTABLE -
OR IS THAT PAINFULLY
OBVIOUS?



FEY!
IZZY! WE'RE
LEAVING!

BUT -

NO
ARGUMENTS!
GET
MOVING!

ZNAKK!

SO YOU'RE
THE DOCTOR'S SERVANT
NOW, SHAYDE? RASSILON
WOULDN'T BE PLEASED.

KREESH!

THE
DOCTOR IS MY
ALLY AND MY FRIEND.
AND I HAVE A
DUTY TO STOP
YOU...

YOU WON'T
DO IT BY RUNNING AWAY,
SHAYDE. DON'T BOTHER
PHASING...

THERE'S
NOWHERE YOU
CAN GO THAT I CAN'T
FOLLOW...

HOW DARE
YOU?! SHAYDE'S ONE
OF US, AND YOU LEFT HIM
WITH THAT MONSTER LIKE
HE WAS JUST SO MUCH
CANNON FODDER!

FEY, THE
THRESHOLD HAVE
TAMPERED WITH THE
STRUCTURE OF THE ENTIRE
UNIVERSE! WE HAVE
NEVER BEEN SO CLOSE
TO TOTAL
EXTINCTION!

SHAYDE
UNDERSTANDS HOW
HIGH THE STAKES ARE.
HE'S BUYING US
TIME...

HOW DID
YOU COPY THE
DOCTOR SO WELL,
SHAYDE? A PERSONA
WHICH WAS FILLED
FROM THE
MATRIX?

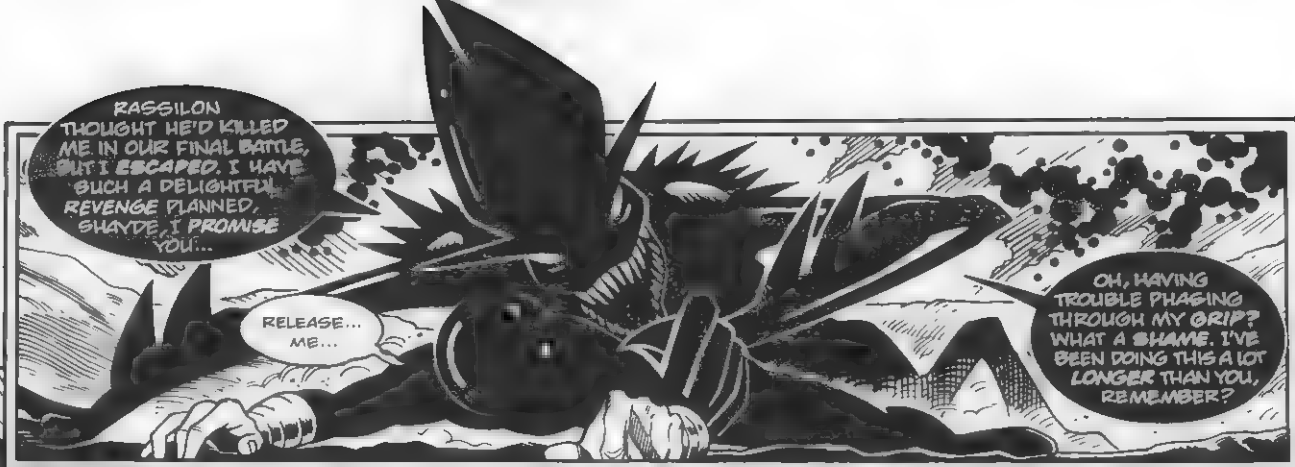
YOU COULDN'T
HAVE DONE SUCH A FINE
PERFORMANCE UNDAID. YOU'RE
A HOLLOW CREATURE,
AREN'T YOU?

WE'RE CUT FROM
THE SAME CLOTH. I WAS
JUST LIKE YOU ONCE:
FACELESS, SHAPELESS,
UNCONSCIOUS. I HAD
NO IDENTITY.

PERHAPS I AM
MERELY CONTENT TO
BE WHAT I AM...

YOU'RE
A WIND-UP TOY,
SHAYDE. A CHEAP
COPY OF ME.







I KNEW HE WASN'T YOU. DEEP DOWN, I KNEW.

I'M SORRY I COULDN'T LET YOU KNOW THE TRUTH



ENOUGH, DOCTOR, I WANT SOME ANSWERS! WHY DID YOU AND SHAYDE STAGE SUCH AN ELABORATE DECEPTION?

I KNEW SOMEONE WAS MANIPULATING YOU, FEY. IT WASN'T DIFFICULT TO DEDUCE WHOM.

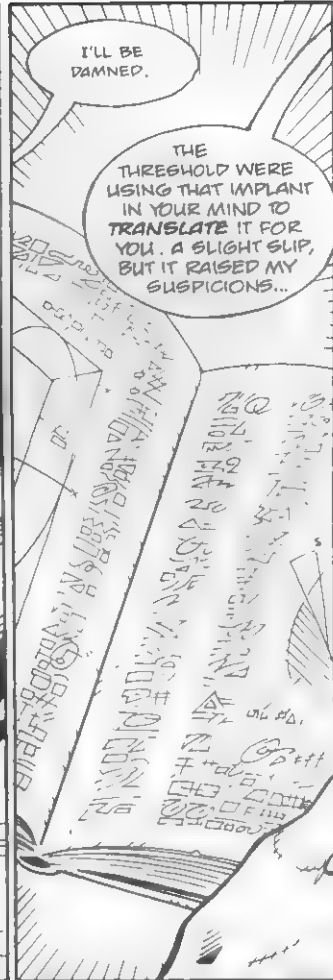


REMEMBER WHEN WE WERE ON GALLIFREY? WHEN YOU TOLD ME YOU HAD USED THE TARDIS MANUAL TO GET US THERE?*

YES...

LOOK AT THE MANUAL NOW

*SEE DWM 263.



I'LL BE DAMNED.

THE THRESHOLD WERE USING THAT IMPLANT IN YOUR MIND TO TRANSLATE IT FOR YOU. A SLIGHT SLIP, BUT IT RAISED MY SUSPICIONS...



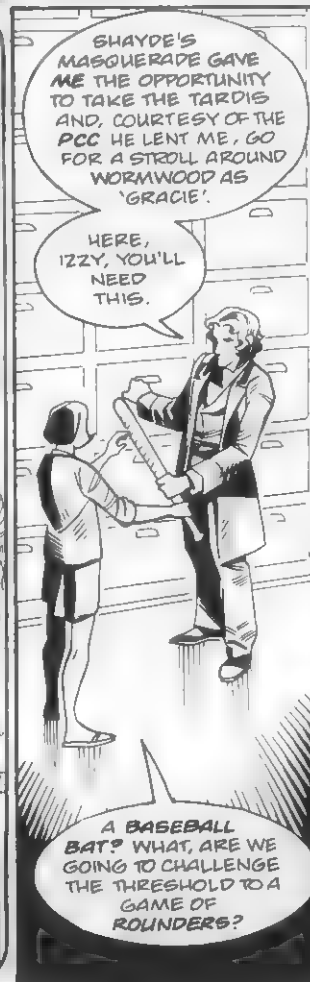
... AND SHAYDE CONFIRMED THEM WE DECIDED TO GIVE THE THRESHOLD PRECISELY WHAT THEY WANTED: A VULNERABLE DOCTOR, NEWLY REGENERATED. SOMEONE WHO WOULDN'T GIVE THEM ANY TROUBLE...

SOMEONE WHO MIGHT MAKE THEM RELAX THEIR GUARD A LITTLE.



"I STAYED INSIDE THE TARDIS WHILE SHAYDE PILOTED THE WATCHTOWER BACK TO THE PRESENT. THE TRAUMA IT CAUSED GAVE HIM THE PERFECT EXCUSE FOR THE 'REGENERATION'..."*

*SEE DWM 265.



SHAYDE'S MASQUERADE GAVE ME THE OPPORTUNITY TO TAKE THE TARDIS AND, COURTESY OF THE PCC HE LENT ME, GO FOR A STROLL AROUND WORMWOOD AS 'GRACIE'.

HERE, IZZY, YOU'LL NEED THIS.

A BASEBALL BAT? WHAT, ARE WE GOING TO CHALLENGE THE THRESHOLD TO A GAME OF ROUNDERS?



THAT'S PLAN B. I HAVE SOMETHING ELSE IN MIND.

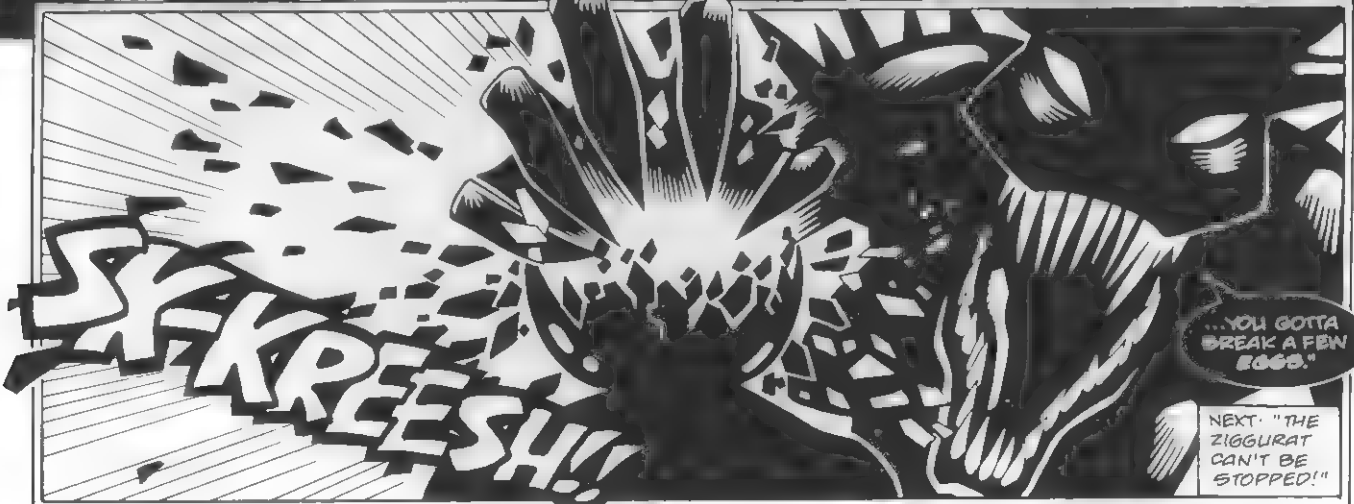


ABRAHAM'S TAUGHT ME ALL ABOUT PLANNING FOR THE LONG GAME. STUDY YOUR COMPETITION. ANTICIPATE ANY UNKNOWN FACTORS.

ADAPT TO DEAL WITH UNEXPECTED EVENTS.

BUT IF YOU REALLY WANT A PLAN TO SUCCEED...

...MINOR SACRIFICES WILL STILL HAVE TO BE MADE. IT'S A PITY, BUT AS ABRAHAM OFTEN LIKES TO SAY, "IF YOU WANT TO MAKE AN OMELETTE..."



"...YOU GOTTA BREAK A FEW EGGS."

NEXT: "THE ZIGGURAT CAN'T BE STOPPED!"



OH DEAR.
I SEEM TO HAVE
BROKEN RASSILON'S
FAVOURITE ACTION
FIGURE.

CLUMSY
OLD ME.

Part Six

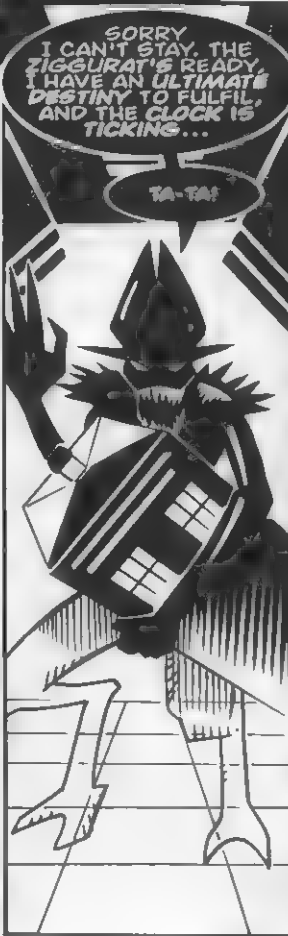
WORMWOOD

STORY: SCOTT GRAY
PENCILS: MARTIN GERAGHTY
INKS: ROBIN SMITH
LETTERING: ELITTA FELL
EDITORS: GARY GILLATT &
ALAN BARNUM



DO YOU
MIND IF I BORROW
YOUR TOY,
DOCTOR? I TRUST
YOU'VE HAD TIME TO
REPAIR IT?

WHAT...?



SORRY
I CAN'T STAY. THE
ZIGGURAT'S READY.
I HAVE AN ULTIMATE
DESTINY TO FULFIL,
AND THE CLOCK IS
TICKING...

TA-TA!



"ULTIMATE
DESTINY"?

DOCTOR,
WHY DOES SHE
WANT THE
TARDIS?

OH,
SHAYDE...

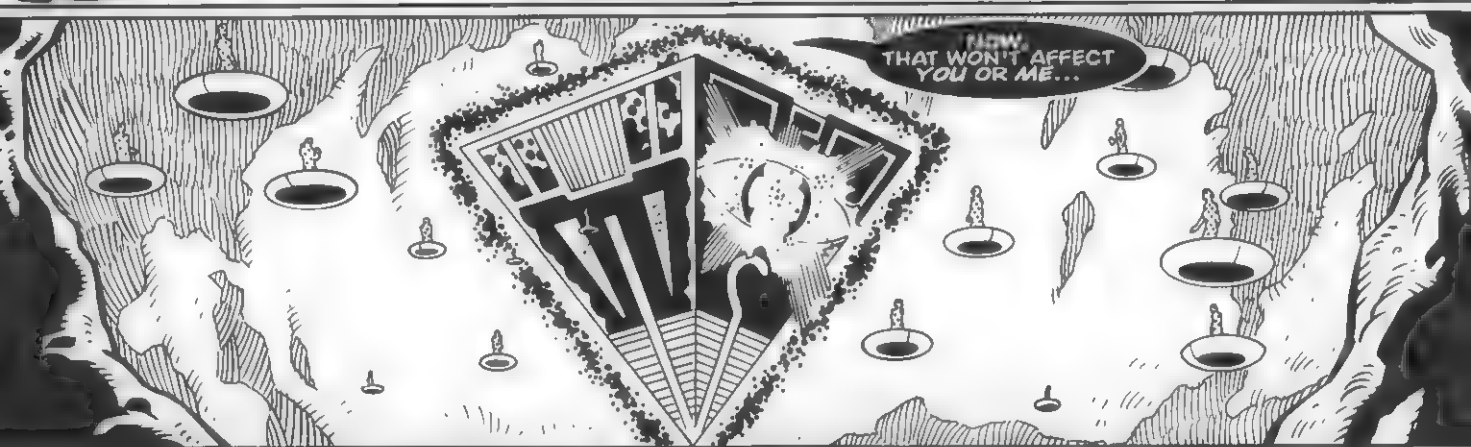


FORGIVE...
MY FAILURE.
FEY...

YOU'RE
ALIVE!

IT SEEMS
THAT I AM... AND I
HAVE DISCOVERED
THIS AT THE MOMENT
OF MY DEATH...

I...
BELIEVE I AM
FINALLY GRASPING
THE CONCEPT OF
IRONY...





OH MY GOD... WH-WHAT'S HAPPENING TO THEM?

TIME-TRAVEL... OF COURSE! THE ONE DIMENSION BARRED TO THE THRESHOLD WAS TIME! THE PARIAH HAD THIS PLANNED FROM THE VERY BEGINNING!

SHE'S DRAINING THEM ALL, FEEDING THE ZIGGURAT MORE ENERGY THAN IT CAN HANDLE!



NNNAARRGH!!

IT'S KILLING ALL OF THEM!

EVEN THEY DON'T DESERVE THIS. IT'S OBSCENE!



THE SITUATION ISN'T AS BAD AS I THOUGHT...

NO?

NO, IT'S INFINITELY WORSE. THE PARIAH IS A LIVING WEAPON - SHE'S LIKE A MISSILE THAT'S GAINED A MIND. SHE HAS A SENSE OF PURPOSE.



SO WHAT DOES THAT MEAN?

A WEAPON ONLY HAS ONE PURPOSE, IZZY.



YOU STINKIN' CRAZY... THEY WERE OUR PEOPLE!

YOU KILLED OUR PEOPLE!

IT'S WHAT I DO, DARLING. REMEMBER? DID YOU REALLY THINK I'VE HELPED YOU FOR THREE THOUSAND YEARS JUST TO FURTHER YOUR PETTY BUSINESS INTERESTS?



DID YOU TRULY BELIEVE I WOULD BE CONTENT WITH SIMPLY DESTROYING GALLIFREY?

AT THE MOMENT THE ZIGGURAT IS DELICATELY POISED TO DISRUPT ONLY THE GREAT VACUUM. BUT IN A FEW MINUTES THAT WILL CHANGE...



PLANETS WILL BE DESTROYED AS WELL. SO WILL STARS. NOTHING WILL BE LEFT. ABRAHAM. NOT A SINGLE HEARTBEAT. NOT EVEN A VOID.

ALL

WILL

DIE!



JUST ONE THING, SON...

I WANT A DIVORCE.

AAAKKK!!



YOUR "ULTIMATE DESTINY", PARIAH? THE LITTLE WEAPON WHO GREW UP TO KILL EVERYTHING?

AH, DOCTOR.

WHAT DO YOU HAVE TO SAY TO THAT, WHITE?



N-NO!

WE... WE... WON'T LAST MORE 'N A FEW MINUTES APART, DARLIN'...

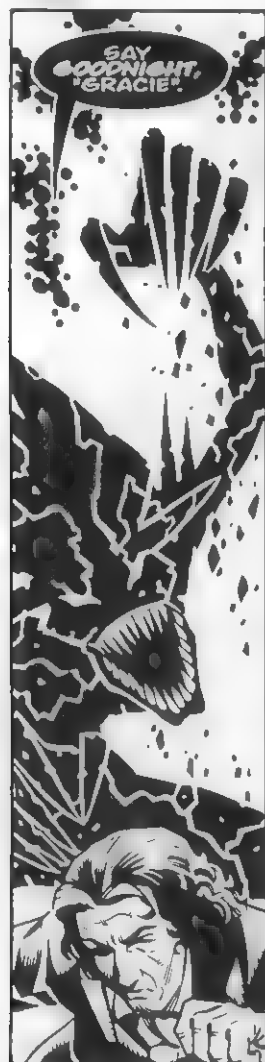
CHEW ON THAT...

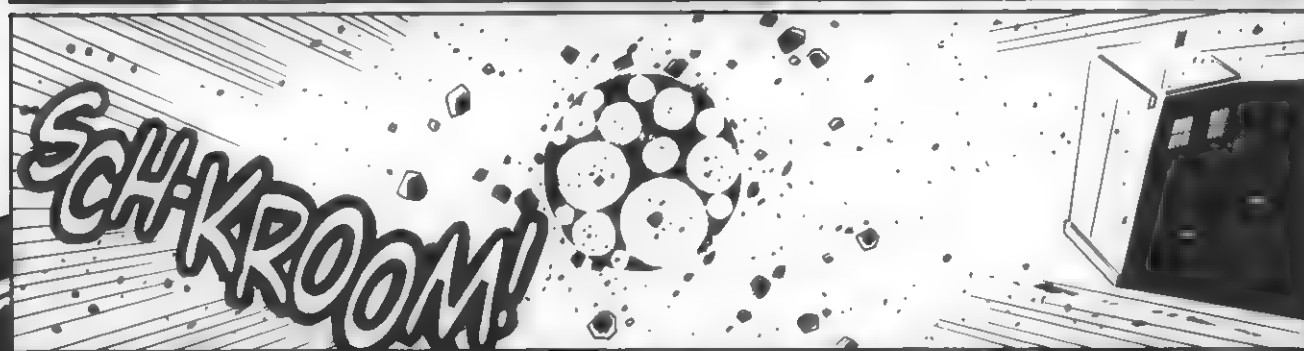
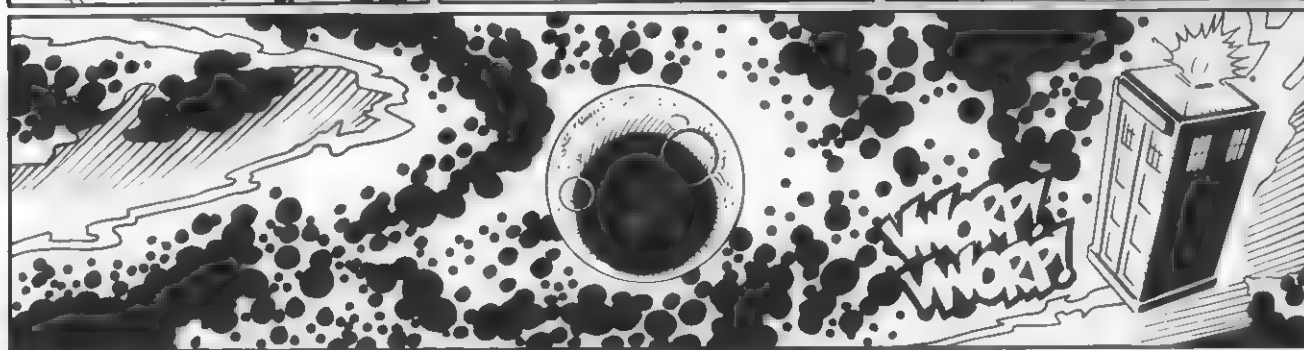
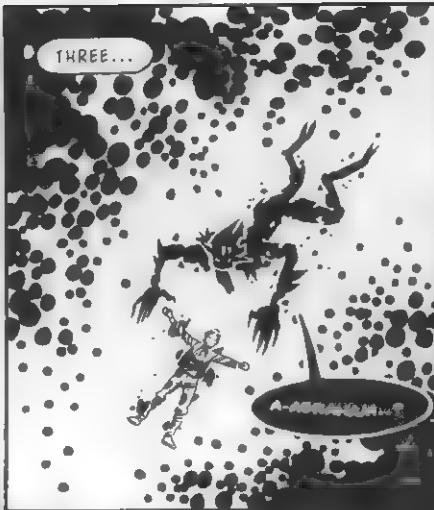


PERHAPS NOT, BUT I'LL STILL BE ALIVE, SAFE INSIDE THE ION SHIELD THAT'S PROTECTING WORMWOOD FROM THE ENERGY STORM...

SO MUCH FOR YOUR PERFECT SCORE, EH, PARIAH?







NO MORE ZIGGURAT... AND SPACE HAS REVERTED TO ITS NATURAL STATE. BUT THAT WAS AS CLOSE A SHAVE AS I CAN EVER RECALL...

A FEW MORE SECONDS AND THIS WOULD HAVE BEEN A VERY LONELY UNIVERSE...

DID I JUST... JUST...

BLOW UP THE MOON? YES.

DON'T BE UPSET, IZZY. CONSIDERING THE ALTERNATIVE, IT WAS A SMALL PRICE TO PAY.



TOO MAD.

YOU KNOW, I THINK THAT BAT'S PREVIOUS OWNER WOULD'VE BEEN PROUD OF YOU...

I KNOW I AM.



SO THAT'S IT FOR THE THRESHOLD? THEY'RE REALLY FINISHED?

I BELIEVE SO. FUNNY... I THOUGHT I'D BE CELEBRATING...

BUT RIGHT NOW IT ALL SEEMS LIKE SUCH A WASTE.

YOU'RE NOT THE TYPE TO GO DANCING ON ANYONE'S GRAVE, DOCTOR.



AND WHAT ABOUT YOU, FEY? YOU'VE BONDED WITH SHAYDE, BUT IN A RATHER DIFFERENT FASHION TO WHITE AND THE PARIAH'S UNION. HOW DO YOU FEEL?

VERY... BALANCED. SHAYDE'S SLEEPING WITHIN ME FOR NOW. WHEN HE WAKES UP, WE'LL HAVE A GREAT DEAL TO DISCUSS.

I'M AFRAID I'LL HAVE TO GO NOW...



BUT... FEY, YOU'VE JUST GOT HERE! AND EVERYTHING'S BEEN SO MANIC, WE NEVER EVEN GOT A CHANCE TO... WELL, TALK...

I... I KNOW, IZZY. I WANT TO STAY, BUT MY LIFE JUST BECAME CONSIDERABLY MORE COMPLICATED. I HAVE NEW RESPONSIBILITIES NOW.



I CAN HEAR RASSILON CALLING. HE'S IN FOR QUITE A SURPRISE. SO IS KING. BECAUSE COME TO THINK OF IT...

GOODBYE.



DON'T BE A STRANGER, "FEYDE".

NOT TO WORRY, DOCTOR. IF I NEED YOU TWO I CAN ALWAYS WHISTLE, REMEMBER?



I'LL MISS HER. SHE'S QUITE A L-

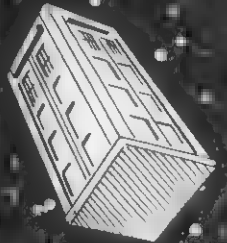
HEY! WHAT'S THAT FOR?

JUST FOR BEING YOU. AND PLEASE... TRY STAYING YOU, ALRIGHT?



SCOUT'S HONOUR, IZZY, THIS BODY'S JUST GETTING WARMED UP!

NOW, THERE'S A TERRIFIC RESTAURANT ON SETATNIS IX I'VE BEEN MEANING TO TRY... I DON'T KNOW ABOUT YOU, BUT I'M STARVING!



THE END.



THIS IS A STORY OF TWO WORLDS
THE ONE WE KNOW AND
ANOTHER WHICH EXISTS ONLY IN...



I MAKE THAT STEP
NUMBER TWO HUNDRED
AND FIFTY THOUSAND.
EXACTLY. AND THAT'S
FAR ENOUGH.

I MEAN,
WHAT IF THEY
DON'T LET US
IN?

PSHAW.
WHERE'S YOUR
SENSE OF
ADVENTURE?



IT DIED, DOCTOR.
I DIED. YOU DIED. THE
TARDIS DIED.

WE WERE IN
THE VORTEX. THE CONSOLE
BLEW UP. WE WOKE UP ON
THIS STAIRWAY TO HEAVEN.
IT'S ALL OVER. THAT'S IT.



I KNOW, AND I'M
SORRY, BUT LOOK
ON THE BRIGHT
SIDE--

IT'S NOT EVERY
DAY WE GO SOME-
WHERE LIKE
THIS!



SILENCE IN COURT!

HOPE
YOU'VE BEEN
A GOOD GIRL,
IZZY--

TODAY IS
JUDGEMENT
DAY.

A LIFE OF MATTER & DEATH

SCRIPT: ALAN BARNES. ART: SEAN LONGCROFT (& MARTIN GERAGHTY)
LETTERS: ELITTA FELL. EDITORS: GARY GILLATT & SCOTT GRAY.

ATTENTION, JURORS OF
THE LIMBO INBETWEEN!
WE ARE GATHERED HERE
TO DETERMINE THE FATE
OF THESE TWO LOST SOULS.
WILL THEY RESIDE
UP ABOVE--

--OR BURN IN
TORMENT DOWN
BELOW? HEH HEH!

I'M STARTING TO
GET A BAD FEELING
ABOUT THIS...

YOU'RE
NOT THE ONLY
ONE.

WE SHALL
JUDGE THE DOCTOR
FIRST. WITNESSES FROM
BEYOND WILL TESTIFY
AS TO HIS TRUE
NATURE--

CALL
GENERAL
IRONICUS!



AND SO...

I WAS BUT A LOYAL
SERVANT OF THE GALACTIC
ROMAN EMPIRE. MY IRON
LEGION KEPT OUR WORLDS
AT PEACE--

--UNTIL THE DOCTOR
CAME! HE FERMENTED
REBELLION! REVOLUTION! HE
OVERTHREW THE EMPEROR
ADOLPHUS CAESAR --AND
BLEW HIS MOTHER, TOO! I
BEG THE COURT--

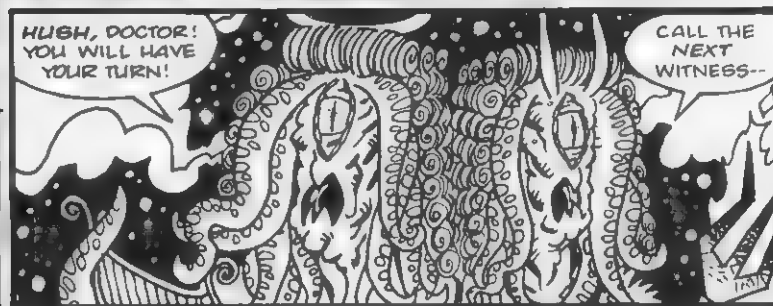


--SEND THIS
ANARCHIST TO
HELL!

OBJECTION!

DOCTOR,
DON'T! THIS
ISN'T CROWN
COURT--

GOD, YOU
CAN BE REALLY
EMBARRASSING...



HUSH, DOCTOR!
YOU WILL HAVE
YOUR TURN!

CALL THE
NEXT
WITNESS--



"--CALL JOSEPH
W. DOGBOLTER!"

ONCE I WAS THE
CHAIRMAN OF 43
COMPANIES! I WAS
BUSINESS ALIEN OF
THE YEAR! INTRA
VENUS INC WAS
BOOMING--

AND THEN
THE DOCTOR MEDDLED
IN MY AFFAIRS! IT STOCK
EXCHANGES CRASHED!
THERE WAS A RUN ON
THE ALTARIAN DOLLAR!
CHILDREN
STARVED--

--EXCUSE
ME--



BUY! BUY! SELL!
BUY! SELL! SELL!
BUY!

DOCTOR, IS
ANY OF THIS
TRUE?

OF
COURSE NOT.
DOGBOLTER AND
IRONICUS CAN'T WAIT
TO GET THEIR PITCH-
FORKS INTO
ME--

THEY'D
SAY ANYTHING
TO PUT ME IN
THE OTHER
PLACE!



"CALL BEEP
THE MEEP!"

PLEASE, YOUR
WORSHIPFULNESSES
...I WAS BUT A HUMBLE
AMBASSADOR, SENT TO PLANET
EARTH TO FORGE A FRIENDSHIP
BETWEEN OUR WORLDS...

BUT THE
DOCTOR TURNED THE
HUMANS AGAINST ME,
SENT A SQUAD OF VICIOUS
WARTH WARRIORS TO
TRACK ME DOWN! IT
MAKES ME SO...
SO...

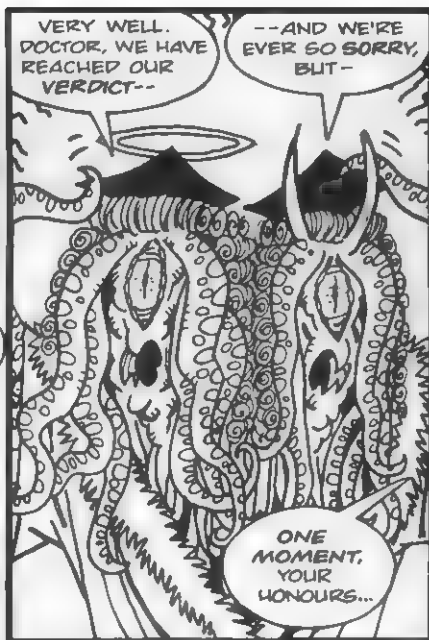
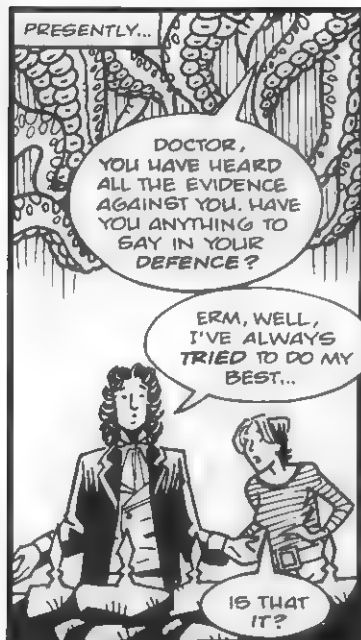


...ANGRY!

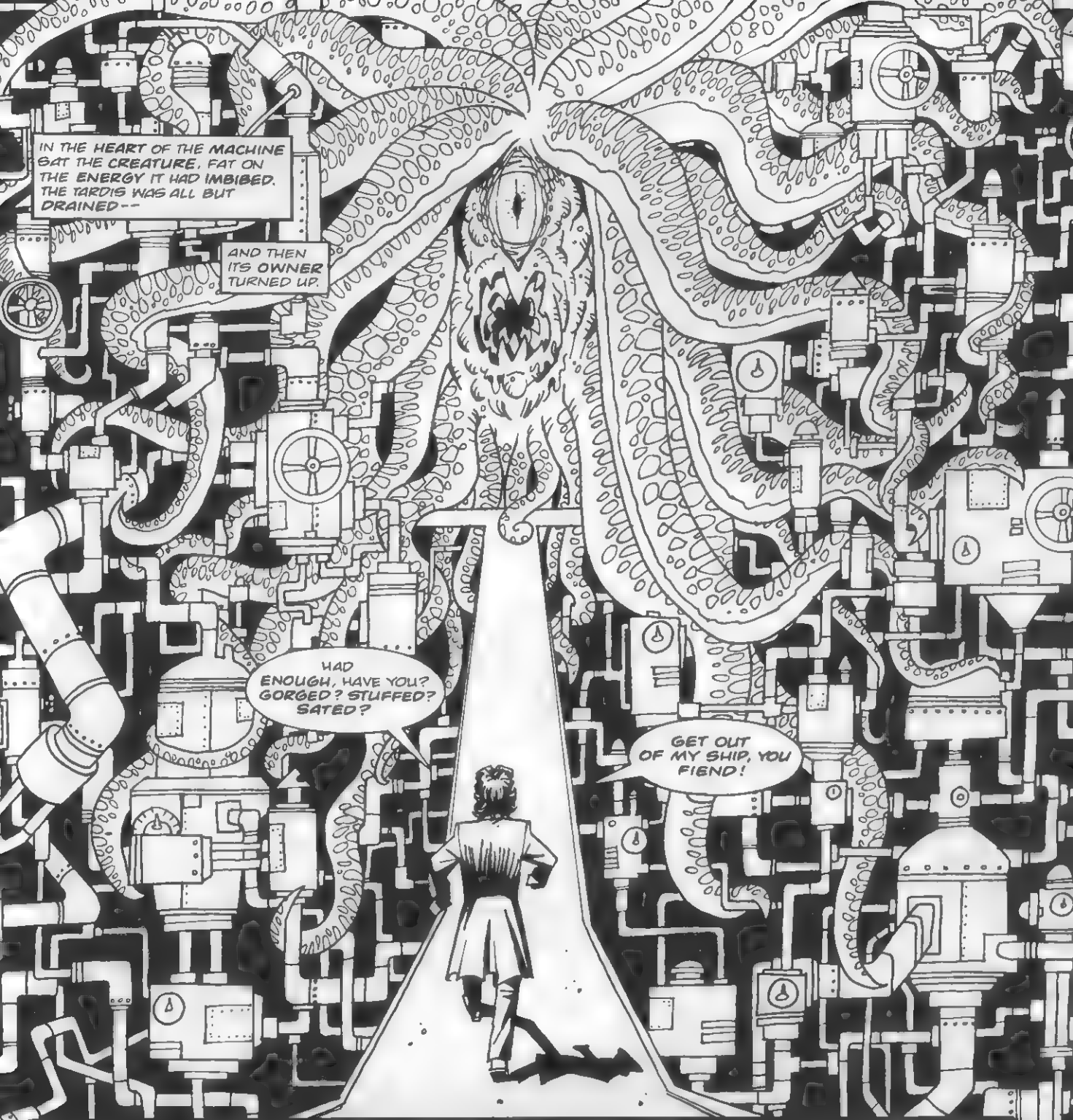
DIE, YOU DO-GOODING
NONENTITY! DIE! DIE!
DIE!

WAAAH!

RESTRAIN
THAT
MEEP!







IN THE HEART OF THE MACHINE
SAT THE CREATURE, FAT ON
THE ENERGY IT HAD IMBIBED.
THE TARDIS WAS ALL BUT
DRAINED--

AND THEN
ITS OWNER
TURNED UP.

HAD
ENOUGH, HAVE YOU?
GORGED? STUFFED?
SATED?

GET OUT
OF MY SHIP, YOU
FIEND!

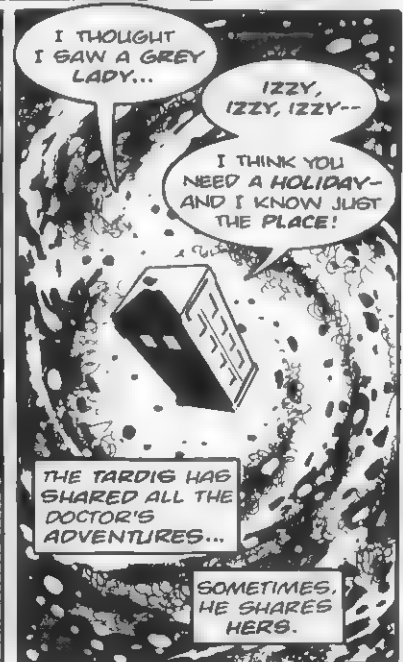
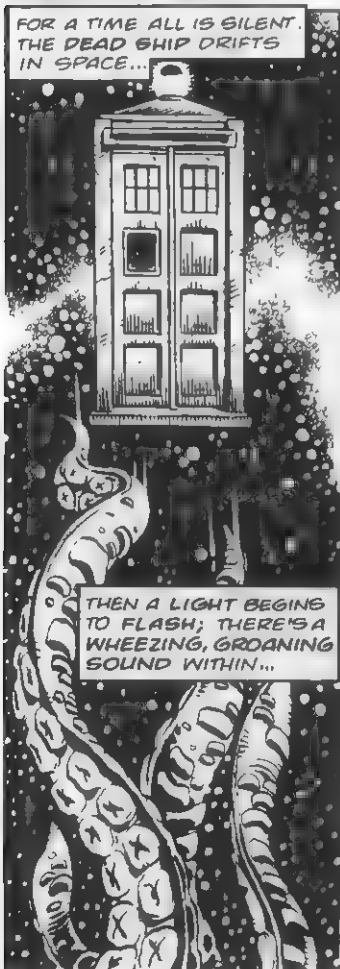
YOU!
I KNOW YOU.
I NEARLY ATE
YOU IN THE DATA
BANKS--

PUNY
THING, I'LL HAVE
YOU NOW!

WILL YOU?
ALL THIS IS A
SIMULACRUM, AN
ACORPOREAL
MANIFESTATION
CREATED BY THE TARDIS.
YOU'VE ABSORBED SO
MUCH DATA, YOU'RE
PART OF THE SHIP
ITSELF--

IF I
DESTROY YOU ON
THIS PLANE, I
CAN EXORCISE YOUR
PRESENCE FROM THE
REAL WORLD!





THE END.

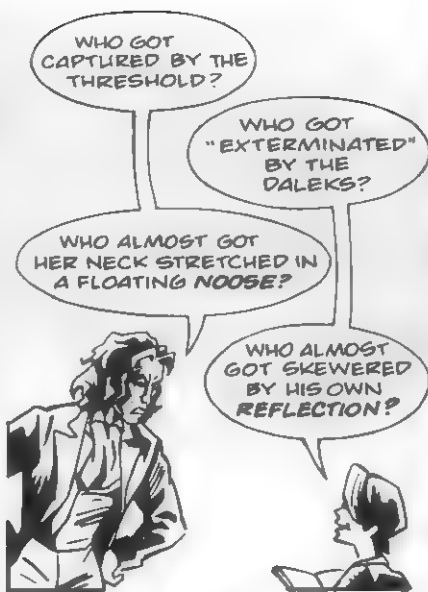
THE CITY-STATE OF
TOR-KA-NOM, 2708AD...

By hook or by Crook

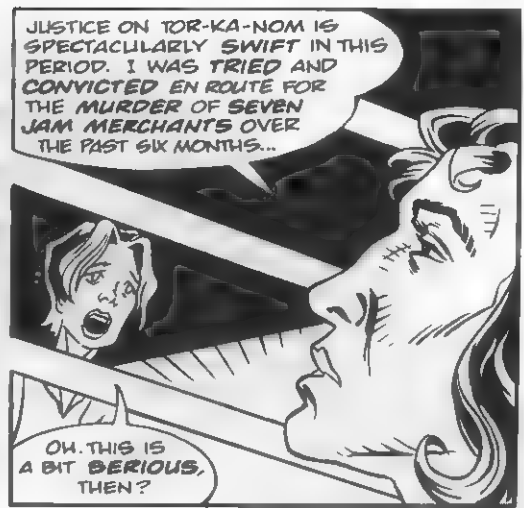
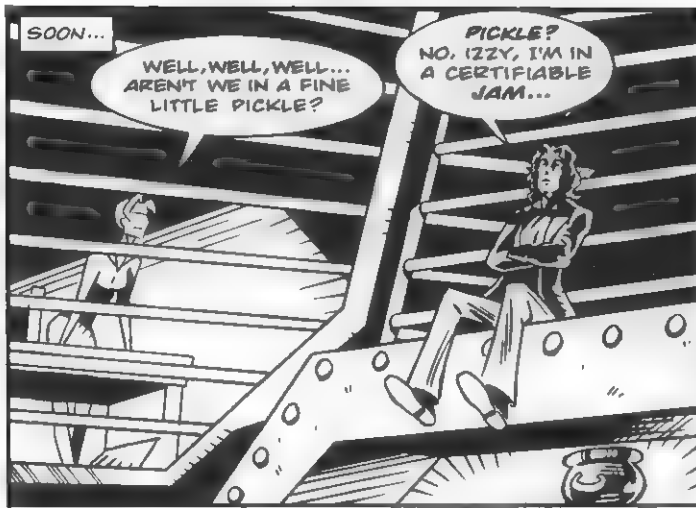


STORY: SCOTT GRAY
ART: ADRIAN SALMON
LETTERING: ELITTA FELL
EDITORS: GARY GILLATT + ALAN BARNES





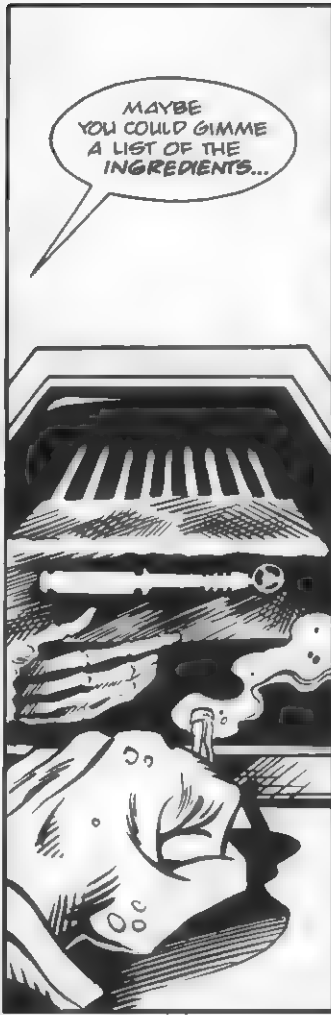




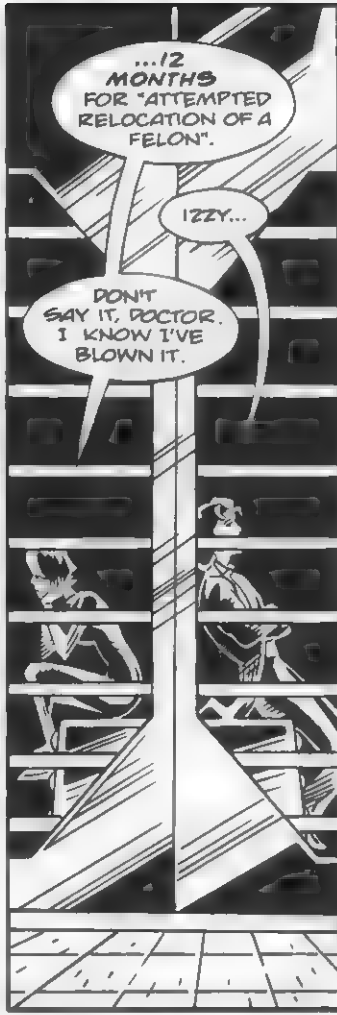


THAT "CAKE" SWEET-HEART... YOU BAKE IT YOURSELF?

UH-HUH.



MAYBE YOU COULD GIMME A LIST OF THE INGREDIENTS...



...12 MONTHS FOR "ATTEMPTED RELOCATION OF A FELON".

IZZY...

DON'T SAY IT, DOCTOR. I KNOW I'VE BLOWN IT.



WH-WHAT?

WITH LUCK, THE OLD GIRL SHOULD GET YOU HOME.



YOU... YOU'RE TALKING LIKE THIS IS REALLY IT...

IF IT IS, THEN I'M READY, IZZY. I HAVE VERY FEW REGRETS IN MY LIVES...



...BUT ONE OF THEM IS THAT I DIDN'T GET TO SHOW YOU MORE OF THE UNIVERSE'S WONDERS.

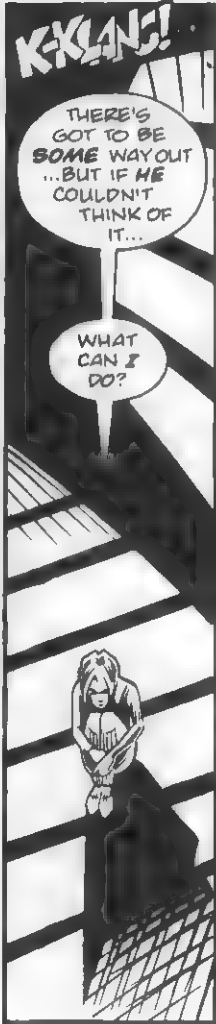
YOU WOULD HAVE LOVED THE LIBRARY AT ALEXANDRIA.



IT'S TIME, MY SON.

GOODBYE, IZZY.

NO... DOCTOR...



K-K-K-K-K!

THERE'S GOT TO BE SOME WAY OUT... BUT IF HE COULDN'T THINK OF IT...

WHAT CAN I DO?









COMMENTARY

Written by **ALAN BARNES** and **SCOTT GRAY**

Doctor Who
THE STOCKBRIDGE CHANGELINGS
A three-part story by Alan Barnes
Revised synopsis

PART ONE
A Suckbridge, a quaint English hamlet, a late Sunday afternoon, now. The Fell, a
unit of monstrous alien mercenaries, a slightly more cerebral cross between the
Ogrons and the Werslofs have landed, and are attacking the village.
The villagers congregates in the parish church, and muster their defenses
as best they can. Amongst them fourteen-year-old twin sisters Imogen and Izzy
Marwood; the former a neurotic, bookish shrinking violet, the latter a tomboy (Yin
and Yang).

In the confusion, they escape the building. Imogen, however, is caught by the Fall. She and the remainder of the village's children are led away and taken before Mister Snatching - a sinister yellow hard-faced funerary-painted (human?) individual who has hired The Fall (he's rather like the Chudsgalcher in *Chilly Chilly Being Bang*) - to the line of children (obviously searching for one in

[illegible][illegible]

ENDGAME

by Alan Barnes

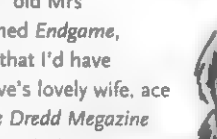
Endgame was a cut-and-shunt job made out of two very different storylines – *The Stockbridge Changelings* and *The Hand of God*.

The Stockbridge Changelings came first. At this stage, it wasn't entirely certain we'd be able to use the Paul McGann Doctor at all – the rights situation hadn't been confirmed – which is why the storyline didn't feature a companion, new or otherwise. Had we not been able to go ahead, the story could have featured any other Doctor, travelling alone – probably the Fourth, cos we'd elected to write the Eighth in a very brash, quite wacky style, very much a return to the Doctor of the **Doctor Who Weekly** days. This isn't meant as a snub to where the strip had been headed in the few years previously, but editor Gary Gillatt, assistant editor Scott Gray and myself all felt that the character of the Doctor needed to be bigger on the strip page: someone as introverted and opaque as the *New Adventures* Seventh Doctor in the lead seemed to result in quite introverted and opaque stories, by and large. Any of those stories had been

good – and some, like Andrew Cartmel's *Fellow Travellers* and Scott's own *The Uninvited Guest*, genuinely great – but with a different Doctor, a new approach seemed in order. It felt really quite daring to write a 'thinks' balloon for the Doctor into the finished Part Two – something which had fallen out of fashion in the 'mature readers' revolution in comics led by former **Doctor Who Weekly** back-up strip hack Alan Moore.

So, back we went to Stockbridge -- the small English village which was invaded by robot Roman legionaires in the first page of the first **Weekly** strip, *Doctor Who and the Iron Legion*, then expanded upon by writer Steve Parkhouse in the Fifth Doctor strips from *The Tides of Time* on. Hence the "old Mrs Parkhouse" line in the finished *Endgame*, although if I'd have known that I'd have ended up working with Steve's lovely wife, ace letterer Annie, on the *Judge Dredd Magazine* in just a few years' time, I might have thought better of it. (That said, she's never baked me a scone.)

Stockbridge was uniquely ours, a symbol of what we were trying to do



– to stake out a bit of territory that the **DWM** strip could claim as its own. The story itself was... OK. Stockbridge was invaded by alien mercenaries collectively known as The Fell (cue knowing self-referential caption: 'The Fell fell on Stockbridge!' Bad, bad idea...). Fourteen year-old twin sisters Imogen and Izzy Marwood, one bookish, one a tomboy, are tracked down by The Fell's employer, a Childcatcher type called 'Mr Snitching', who's seeking the

HELLO. MY NAME IS 122V
WANNA GO SEE SOME
UFOS?

Left: Alan Barnes' synopsis for *The Stockbridge Changelings*.

Below: Alan's first sketch of new companion Izzy.





Above: Our first ever glimpse of Stockbridge in 1979's *The Iron Legion*.

Right and opposite: More detailed studies of Izzy by artist Martin Geraghty.

descendant of a clone child imprinted with the DNA of an executed alien criminal, the sorceress Myrwidin. The line has been gathering mass ever since the child was hidden on Earth centuries before by Myrwidin's acolytes – but the fated seventh daughter of the line, destined to be reincarnated as Myrwidin, has been born as twins. Izzy gets away, but is pursued by The Fell and an amorphous "giant, moving mouth" called The Shape – and is only saved when she bumps into the newly-arrived Doctor at the end of Part One: "Hello, I'm the Doctor. And when I say run..." Cue lots of chase-capture-escape jolliness, livened up by Stockbridge being 'terraformed' to resemble Myrwidin's homeworld and the Doctor being swallowed whole by The Shape at the end of Part Two (the get-out being he makes it spew him out from inside its guts, a plot device I later offered to Clayton Hickman for the Big Finish audio *The One Doctor*). Anyway, Imogen and Izzy are combined to make up the new Myrwidin, and there's a real cop-out ending involving some sort of antibody, stabilising the Imogen/Izzy hybrid. (In an epilogue, 'Imozy' is visited by an agent of the Threshold, promising her great things for the future. I can't remember if we were actually going anywhere with this.)

It's all good fun, but a bit inconsequential – which is probably why Gary Gillatt asked me to instead introduce the comic strip Eighth Doctor by pitting him against a past enemy. There's a list of possibles scribbled on the back of my *Stockbridge Changelings* synopsis, in fact: the Rani, the Black Guardian, Morgaine (!!) ... but the Toymaker, I recall, was chosen on the grounds that he's one of the very few 'big', comic strip-style villains in the canon – you could just about imagine him taking on Adam West's Batman. (Actually, maybe the thinking was 'big villains... Batman... Alfred the butler... Michael Gough... Toymaker!' I daresay that there was a laboured joke intended in giving the Toymaker a butler, or batman,

Dear Scott.

Just a couple
of visuals of 'Izzy'
as requested – the pose
line gives her overtaken
Probably makes her look
a little more statuesque
and leggy than I intended
but let me know what
you think! -cheers.
M.

in Marwood, named after Paul McGann's *Withnail & I* character. But we're getting ahead of ourselves...)

And so, *The Hand of God* – which really wasn't much cop. It started out in an English country house, in a real-life game of Cluedo (that's 'Clue' if you're American, and don't appreciate the pun). The Doctor arrives at the scene after the two of hearts gets played in a game of poker, but his TARDIS is stolen by giant Morph-style plasticene men covertly commanded by a crossword-solving Colonel, soon revealed to be the Toymaker. Cut to the Toymaker's "wild pop-art Celestial Toyroom", for some unfathomable reason located inside "a giant airship/blimp cruising through space". The Toymaker and his various 'playthings', including, for another unfathomable reason, a playboy Draconian Prince, is headed for a distant planet where some powerful McGuffin called the Infinity Crucible is supposedly located (and despite a full page's worth of exposition being devoted to it, I can't tell you what this Infinity Crucible actually does). Anyway, the Toymaker needs the time-sensitive Doctor to navigate the surface of the planet, which is governed not by cause-and-effect, but by chance. This is actually quite a neat idea, cos the Doctor would have rolled dice to determine his direction. (As I remember, a few pages would have been done in 'make your own adventure' style – you know, 'To go right, turn to panel 24. To go left, turn to panel 37. To die in a horribly unsatisfactory random manner, turn to panel 5', that sort of thing...) But the only important story points which made the finished *Endgame* were the crossword clues, ACME weapons and a lethal version of Hangman, in which a 'playbeing' is saved from execution when the Doctor calls out "Mercy". The thrilling airship-plummets-to-the-ground scenes, meanwhile, had to wait for another story, in another medium...

But by the time I sent this one in (yes, kids: less than ten years ago, we printed out stories and posted them – no, really!), Gary had been told that yes, we definitely could use the McGann Doctor. Since the Eighth Doctor is travelling alone at the end of the TV Movie, and knowing that his first book appearance wasn't going to be for another year or so (we couldn't have tied the lines together, even if we'd wanted to), we'd have to evolve a companion of our own. Out of the chaos of changing priorities, it was decided to use the girl (and setting) from *The Stockbridge Changelings*, with the villain and games-playing set pieces of *The Hand of God* grafted in.

Izzy's character, I guess, arose from a desire to be simply contrary: I thought it'd be fun to invert the 'new-companion-sees-inside-of-the-TARDIS-and-boggles' scene by having her disappointed that it's not more spacey (which is why I was rather amused when Rose Tyler complains that the Ninth Doctor can't give her more Spock in *The Empty Child*, but a greater mind than mine has thought alike). That, and the thought of reusing Steve Parkhouse's Maxwell Edison as a way to link to the Doctor's past led to the geek-girl stuff, 'cos sending up the then-huge *X-Files* with Max and Izzy as a crap Mulder and Scully seemed irresistible. For contrast with the recent past, it was important that she was (to use the 1996 vernacular) mad for it – travelling with the Doctor was going to be fun, a total blast, with no Ace-style brooding in the bedroom. Gary wanted a more human, fallible

character than the gun-toting *New Adventures Ace*, and suggested she should smoke – which was a rare example of his usually sharp instincts deserting him, and she ended up instead with a fearfully gippy tummy (like mine) and an inability to swim (like Gary). Physically, she was modelled on Louise Wener, it-girl lead singer of band-of-the-moment Sleeper, with (as Scotty very sensibly pointed out) peroxide streaks to frame her face and give an instant shorthand to her appearance. (And yes, I do appreciate the fact that Sleeper were utterly rubbish, even though, thanks to Izzy, I still hum *What Do I Do Now?* in the shower.)

The splicing-together of the two was done when Scotty came over to my flat on the Bank Holiday Monday when the TV Movie





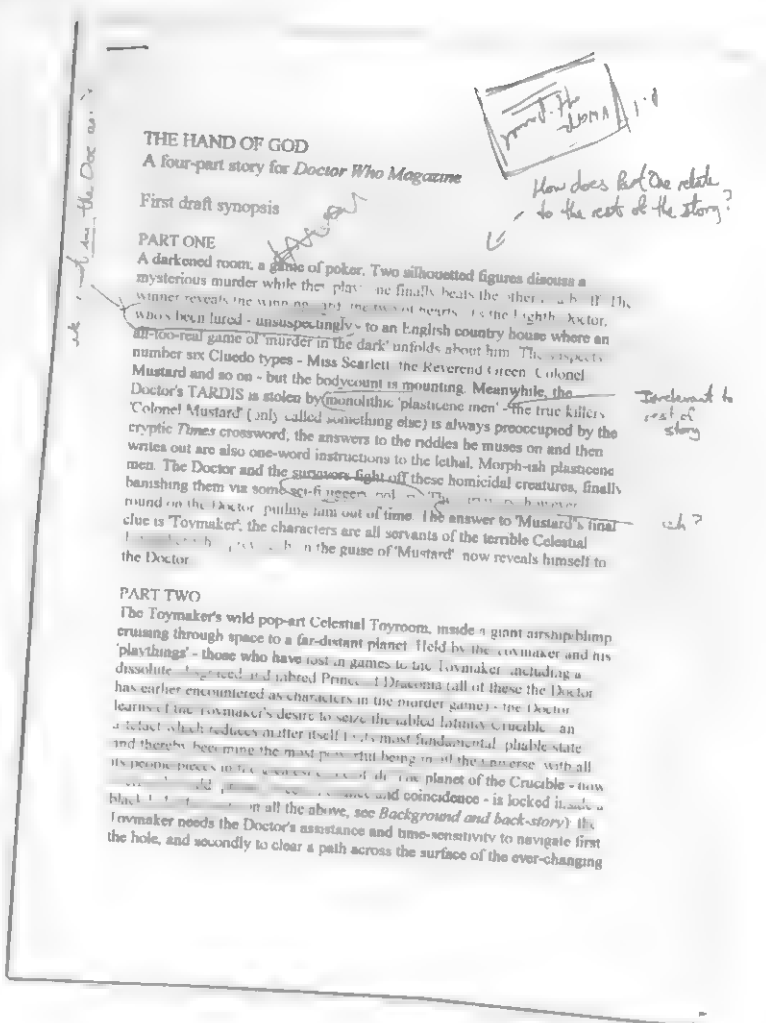


was shown, which rather illustrates how tight the deadline was. Despite the occasionally trippy ambience of the finished piece, I'd like to stress that we in no way got ripped to the tits on jazz cigarettes, then turned off the McGann film to watch *What's Up, Tiger Lily?* and dodgy 1930s talking dog shorts instead. (That would have been irresponsible and utterly wrong.) Anyway, Scotty came up with the exaggerated, playing-card style Imagineum-Doctor, and it's a shame we never used him again as we'd once planned to.

I'm terribly proud of the finished *Endgame*, which despite its rather tortuous coming-together, retains the freshness and excitement you get when you set yourself the task of showing something new on every single page, and stick to it. **AB**



As soon as I'd finished *Endgame*, I was summoned down to Tunbridge Wells to be given the brief for the 'Daleks v Threshold' story which became *Fire and Brimstone*. The first draft storyline for that kicked off with a half-page explaining all about Crivello's Cauldron, over which Gary scribbled, despairingly, "When is all this explained? The Doctor can't know or look it up." And so we came up with the idea of trailing *Fire and Brimstone* with a discreet (and superficially discrete) two-part adventure to avoid having to load up the already-bursting *Fire and Brimstone* with heaps of establishing exposition... and 'cos Gary loved the way that, all those years ago, *Stars Fell On Stockbridge* had previewed *The Stockbridge Horror*. I couldn't quite pull off the trick of having *The Keep* function purely independently, as *Stars Fell On Stockbridge* does – but the closing page, where Marquez breaks Crivello's neck and tosses him off a cliff, is so shatteringly nasty that it more than makes up for it.



The storyline only went through one redraft, which came as a blessed relief. My original idea was to have the Cauldron-creatures attempting to communicate with the inhabitants of the Keep, only to kill them – any human who came into contact with them would be literally sunburned, aggressive melonomas growing to consume them in minutes. Gary suggested that cancer-causing monsters, however well-reasoned, strayed a bit beyond the boundaries of good taste, and I couldn't honestly disagree. Oh, and I'd thought that using a contemporary of Magnus Greel, and tying in some of the 51st century background established in *The Talons of Weng-Chiang*, was all terribly exciting – but chose to underplay it, lest I be accused of fanwankery. I underplayed it way too much, I think, 'cos absolutely no-one seemed to notice! **AB**

Right: Martin Geraghty's pencils for the final page of *Endgame* Part 8

Top left: Michael Gough as the titular villain in 1988's *The Celestial Toymaker*

Top right: The outline for the rejected *Hand of God*

Below: Alan's list of possible villains for *Endgame*. The Malus? Really?



In which, on the occasion of *DWM*'s 250th issue, Alan Barnes pays homage to his favourite film of all time that week. This one's pretty self-explanatory, and appeared unchanged from the synopsis, so I don't have much to add, other than to say that

Toy Maker
Nargaine
The Rasi
The Malus
The Black Guardian



FIRE AND BRIMSTONE

A five-part story for *Doctor Who* by *Greg Beal* and *Van Barnes*

PART ONE

PART ONE
The Crap Nebula. AD 5890. A colossal metal object hovers in space.
Crivello's Cauldron. This immense spheroid structure, exactly the size of the sun, was a thirteenth-century attempt at artificially engineering a star to replace the sun should the solar flares which threatened to devastate the Earth at that time erupt. It was one of crowning achievement of the failed physicist Crivello. Crivello, however, got his calculations catastrophically wrong. Inside the structure is a boiling mass. Unstable elements virtually unchecked were the cauldron to ignite, the galaxy would burn up. Unchecked by the unrelenting going "ultranova" (In short, this thing is a monumental cook-up, if it went off, half the known universe would burn up. Millions of different species on hundreds of different planets would be instantly extinguished; thousands more planets would spin off their axes. This is Not A Good Thing.) Solar engineers have managed to hold the thing in check, a series of satellite planets... surrounding the object, suspended by immense threads of steel, keep its contents locked in semi-permanent stasis. Until now...

[illegible]

PREPARED?
↳ My story, notes & clues
concerning the placed for
the location → 'slight suspicion'
device/circuit

Above: Alan's **Fire and Brimstone** outline, with notes from Gary Gillatt.

Below: The Daleks returned in **Fire and Brimstone**, along with other-dimensional counterparts based upon the initial Dalek designs created for the abortive US *Doctor Who* series.

I liked the pay-off so much – “The TARDIS has shared all the Doctor’s adventures. Sometimes he shares hers” – that it was one of the main ideas I brought to the table when Gary Russell and I put together the 40th anniversary audio *Zagreus*, hence the jealous, betrayed TARDIS gaining corporeal form. **AB**

FIRE AND BRIMSTONE

The Threshold, who'd manipulated the Doctor throughout the *Ground Zero* arc, had been a big hit with the readers – and Gary decreed that they'd next become embroiled in a Dalek storyline. There was a slight problem in that Scott, who'd created the Threshold, had so far revealed little of their motivation and nothing of their origins – and if he had a masterplan, he was keeping his powder dry for now.

I was also instructed to build the story around a cliff-hanger in which the Doctor is apparently exterminated – something that had worked to brilliant effect in the original version of the old Audio Visuals play *The Mutant Phase*, and which we all agreed was well worth nicking. Reasoning that the Daleks would only fake the Doctor's extermination with good reason led to the idea that they'd be concealing his survival from someone, which gave the Threshold a toehold on the story.

Just to muddy the waters further, I decided to end on a big beat in which it was revealed that the Threshold had been fulfilling a contract to destroy the Daleks – a contract

Aristotle shimmers, blurs; he reconstitutes himself in the high-collared robes of a member of the Time Lords' Celestial Intervention Agency. The Doctor has finally fulfilled his mission: he's been sent on four incarnations before "it's been a pleasure doing business with you," says the Threshold agent, demanding their fee to be able to leave, to the Time Vortex. Which, of course, the Time Lord dismisses as "the Doctor's rage against his peers." In conclusion, he renounces his Time Lord heritage, declaring himself an outcast once more - and vows to bring their entire empire down around their ears.

- ↳ This is not the Doctor!
- ↳ He should be on the run.

↳ we've set up poss. to be
his exactly with the Threshold.
don't need it with Time Leads as well

visited by Threshold agent

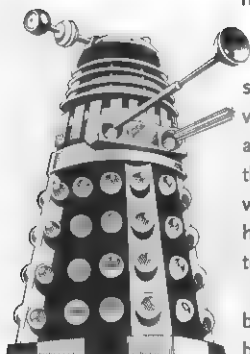
↳ Won't help... scared of what he, self
needs to know if the Doctor has a plan
↳ Doctor has, but can't save Izzy as
sell, need to do that / sells soul

(effectively). Socrates is angry,
soured by Th, who gives him back bzy
↳ doesn't expect to be

- ↳ but now he is in their debt
- ↳ Must discover their secret soon
- ↳ To Gettifying for answers.

set them by the Time Lords: "‘It’s been a pleasure doing business with you,’ says the Threshold agent, demanding their fee... access to the Time Vortex. Which is denied; the Time Lord dismisses him. The Doctor rages against his peers; in conclusion, he renounces his Time Lord heritage, declaring himself an outcast once more – and vows to bring their entire empire down around their ears." Now, I really liked the idea of giving the Doctor a crusade... but, er, no-one else did; it went down like the proverbial cup of cold sick. "This is not the Doctor!" Gary raged in green ink. "He should be on the run. We’ve set up his enmity with the Threshold, don’t need it with Time Lords as well." So we ended up with a box of glowing Gallifreyan secrets, after Marcellus’ suitcase in *Pulp Fiction*.

Another aspect which failed to meet the final cut was a manga chick named Aki, who ended up absorbing all the power of the Cauldron, or something, in the finalé. In Part Three, you see: “Aki is revealed by the Dalek Supreme, bound within the very heart of Skaro... The Daleks’ plan is revealed: they are transforming Skaro into a planet-sized TARDIS powered by Aki. The time-sensitive Doctor’s task is to navigate the machine, stepping sideways into a parallel dimension as they ignite the sunburst which will scorch all life from the universe – whereupon the Daleks will return, the sole remaining species reigning supreme.” (Hence the title.) Much of this ended up being rejigged, but I managed to work several of the spare ideas (a giant TARDIS piloted by a genetically-modified kid) into *The Final Chapter* a bit later on. Which is one of the reasons why *The Final Chapter* is such a dog’s breakfast, but I’m getting ahead of myself...





TOR-KA-NOMIAN MANIAC

The role of the "too weird" Aki, then, ended up being split between the new character of Marquez (who'd be needed to link the story to the prequel) and Ptolemy Muttonchops, named in honour of the magnificent sidies artist Martin Geraghty had given his Eighth Doctor (bless). **AB**

SLIGHTLY
REPTILIAN

TOTALLEY
GA-GA !!



Above: Antiebe Martin Geraghty and Adrian Salmon with life-size versions of the comic strip Eighth Doctor and Izzy

Left: Adrian Salmon's first design for the murdering maniac in **By Hook or By Crook**. The design was later altered to something a smidge less terrifying!

BY HOOK OR BY CROOK

by Scott Gray

Or "The Silence of the Jams" as I kept threatening to call it. This started life as a western, believe it or not. The plot stayed much the same – the Doctor gets arrested for murder and Izzy saves him from the gallows with a book on the town's history. But I couldn't quite bring myself to believe that the Doctor wouldn't be able to escape a nineteenth century sheriff's cell, so I changed the setting to a futuristic alien city instead.

I've always enjoyed working with Adrian Salmon, he's one of the most original British comic artists working

OLD SHOPKEEPER GEEZER
VERY WHIZENED.
VERY DEAD!



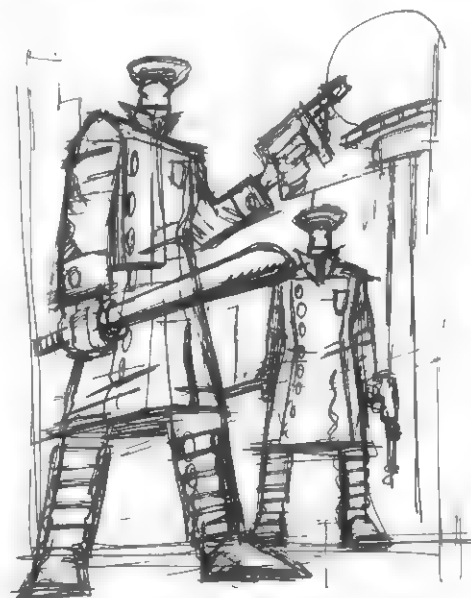
More of Adrian's
designs for the Tor-
Ka-Nomians in
By Hook or By Crook.



today. Ade's roots are in horror, so his first design for the serial killer was this brilliant, terrifying creature – but he was a bit extreme for a comedy, so we asked him to turn the bloke into an overgrown, demented manchild.

Sadly, poor Adrian was really hamstrung by an editorial directive here – in a moment of madness we asked him to add some crosshatching to the inks to make the art more “realistic”. He hated every second of it. Sorry, Ade! We

TYPICAL
TOR-KA-NOMIAN
QUITE REGAL
AS THOUGH
AN
'ARCHITECT'
RACE



COPS. LONG COATS ALA 30'S
AMERICA
POOKED CAPS

learned our lesson and he forgave us – which was very fortunate, as a few months later he turned up with three pages of a *Who*-related story he had written and drawn purely for his own personal satisfaction. That mini-adventure ended up influencing the next two years of the comic strip's development.

But that, boys and girls, is a story for another day... **SG**

UNTITLED [sic]
A four-part story by Alan Barnes

We start with a book - a small, leather-bound arcanum of runes borrowed from St Martins college library by Izzy during her half-term there. (The runes there depicted looked a bit like crop circles, which Izzy thought was smart.) It's been wedged inside her shoulder bag ever since, and is now covered by doodles of space monsters and bad poetry and stuff. The book is significant. The runes are the key to a gateway into a subdimension, disguised as a painting of a room with a locked door. Inside lurks a very ancient and very terrible secret.

UNTITLED NO 1

A big, pancy art gallery in London, now Evening, only one gallery is open - the rest are darkened and deserted. The Doctor and Izzy are present at the unveiling of a series of new works by Hamish Donan Ernst, whom Izzy had known during her term studying sculpture at St Martins. Once a hopeless and much-loathed Jarvis geek with a huge and unrequited crush on Izzy, Hamish is now, two years later, the brightest young beta nore of Britain's art establishment. He has a mentor, Herr Snitching - a stooped, leather-greasecoated German (Richard Harris via the Childcatcher).

Hamish's new works - heavy runic symbols - strike some kind of chord with Izzy, already portentously vague as to why she invested she and the Doctor come here. As they pass by Herr Snitching sniffs the air - and, satisfied, instructs a couple of goons to follow the pair.

Meanwhile, Izzy and the Doctor are being observed by a second set of people - the androgynous pipe-smoking, riding-cropped Fey de Truscott-Sade, his smirking coffee-coloured assistant and a third figure, stooped and cowed who makes naught but strange grunting noises (and whom the others discuss as if it were a dog). They intercept the Doctor and Izzy first, demanding the library book back (and here is where we set up the arcanum). The antique guns they produce do seem to be a bit needlessly heavy for an overdue library book - doubly so when Snitching's goons, who dress similarly to him, seize the book and Izzy for themselves after a brief scrap.

The Doctor gives chase through the deserted galleries as the goons drag Izzy away. As they exit a room containing a line of monstrous sculptures - Henry Moore through fleshy Damien Hirst - one throws what appears to be a Faberge egg in the Doctor's direction. It explodes (oddly) like a grenade, stunning and flooring the Doctor, struggles to his feet only to see the sculptures coming to life and closing around him.

UNTITLED NO 2

The Doctor comes round to find Fey de Truscott-Sade and co standing beside him. It transpires that he's fallen victim to an hallucinogenic bomb devised to heighten and sharpen the higher senses. Fey suggests that the monsters he saw indicates a

particularly paranoid psychopathology, he thinks it's par for the course. Fey and company, it transpires, are part of a covert society of art-loving would-be Wildes, the Salon d'Asiethique, who need to track down the arcanum before Hamish and Herr Snitching do.

Meanwhile, Izzy is taken by a series of bizarre routes across London to the disused Museum tube station - which lies between Holborn and Tottenham Court Road, beneath the British Museum (it really exists) - where Hamish and Herr S are based in a garish HQ adorned with stolen art treasures [Mona Lisa with 'This is a fake' scrawled on the back, etc]. Central is a particular untitled Magritte-esque painting depicting a locked door stood alone in a wilderness. We learn (cutting to and from here and the Doctor and chums) that the painting was (a) stolen from the salon some months before, (b) that it is the product of an artist who sought to discover the single ensign, emblem or sign that might command all men, the ultimate symbol of power something that would operate on the higher senses to bind all men to the will of its welder (something yet more powerful than the cross or the swastika) and (c) that the icon is thought to have been hidden in the painting itself, which is a gateway to a sub-dimension (rather as the TARDIS is). The painting is tied up with black Nazi science (as is the Faberge bomb) and exists on the frontiers of the highest science and art. So there.

Anyway, a sequence of runes scattered in various seditious pamphlets donated to various scholarly libraries need to be assembled and combined to create the key to open the door. Herr S, an art-sensitive, has trained himself to figuratively 'sniff out' art - just as the cowed figure in the Salon has, who turns out to be a straitjacketed, bug-eyed type. He follows the trail of the arcanum/pamphlet to Museum just as Herr S, Hamish, Izzy and some goons open the doorway with the arcanum. The Doctor and co race into the room - only to see Izzy and the baddies already inside the painting. They're too late.

UNTITLED NO 3

We're inside the painting, where the route to the symbol is guarded by three cog-like, clockwork robots, each of which takes its design lead from an art style - Picascoesque scrambled faces, Cubism and Futurism. Leaving Izzy, Hamish and goons at their mercy, Snitching sneaks ahead to open the monolith containing the Symbol.

The Doctor allows the sensitive art-hound to navigate the TARDIS across the barrier, crashing through into the painting where he, Fey and chums help Izzy and Hamish overcome the monsters. They proceed towards the monolith, where the symbol is contained within an Indiana Jones-style series of traps. Too late, for Herr S now commands the rune, a twisted artefact he holds aloft.

But the Symbol begins to infect him, corrupting him, transforming him into a huge and hideous living entity, a melange of art styles. The Doctor synthesises a few of the facts that we're aware of, that the Symbol is alive, that it has guided Izzy, Hamish, Snitching, Fey, the original artist (of whom we've learned more) and the others together - all those who have been touched by the various facets of itself [bit

nebulous and Ferric I know, but we'll make it work...]. It is no-one's to command. It is Iconoclasm itself, a destructive and un-knowable force which draws its strength from sucking creativity - sentient life - from those it touches. And, now with a host form and the doorway open, it means to get out into the world.

UNTITLED NO 4

The Iconoclasm thunders towards the doorway, assimilating the goons and Fey's assistant into its body as it does so, growing in girth, we see their heads in its bulk. The Doctor warns that once it gets out, it'll carry on assimilating people thus until it's the size of a planet. Despite Izzy's best efforts to distract it with spontaneous [bad] poetry, it passes the doorway and into our world.

Having already established that the painting was much like a TARDIS, the Doctor formulates a plan to entrap it within the [real] TARDIS and then casting off the machine's outer shell once it's inside. The creature will therefore be once again bound in 'nowhere'. [Symbolically, of course - and we'll beat the kids over the head with it, only by destroying the series' key icon - the police box - can this rampaging symbol be contained. They catch up with the creature, now enormous as it storms through the British Museum, assimilating people, statues and icons calorifying and crumbling in its wake. Although more elegantly choreographed than described here, it's finally destroyed when Hamish, in the process of being absorbed, detonates one of the Faberge bombs within the maw of the creature, hallucinating, and caught in a fog of surreal and contradictory ideas with no meaning, the Iconoclasm becomes frozen, bound up within itself, whereupon the Doctor finds some suitably symbolic method to ensure its final despatch. We're left with the creature as a huge statue, gumming faces and bodies and so on: Hamish, so artless, is now art itself.

What needs fixing: nebulous nature/creation of the Iconoclasm, link to Snitching [and there is one], precisely how Hamish and Snitching have got together/their relationship, give Doctor/Izzy more to do generally, Doctor's input needs to be educated [not intuitive], more elegant sequence of events in finale. Any bright ideas? [Be careful, too close can kill.]

28.5.97



... or 'Tooth and Claw', as the logo has it - a late replacement for an entirely different story, *Untitled* [sic], which attempted to send up Damien Hirst and the whole BritArt scene of the time (the pretension being that each episode would be named *Untitled No 1*, *Untitled No 2*... etc). Gary had wanted a contemporary London story, and the whole thing grew out of my joking that, like the girl in Pulp's *Common People*, Izzy had (very briefly) studied sculpture at St Martin's College. The plot revolved around a "Jarvis geek" called Hamish Dorian Ernst who's being manipulated by a German Childcatcher type called 'Herr Snitching' (ring any bells?) to release a monstrous alien force known as the Iconoclasm from the mysterious painting in which it's been imprisoned for centuries. Assisting the Doctor in his quest to release the captive Izzy from inside the painting is an androgynous 'art detective' called Fey de Truscott-Sade...

It was all a fairly blatant rip-off of Grant Morrison's *Doom Patrol* - specifically the 'Brotherhood of Dada' storyline - but that

This page:
The full storyline
for Alan Barnes'
Untitled strip.
Greet Big Gulk
not pictured.



Pencils (and noted corrections) by Martin Geraghty for *Tooth and Claw*.

wasn't the reason it never appeared: Gary and Scott felt it was all a bit pretentious and waffly, particularly with regard to the nature of the Iconoclasm itself. In my defence, I argued that that was exactly the point – that great art defies explanation, and that idea was going to be played with throughout the storyline. Rather than try to literalise 'surreality bombs' and the like, I threw a hissy fit and withdrew it altogether, leaving Scott to concoct a one-off filler (the very funny *By Hook Or By Crook*) while I

had a great big sulk.

During the course of that great big sulk, I consoled myself with videos of crappy old British horror movies... including *The Beast Must Die*, an Amicus job about a group of people gathered together on an island, one of whom is a werewolf. And had a lightbulb moment. My confidence having taken a bit of a knock with the whole *Untitled* ding-dong, it felt a lot happier to retreat back into horror pastiche, which, after *The Curse of the Scarab*



[DWM 228-230] I knew I could do well. I knocked out a first draft entitled *So Much Blood* in just a couple of hours, presented it to Gary and Scott the next day and, after a change of locale (from a craggy *Horror of Fang Rock* island in 1913 to the Indian Ocean in 1938), a change of monsters (from boring automata nicked off of Ken Russell's *Gothic* to monkeys with giant syringes) and a change of title ("Shakespeare phrases in titles is *Star Trek*, not *Doctor Who*," growled Gary), *Tooth and Claw* was born.

I'd retained Fey from *Untitled*, seeing as she was just about the only thing about it Gary and Scott had actually liked. And I'm very glad I did, 'cos she ended up playing a big part in the future direction of the strip – not the least of which was the first hint as to the nature of Izzy's sexuality. What with that, and the camper-than-a-row-of-tents Varney, the whole thing's all quite Benny Hill saucy, which is probably why it's such a favourite of mine – and, at last, I got the surname 'Snitching' through, appended to actress Sabine. It's very nasty in places, though – I remember Scotty 'whiting out' a load of the blood which Martin



— *Nr. Madagascar* 1938 volcanic island
Indian Ocean 1938
SO MUCH BLOOD inactive volcano
A four-part story by Alan Barnes

PART ONE

1913. A huge, Xanadu-like mansion/folly on a craggy island somewhere off the coast of England owned by noted art dilettante Varney Hapgood, collector of curios. He is the Wildean head of the Salon Aesthetic – an informal circle of art-lovers, aesthetes and culture vultures. His vast, rambling mansion is decorated in a number of conflicting styles and stuffed to the brim with all manner of art treasures.

A foggy Friday evening: members of the Salon are brought across by ferry to the mansion, where they are greeted by Varney and his butlerish automata (pace *Gothic*; actually exhibited in Switzerland in the 18th century). Among them, the Doctor and Izzy; the Doctor, it transpires, had been present (in another incarnation) at the last meeting of the Salon, some six months previous – where each member of the circle had been required to bring an unusual or fascinating objet for the amusement of the company. The Doctor had been the objet brought by Fey de Truscott-Sade, a pipe-smoking androgyne who'd helped him out in a previous adventure. Other members of the circle include Canon Aelfric Pincock, a waspish cleric; Sabine Snitching, a vulgar American heiress; and Courtley Marwood, a disestablished member of a bad family (the Doctor and Izzy have, of course, encountered his grandsons already).

The Doctor's presence has been especially and urgently requested, and he is at last following up the invitation he'd received at some other time, thinking that Izzy would be keen to meet some of the circle. However, as the full circle assembles for dinner, guzzling wine as they do so (only Izzy refuses), a huge explosion shakes the house; the automata have set fire to the boats and Snitching's biplane, next demanding with menace the TARDIS key from the Doctor. Varney apologises, but begins to explain his behaviour.

At the last meeting of the Salon, where each member was required to bring their curio, Varney had presented a chalice containing the powdered blood of Ruthven, a legendary warlord and mercenary of the Napoleonic wars (and former owner of the house...). Ruthven was an alien being with qualities we associate with the vampire (although noticeably different in certain respects, but I digress...). The morning after Varney had presented his objet – with the caveat that Ruthven's blood was thought to bestow immortality upon those

Geraghty had liberally splashed all over Part Three.

Oh, and you may notice that Izzy looks a bit different from here on in. It's now the summer of 1997, Louise Wener is now Louise... who? (hey, that's pop for you), and so Izzy has morphed into Kira (Luisa Bradshaw-White) from *This Life*, which was the new big thing. **AB**

THE FINAL CHAPTER

by Alan Barnes

It began with the very best of intentions. We were going to do the *Tides of Time* Gallifrey – 'our' Gallifrey, as opposed to the arcane Looms and Houses of the *New Adventures* novel *Lungbarrow* – only bigger and better, all leading up to the Doctor (apparently) regenerating into Nick Briggs. It ended up being mistaken, by some, as some kind of politically loaded statement – but actually, it was all a case of our wanting to do a big, US comics-style Event, like *Crisis On Infinite Earths* or a wounded Bruce Wayne retiring in favour of Azrael or Superman changing his costume.

It was going to be five episodes long, like *Fire and Brimstone*. The first three episodes were more-or-less identical to the finished version; the last was pretty similar, too. In the planned fourth episode, after the giant Watchtower-TARDIS has caused the whole of Gallifrey to dematerialise into another dimension:

"The planet arrives in a white void. Black winds... resolving themselves into hideous humanoid shapes.

Top left: A rough sketch of the final panel of *Tooth and Claw* Part Three.

Top right: Alan's *Too Much Blood* synopses, plus his own notes.

Left: Nicholas Briggs, the model for the 'fake' Ninth Doctor, poses for reference shots in a nearby car park. How glam!

7
five!

THE FINAL CHAPTER

A four-part story by Alan Barnes

PART ONE

Using the TARDIS manual (which, although we don't see it, is written in undecipherable Olde High Gallifreyan), Fey sets a course for Gallifrey while Izzy tends to the still-comatose Doctor. They're ten minutes away.

Gallifrey's far future, still further along from the events of *The Tides of Time* at the Watchtower, a new snow-capped construction above the highest peaks of Gallifrey's city, the TARDIS' imminent arrival is detected and reported to Overseer Uriel, the tower's Torquemada-like chief whose forbidding image watches over the entire city on giant view screens.

The TARDIS materialises in a central landing area. Fey and Izzy drag the Doctor out, and are astounded to be greeted by a phalanx of dignitaries and Chancellery guards. "He's dying. Help him." The sick Doctor is rushed to the Mortal Coil - a huge building shaped like a DNA helix.

To the Time Lords, the Doctor is now a semi-mythical figure - a hero as distant from us as, say, the Scarlet Pimpernel, a gentleman rogue whose very existence is hotly disputed - and his coming is reported on the one news channel. In a dark, cavernous chamber, we see a shrouded figure react with astonishment to the news. Donning a cowl, the figure hurries out of the chamber - which we now see is a museum-cum-shrine to the Doctor and his exploits.

The cowed figure gains entrance to the Mortal Coil, staring its guards unconscious. Meanwhile, Izzy and Fey watch the Doctor's condition stabilised. Fearing mental trauma, surgeons have the Doctor connected to the Matrix - the better to recuperate. In the Matrix, the Doctor finds himself standing before Rassilon and the Higher Evolutionaries. "A dark shadow is fallen over everything. Doctor, we need your help."

The apparently menacing cowed figure bursts into the Mortal Coil, and is revealed to be a very handsome and very demured Academy student who shakes the inert Doctor frantically, demanding to be told about "Luther", "Renfield", "the Elysians". Realising that the Doctor is still comatose, he begins to despair. As Izzy persuades the boy 'Xanti' to give up his gun, Fey smells sulphur - and three terrifying armoured shapes bearing electrified tridents materialise before them: "We are the Elysians; the children of Luther. And Luther commands that the Doctor must die."

THE TARDIS

Shayde appears, eliminates the creature menacing the Doctor's body - but the two others seize Izzy and Xanti. They disappear - as does Shayde, leaving Fey to attempt to explain all to the newly-arrived and incandescent Overseer Uriel.

Shayde reappears beside the Doctor in the Matrix, interrupting a furious but

VERY FIRST DRAFT

- 1 Progression of next 3 hrs [2] and [3] Revised
- 2 Izzy and Fey arrive
- 3 Meet an Elysian and find gun
- 4 Set up Dr/Wiel opposition



gaps. But it's a story without a point, a story which doesn't seem to go anywhere much - just clunkingly linear progression, interspersed with acres of exposition. By this time, I was spending most of my days in the *DWM* office, as the mag's assistant editor - and, with my freelance time reduced, the middle two episodes were written on the hoof at my desk in Tunbridge Wells, purely to feed a ravening Martin Geraghty with pages to draw. So I can't pin the blame entirely on Gary or Scott - my effort was sorely lacking throughout Two and Three, the choreography of which is horribly clumsy at times. But I can't say I bear a grudge - if the 'dissipated Time Lords plotting their revenge from another dimension' stuff had remained, I'd never have been able to turn it into one of the most popular Big Finish audios ever produced: *Neverland*.

All the same, Part Four's still pretty good, with some very nifty sleight-of-hand from Martin. The Doctor's 'dying words' reprise Ace's last gasp in *Ground Zero*, which we all thought was kind of neat. And Izzy's line, asking the Doctor if this isn't like the final reel of *The Wrath of Khan*, is the very definition of chutzpah.

Next came *Wormwood*. In the wee small hours in the sticky bar at some grim convention, Scotty told me and Martin and Adrian Salmon all about this idea he'd had for a sequence in which Shayde's head was removed, right, and then we pull back to see a matrix of Letratone dots, yeah, and they're, like, the Letratone dots making up the Threshold... do you see? And to think we all thought he was ripped to the tits at the time: that scene became crucial to the brilliant *Wormwood*, whose every panel showed just how hot my competition was. With too many of my waking hours occupied by regular *DWM* business as it stood, and after yet another apocalyptic ding-dong over a story synopsis of mine (called *The Worrying Kind*, and you've not missed much), we decided to all stay friends and leave the script-writing to Scott.

Which actually worked out for the best, as you'll see in Volume Two... AB

Above: The VERY FIRST DRAFT of *The Final Chapter* by Alan Barnes

Below: The TARDIS arrives on Gallifrey in *The Tides of Time*.

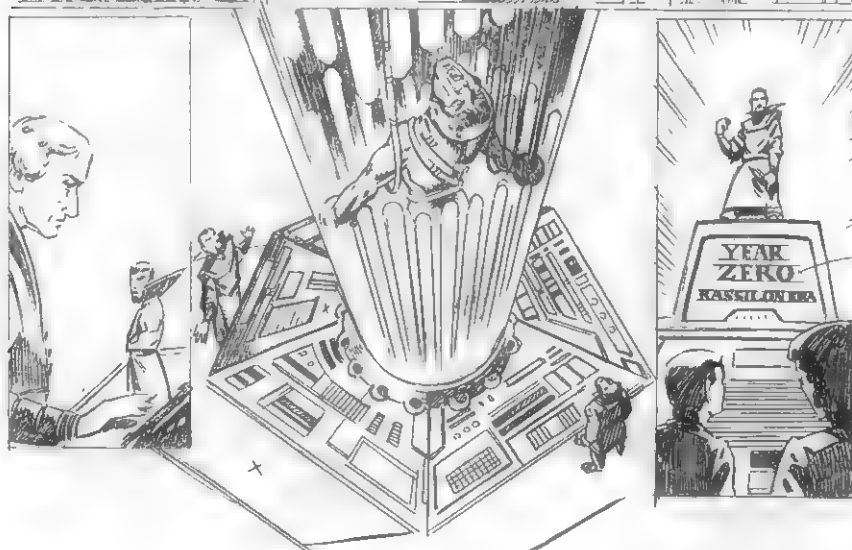
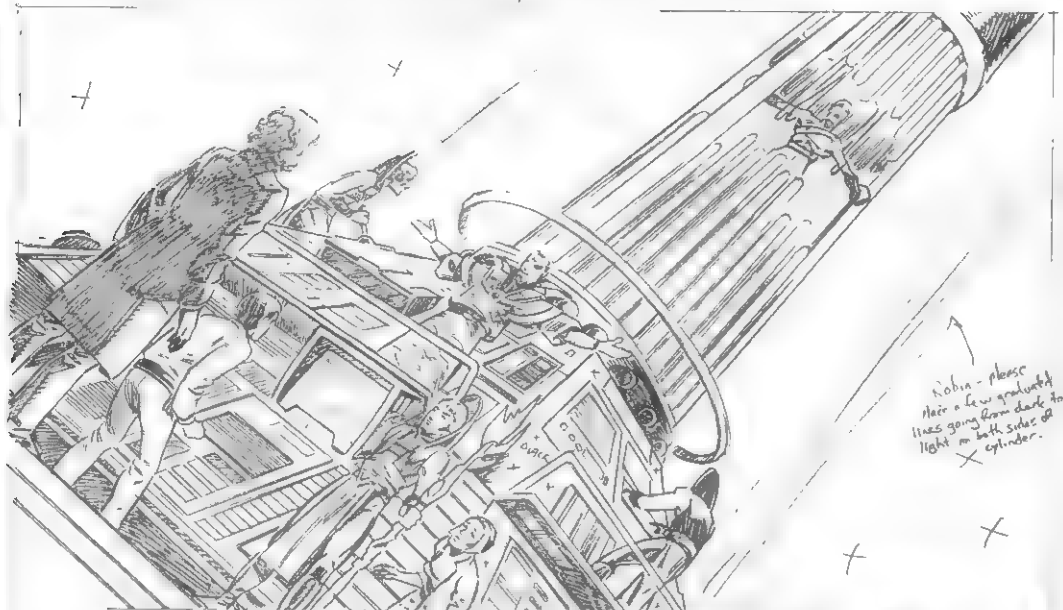


These are the most evil of the Time Lords, those who have been banished - vapourised - by Rassilon, and they take great delight in inflicting further havoc on Gallifrey. The worst of these... is brought down, like lightning, to the Watchtower... He has prepared a very special way to end the Age of Rassilon.

"The TARDIS materialises back on the devastated, nightmarish Gallifrey. On a view screen, the Doctor and Fey watch those members of the High Council who refuse to swear allegiance to Luther being executed by the Elysians. The Doctor, desperate to consult with Rassilon, goes into the Matrix... [where] a guillotine has been erected by Elysian children: Rassilon, who spared the Elysian children in the first place, is being led to it... Rassilon's head is placed on the block while the children laugh and cheer - "The blade comes down, and Rassilon's head comes flying off."

So far as I was concerned, this was the plot - Time Lords blasted out of existence attempting to bring about the destruction of the Rassilon era. I loved the visuals - planets dematerialising; wraith-like ex-Time Lords; nasty children decapitating Old Man Rass (rest assured, it was all an effort to break Rassilon's will, he survived) - and I was gutted to be told that the fourth part was rubbish, it wasn't necessary, you could lose it all and not miss a thing.

And so that's what happened, with the old *Fire and Brimstone*/Aki sub-plot pressed into service to plug the



Opposite top and above: The first rough layout sketch and finished pencils by Martin Geraghty for **The Final Chapter** Part Three, Page 914. You can see how it turned out on p 187

WORMWOOD

The fake regeneration was an idea I had pitched to Gary Gillatt when he arrived as **DWM** editor in 1994. It wasn't a solid story, just a basic premise. It centred around a Time Lord who envied the Doctor's lifestyle and wanted to replace him. He would have kidnapped the Sylvester

McCoy Doctor, acted out a phony regeneration, and whorped off with Ace for a story or two. Ace (and the readers) would have been none the wiser until the Doctor escaped from his prison cell and made a dramatic reappearance. That was about it; just a fun stunt that would shock readers and get them talking about the strip.

Then the 1996 TV Movie happened and we had a genuine new Doctor to play with, so I forgot all about it – until Gary threw it back on the table. He decided the fake

Initial study for
'ABE WHITE'



Doc should be based on Nick Briggs (Nick had played the Doctor in a series of fan audio stories, with a brief cameo in the 1991 strip *Party Animals*), which I thought was a great idea. This was a good example of a story that only the comic strip could do. Faking a regeneration in the books or audios wouldn't work – without the visual element, the change wouldn't be striking enough. And no sane TV producer would ever get rid of his leading man for four episodes like that. But it was a perfect trick to play in the comic and we got some hilariously venomous letters from readers who were taken in by it – absolutely everyone was fooled.

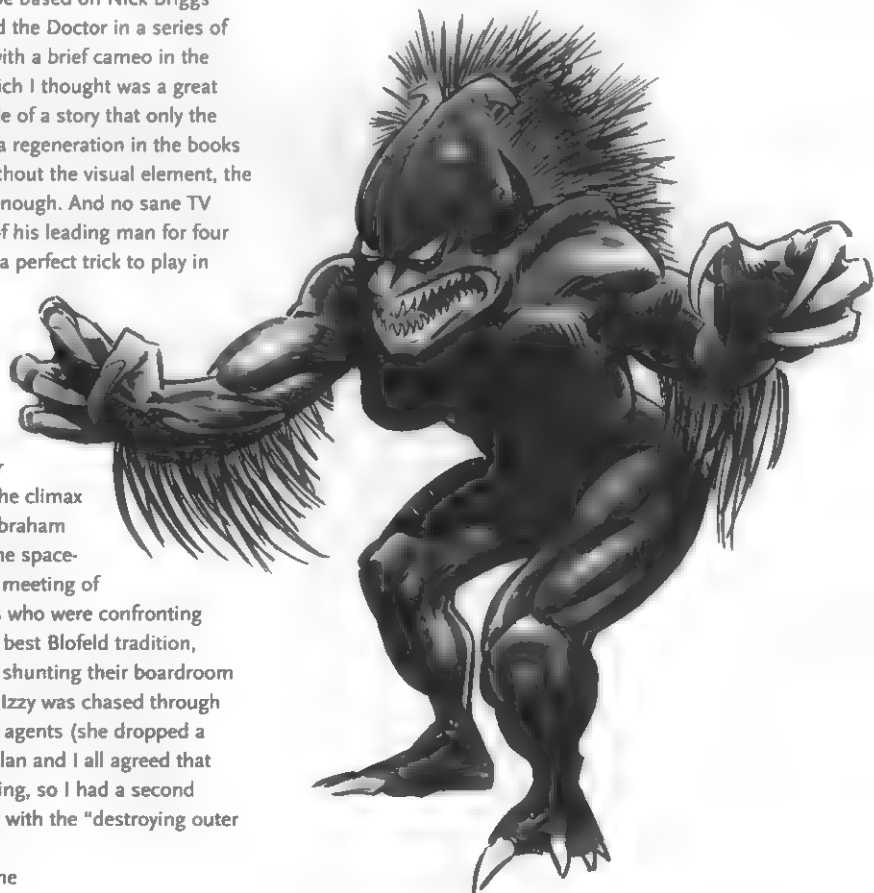
I don't have a surviving copy of my initial synopsis for *Wormwood*, but I remember the climax featured the Pariah tricking Abraham White into trying to destroy the space-time vortex. There was also a meeting of angry Threshold shareholders who were confronting White over something. In the best Blofeld tradition, White dispatched them all by shunting their boardroom a half-second into the future. Izzy was chased through the TARDIS by two Threshold agents (she dropped a stuffed Yeti on them). Gary, Alan and I all agreed that the plot needed some reworking, so I had a second crack at it. I was a lot happier with the "destroying outer space" scheme.

I had two moments of divine inspiration with this one. Alan's already described the first one: "So you see,"

I proudly said, one long evening in some Manchester hotel bar, "the Letratone dots are really Shayde heads!" (I waited for applause. I'm still waiting.) The second was that bloody Time Lord box the Threshold were so obsessed with in *Fire and Brimstone*. Alan had no idea what was inside it, of course. That little puppy gave me a few sleepless nights. I was one happy camper when the Time Lord universal translation gimmick finally surfaced.

The Threshold sprang from my lifelong addiction to all things Bondian. I wanted to give the Doctor his own SPECTRE; a ruthless mercenary operation which operated on a universal scale. But there was no master plan – the Threshold were initially intended to be an eternally mysterious presence, so I never gave much thought to their origin or ultimate goal. All I knew for sure at the start was that they couldn't time-travel. The most interesting *Doctor Who* monsters tend to be based on some dark aspect of human nature. The Daleks are xenophobes. The Cybermen are callous. The Sontarans are intergalactic football yobs. The Threshold were all about pure greed – they didn't want to conquer the universe, just own it.

The scene where White remembers observing the first Model T Ford production line was pinched from EL Doctorow's brilliant novel *Ragtime*, but the single biggest influence on the story was *You Only Live Twice* (which we all know to be the Greatest Movie Ever Made, yes?) – the Lunar cavern substituting for the Japanese volcano base, the countdown to destruction, the Doctor infiltrating the Threshold's ranks... all we needed were some Gallifreyan



This page: Martin Geregthy's initial character sketches for (above) Abe White and (right) the Pariah from *Wormwood*.

initial idea for Pariah. (not feminine enough ??!)



Dear Robin,
The adventure continues!
Nick Briggs (not
Jack Docherty) is
the Doctor!

This is "Wormwood"
Paint One, by the way.

Cheers,
Scott.



ninjas to come sliding down on ropes at the end. Damn, why didn't I do that?

I recall being a tad disgruntled when Alan told me that Fey would be staying on in the TARDIS at the end of *The Final Chapter*. I felt a bit lumbered with this extra companion and even contemplated killing her off at the start of the story, if only to demonstrate that the Threshold weren't kidding around this time. Yes, I was a dolt! I fell in love with the delightful Ms Truscott-Sade as soon as I started the script. Hats off to Al – he gave us a wonderfully rich, complex character, and the only genuinely adult companion the comic strip has ever had. "Marrying" Fey and Shayde gave us the option of bringing her back in any setting we wanted. And eventually we did. SG ■

Above: Nick Briggs strikes a suitably expansive pose. Inset: Nick's first appearance in the DWJM strip, in *Parody Animals*. Plus a note from Scott Gray to inker Robin Smith about the identity of the 'new' Doctor!

Left: A labor Pariah design from Martin Gereghty. Below: A Pariah sketch by Scott Gray.



COMING IN 2006



THE GLORIOUS DEAD

A **panini BOOKS** GRAPHIC NOVEL

THE EIGHTH DOCTOR'S ADVENTURES CONTINUE IN THE SECOND OF FOUR VOLUMES CHARTING HIS COMPLETE COMIC STRIP RUN FROM THE PAGES OF **DOCTOR WHO MAGAZINE**!

FEATURING FIVE FULL STORIES, DIGITALLY RESTORED - **THE FALLEN, UNNATURAL BORN KILLERS, THE ROAD TO HELL, THE COMPANY OF THIEVES AND THE GLORIOUS DEAD!**

PLUS THREE BONUS STRIPS - **THE AUTONOMY BUG, HAPPY DEATHDAY AND TV ACTION!** - A COMMENTARY ON EACH STRIP, ORIGINAL ARTWORK AND SKETCHES, AN INTRODUCTION TO KROTON THE CYBERMAN, AND AN ALL-NEW COVER BY MARTIN GERAGHTY!

FEATURING THE WORK OF **SCOTT GRAY, ALAN BARNES, MARTIN GERAGHTY, ADRIAN SALMON AND ROGER LANGRIDGE!**

228 pages | black and white softcover | released Spring 2006 | £14.99 | \$24.95

ALSO AVAILABLE



THE IRON LEGION

COLLECTED COMIC STRIPS FROM THE
PAGES OF **DOCTOR WHO WEEKLY**

Enter a dimension where robot centurions travel from planet to planet...

Explore a world where love is punishable by death...

Visit a town where aliens lurk and your best hope of escape is the 5A bus...

Travel to a future where colonists are under attack by the evil Wereloke...

Discover a realm where a cup of tea could lead to the end of everything...

Join the Doctor, that immortal traveller in time and space, on five of his wildest and wittiest comic strip adventures: **The Iron Legion, City of the Damned, The Star Beast, Dogs of Doom** and **The Time Witch!**

Featuring work from the award-winning **DAVE GIBBONS, PAT MILLS** and **JOHN WAGNER**, and **STEVE MOORE**.

164 pages | black and white softcover | £14.99 | €24.95 | ISBN 1-9041 59-37-0

DRAGON'S CLAW

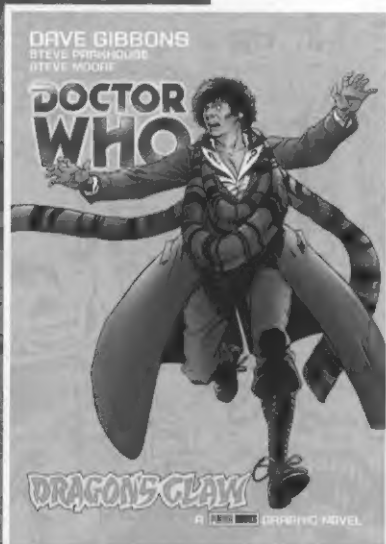
COLLECTED COMIC STRIPS FROM THE
PAGES OF **DOCTOR WHO MONTHLY**

The time-travelling Doctor is back in eleven more wild and witty sci-fi adventures: **Dragon's Claw, The Collector, Dreamers of Death, The Life Bringer, War of the Words, Spider-God, The Deal, End of the Line, The Free-Fall Warriors, Junk-Yard Demon** and **The Neutron Knights!**

Our hero must contend with old enemies - the emotionless Cybermen and the warlike Sontarans - as well as an amazing array of new foes - including the ancient Gods of Olympus, a cannibal street gang, mythical warriors from another dimension and a race of psychic vampires!

Featuring work from the award-winning **DAVE GIBBONS, STEVE MOORE, STEVE PARKHOUSE**, and **MIKE McMAHON**.

164 pages | black and white softcover | £14.99 | €24.95 | ISBN 1-9041 59-81-8



THE TIDES OF TIME

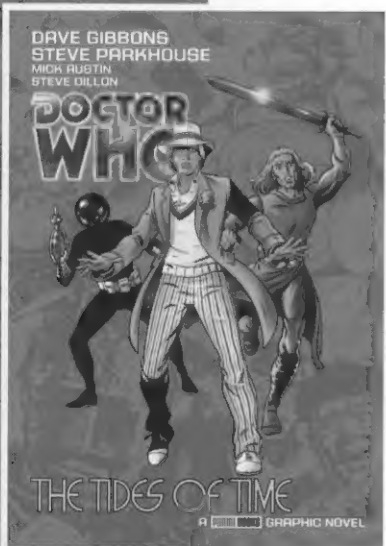
COLLECTED COMIC STRIPS FROM THE
PAGES OF **DOCTOR WHO MONTHLY**

The travelling Time Lord has regenerated - and he's back in this third volume of strips! Join the Fifth Doctor in his complete **DWM** strip collection - **THE TIDES OF TIME, STARS FELL ON STOCKBRIDGE, THE STOCKBRIDGE HORROR, LUNAR LAGOON, 4-DIMENSIONAL VISTAS** and **THE MODERATOR!**

In these mind-bending adventures through time, space and alternate realities, the Doctor finds himself up against old enemies - the Ice Warriors and the Meddling Monk - plus the demonic Melanicus, the money-grabbing Dogbolter, trigger-happy Time Lord Tubal Cain, and a ghost aboard the TARDIS!

Featuring work from the award-winning **DAVE GIBBONS, STEVE PARKHOUSE, MICK AUSTIN**, and **STEVE DILLON**.

228 pages | black and white softcover | £14.99 | €24.95 | ISBN 1-9041 59-92-8

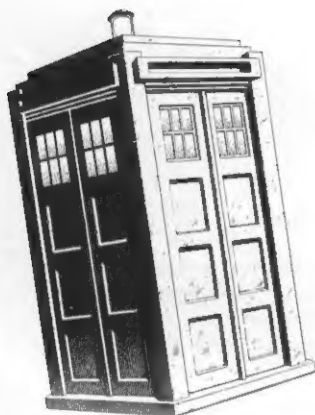


panini BOOKS

GRAPHIC NOVELS

ABOUT THE AUTHORS

MARTIN GERAGHTY was four when he first started drawing *Doctor Who* monsters in crayon on scraps of paper, and nothing much has changed in the intervening 32 years. His first comic strip was commissioned by John Freeman in 1992 for Marvel UK's short-lived **OVERKILL** comic – so short-lived, in fact, that it folded before Martin's first finished strip could be printed in it! His **DOCTOR WHO MAGAZINE** debut came in 1993 with *Bringer of Darkness* for the Dalek-themed Summer Special, and he's been proud to have been the regular artist for most of the Eighth Doctor's comic strip tenure. Away from comics, Martin works full-time in the advertising industry and, yes, he is ashamed of himself.



ALAN BARNES began his ascent up the greasy pole of **DOCTOR WHO MAGAZINE** with scripts for *THE CYBERMEN*, a back-up strip co-created with Adrian Salmon. This was followed by 30-odd episodes of the lead strip over 1995-1999, not to mention far, far too many features. **DWM**'s assistant editor from 1996, then joint editor from 1998, he finally clawed his way to sole editorship of the title in 2000 before taking charge of the UK's second-most popular comic, the **JUDGE DREDD MEGAZINE**, in 2002. He's also contributed extensively to Big Finish Productions' *Doctor Who* audio lines, and still knocks out *Fact of Fiction* features for **DWM** on a more-or-less regular basis. He is 109 years old, and looks it.

SCOTT GRAY wrote and illustrated comic stories for **RAZOR MAGAZINE** in his native New Zealand. In 1991 he sold a comic script to **DOCTOR WHO MAGAZINE** editor John Freeman. He promptly packed his bags and arrived in the UK just as the British comics industry imploded like a wet balloon. He became **DWM**'s assistant editor and was the comic strip's regular writer between 1998-2004. Gray is now the editor of Panini Comics' **MARVEL COLLECTORS' EDITION** line. He and artist Roger Langridge have collaborated on a Marvel comic, *THE FIN FANG FOUR*, which they're really hoping you'll buy and not just flip through in the shop.

ADRIAN SALMON recalls breaking down the doors to comicdom with **DOCTOR WHO MAGAZINE**'s *THE CYBERMEN*, whilst simultaneously tackling *JUDGE KARYN* for the **JUDGE DREDD MEGAZINE**. He then spent numerous years drawing *Rugrats*, superheroes and Action Man's garage for various Panini Comics titles. **DWM**'s editor Gary Gillatt recalled his cyber debut and put him to work illustrating *The Time Team* – a lifelong project. Finally the computer age caught up with Salmon and he forged a career as a comics colourist – primarily on the **DOCTOR WHO** comic strip and various superhero titles for Panini. He then retired for a while and drew a graphic novel – *THE FACELESS: A TERRY SHARP STORY* (out now!). Currently he's looking for gainful employment whilst building on the Sharp empire, and continues to draw *Bernice Summerfield* CD covers for Big Finish.

THE COMPLETE
**EIGHTH
DOCTOR**
COMIC STRIPS

VOLUME ONE

ENDGAME

COLLECTED COMIC STRIPS FROM THE
PAGES OF **DOCTOR WHO** MAGAZINE!

The time-travelling Doctor is now in his eighth incarnation -
and back in this bumper collection of classic comic tales!

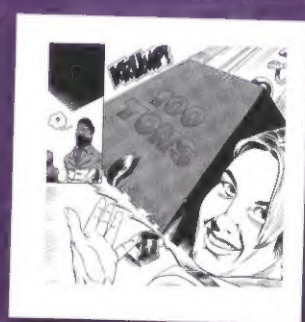
Don't miss six more astonishing adventures: **ENDGAME**, **THE KEEP**, **FIRE AND BRIMSTONE**,
TOOTH AND CLAW, **THE FINAL CHAPTER** and **WORMWOOD**, plus two bonus stories:
A LIFE OF MATTER AND DEATH and **BY HOOK OR BY CROOK!**

With new companions sci-fi geek Izzy and super-cool spy Fey Truscott-Sade by his side, the Doctor must confront an armada of his deadliest enemies! Classic foes the Daleks and the Celestial Toymaker are joined by high society vampires, killer chimpanzees, psychic parasites, the dreaded Elysian Cult and the transdimensional conspirators known as the Threshold!

The heroic Time Lord is also joined by old friends UFO-spotter Maxwell Edison and the mysterious Matrix agent Shayde in a series of amazing voyages ranging from the strange village of Stockbridge to the Doctor's fabled homeworld of Gallifrey!

PLUS a special 16-page behind-the-scenes feature! Discover unused story synopses, character designs by artists **Martin Geraghty** and **Adrian Salmon**, original pencil art and a detailed authors' commentary by **Alan Barnes** and **Scott Gray** for every story!

AN ESSENTIAL COLLECTION FOR FANS OF **DOCTOR WHO**
AND CLASSIC BRITISH COMICS!



ISBN 1-905239-09-2



9 781905 239092

UK **£14.99**

USA **\$24.95**

panini BOOKS

www.paninicomics.co.uk

FROM THE MAKERS OF

DOCTOR · WHO
MAGAZINE